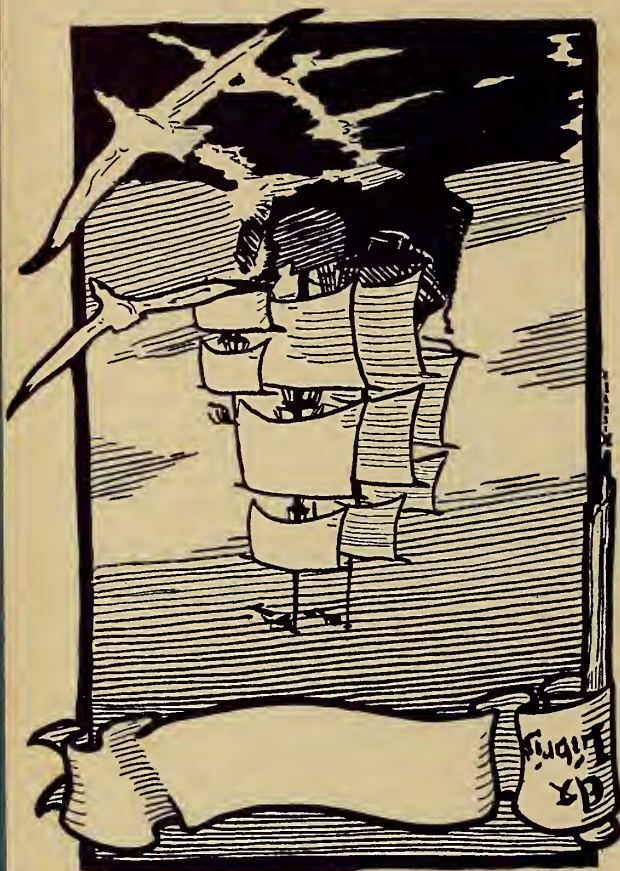


THE ~  
LVCKY  
BAG ~  
1912 ~





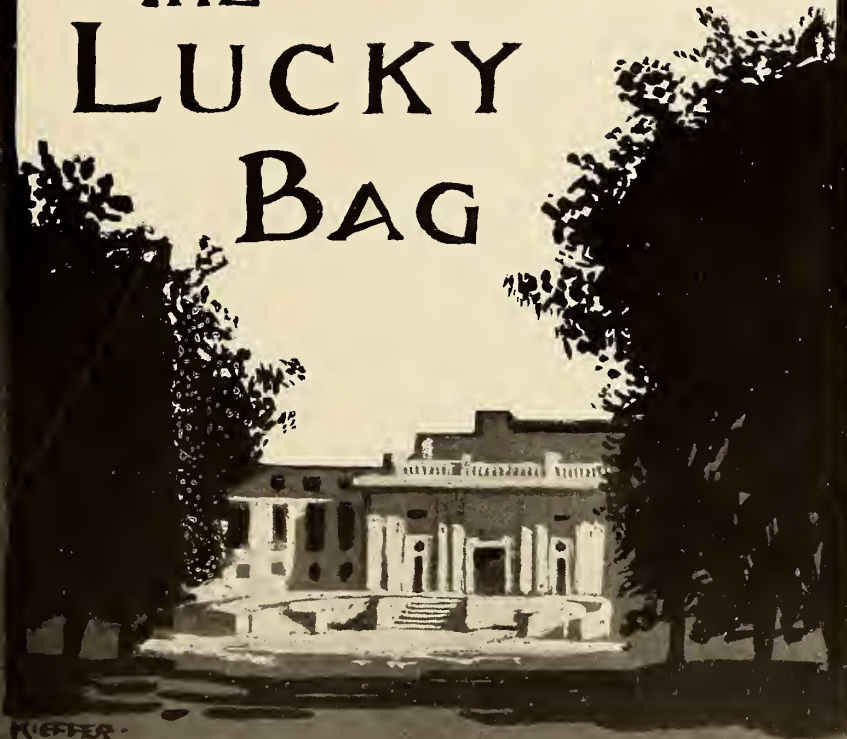


Ralph Gilbert Pennoyer

1914



# THE LUCKY BAG



VOL. XIX

Published by the Class of  
1912

— U S N A —

PRINTED AND ARRANGED BY  
THE CHAS. L. WILLARD CO.,  
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## Foreword

We have endeavored to picture here the events, both amusing and otherwise, that have made this year one long to be remembered.

It is our hope that this shall be not only an interesting and intimate account of life in the Naval Academy to-day, but a pleasing reminder to our classmates of the time that they shall some day look back upon as the best four years of their life.

To  
Captain Charles A. Gobe  
United States Navy

the Class of 1912 respectfully dedicates  
this Lucky Bag, as a mark of their  
appreciation for the consideration that  
he has shown its every member.



WILLARD, N.Y.

*C. J. Gore*





62D CONGRESS,  
2D SESSION.

Union Calendar No. 89.  
**S. 3211.**

[Report No. 296.]

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

DECEMBER 21, 1911.

Referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs.

FEBRUARY 3, 1912.

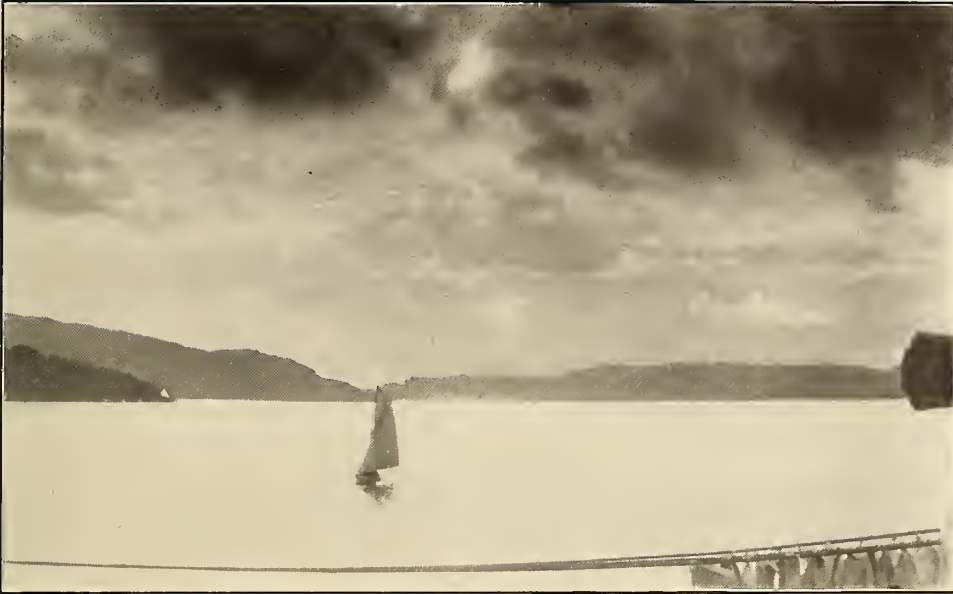
Reported with an amendment, committed to the Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union, and ordered to be printed.

[Omit the part struck through.]

**AN ACT**

Authorizing that commission of ensign be given midshipmen upon graduation from the Naval Academy.

1       *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representa-*  
2       *tives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,*  
3       That the course at the Naval Academy shall be four years,  
4       and midshipmen on graduation shall be commissioned en-  
5       signs: *Provided,* That midshipmen now performing two  
6       years' service at sea in accordance with existing law shall be  
7       commissioned forthwith as ensigns from the date of the  
8       passage of this Act: *And provided,* That those midshipmen  
9       of the class which was graduated in nineteen hundred and  
10       nine, who have completed two years' service afloat, and who  
11       are due for promotion, shall be commissioned ensigns to take



## A Retrospect



NE Spring evening he was sitting at an open window in the smoking room. The day had been hot with the enervating heat of the first warm days. The moist, heavy air; the droning murmur of music floating across the terrace; the gaily lighted armory windows; the big smoky moon mounting slowly above the opposite bank of the Severn; and the curling smoke from his worn and darkened pipe—all conspired to conjure dreams before his eyes. It was May of his first class year. The work was nearly over. He was taking advantage of the all too short lull before the tear and rush of June Week with its distracting worries of outfitters' bills and the excitement of Her coming. It was too hot to dance, so he had wandered there to be alone.

His thoughts went back to his plebe days, and strangely enough, he thought first of no less a prosaic thing than blistered feet, raw, blistered feet at every step of which a sharp twinge of pain shot upward. Then he pictured the drills on the terrace. Would he ever forget the burning pavement, and the stench of oozy, melting tar that was everywhere! Once more he pulled a cutter in from the lighthouse, and even now he felt the bulky feel of the oar in his hand, while the pitiless sun drove out the sweat that rolled



down his face in great drops. He thought of those stifling Sunday afternoons, when he poured out his troubles to one who understood, smiled cheerily, and urged him on—his Mother.

Then the upper classes came back. Life was mean. There were things that he did, and had done to him, that rankled; but these were hard to remember, for memory of such is short. He remembered pledging himself never to act that way when he was a youngster; and here he smiled a little.

He was a youngster once more, a careless happy-go-lucky youngster with never a thought of the morrow. Those glorious rough-houses that began with a wild whoop on the corridor at evening gun-fire, and ended with an involuntary shower bath at taps—the delight of swaggering through the corridors in a bathrobe—those times when the fellows talked shop, sometimes gaily, and other times in a moody spirit—it was good to be one of them—and best of all, the growing ties of friendship that were binding him to his classmates—all came flooding back in memory. He thought of his cruises, and he did not remember the long stretches at sea, the niggardly liberty of one cruise, or its rotten food. No, he recalled the wonderful trip to London, and those never to be forgotten dinners the “old crowd” had within a stone’s throw of Trafalgar Square, when laughter and



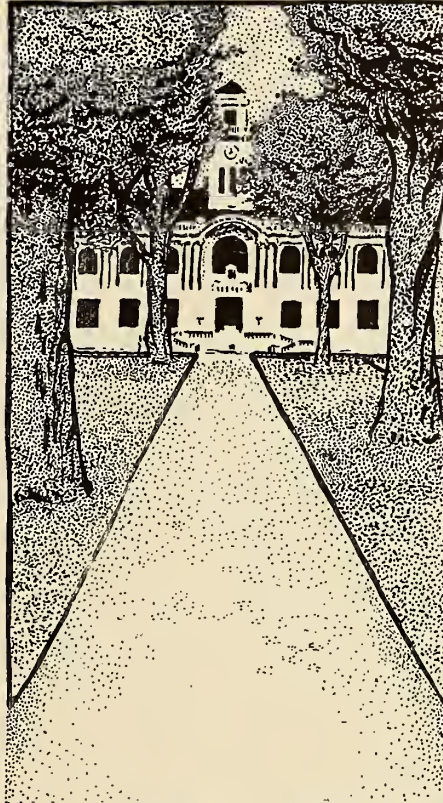
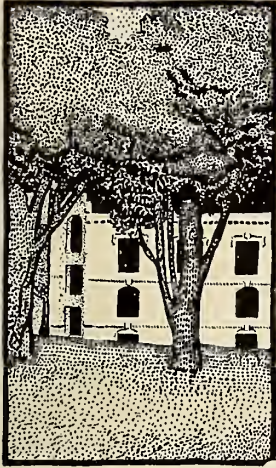


joy waited on all. It was not the inconveniences of the sea ; but it was the picture of Gibraltar in the early morning mist ; that glorious sunset off Palos ; the harbor entrance to Marseilles, with its vivid, stabbing coloring ; Ireland in its bursting greenery ; Berlin, Finse, and the Septembers at home—that were stamped on his memory.

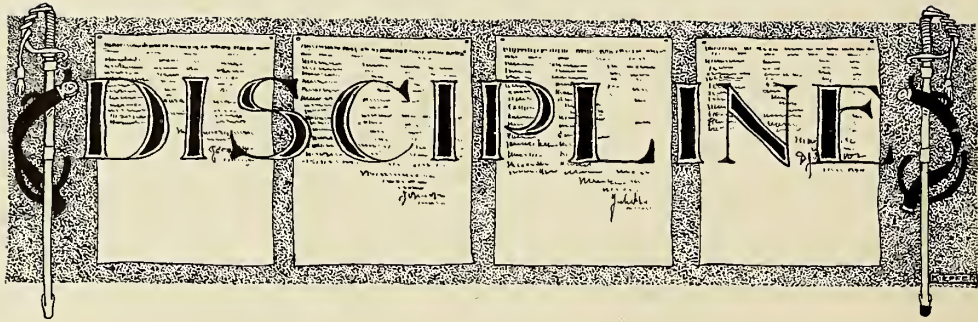
Now he was leaving it all. There was regret. Had you told him second class year that he would be sorry to leave, he would have laughed you to scorn. He thought of graduation, and the new life to come. He dreaded those first few weeks. It would be all so strange, but he knew that the Service was beckoning, and if he proved worthy, would welcome him. The Service—that was the word ! He was part of a great brotherhood : little Jarvis, Richard Somers, Wadsworth, Craven, Cushing, Hugh Aiken—they were all his brothers. They had all been where he had been. He had not served in a student corps. The Service had accepted him on faith, and had conferred on him, a raw plebe, the rank that had been consecrated by the lives of devoted men, that of midshipman, not of a brigade, nor of an Academy, but of the United States Navy. This was the reason for the trials of four years, that he might be tested, that he might be proved worthy to accept the call of the Service.



JOHN H. GIBBONS  
CAPTAIN U. S. NAVY, SUPERINTENDENT



# ACADEMIC DEPARTMENTS



Commandant of Midshipmen: Commander G. W. LOGAN, U. S. N.

Senior Assistant to Commandant: Commander C. B. McVAY, Jr., U. S. N.

Lieut. Commander R. C. BULMER, U. S. N.

Lieutenant F. H. POTEET, U. S. N.

Lieut. Commander RALPH EARLE, U. S. N.

Lieutenant R. L. LOWMAN, U. S. N.

Lieut. Commander A. BUCHANAN, U. S. N.

Lieutenant CONANT TAYLOR, U. S. N.

Lieutenant G. W. S. CASTLE, U. S. N.

Lieutenant (J. G.) C. C. HARTIGAN, U. S. N.

Lieutenant J. A. CAMPBELL, Jr., U. S. N.

Lieutenant (J. G.) A. W. FITCH, U. S. N.





COMMANDER G. W. LOGAN

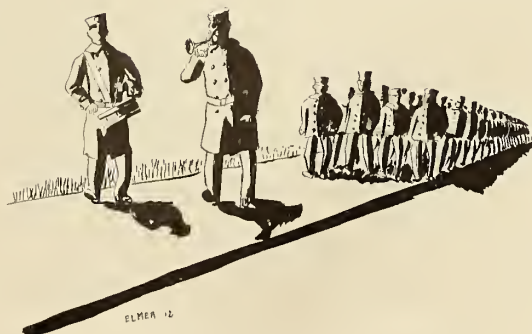
THE DEPARTMENT OF DISCIPLINE.

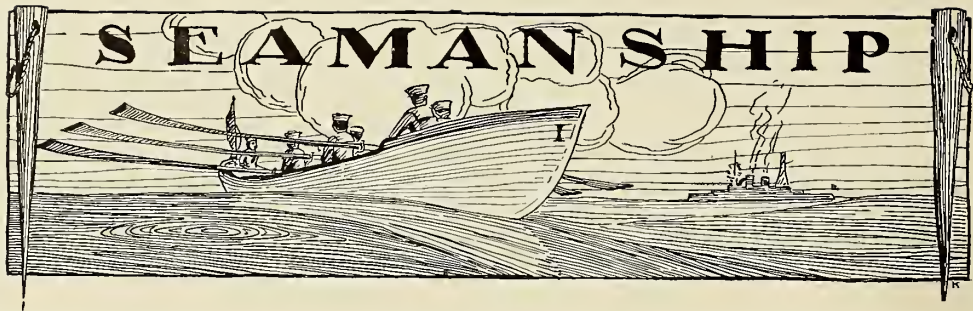
THE Academic and practical work here is divided among eleven different branches or departments.

This is the Department that takes upon itself the task of training the midshipman in the way he should go. His clothes and his food, his working hours and his play hours, his eating time and his studying time, his privileges and his punishments, his conduct and his relation with officers—all these and more are under the eyes of the Commandant and the Senior Assistant; the O. C.'s and Assistant O. C.'s, whose guiding rule and motto is "If you spare the rod you spoil the child."

"Every effort will be made by the . . . Department of Discipline to develop in the midshipmen the qualities of zeal, energy, judgment, thoroughness, and promptness of action essential to the proper performance of their future duties as officers of the Navy."

Although we would not think of going so far as to say, as someone did, that the only redeeming feature about the O. C.'s was the fact that they furnished jokes for the Masqueraders, it is but natural that they, so closely related to us in all our actions, should be the butt—or butting—end of a great many of the highly amusing incidents pictured later in this book. Read on.





Head of Department of Seamanship: Commander B. F. HUTCHISON, U. S. N.

INSTRUCTORS:

Lieutenant Commander J. J. RABY, U. S. N.

Lieutenant C. A. RICHARDS, U. S. N.

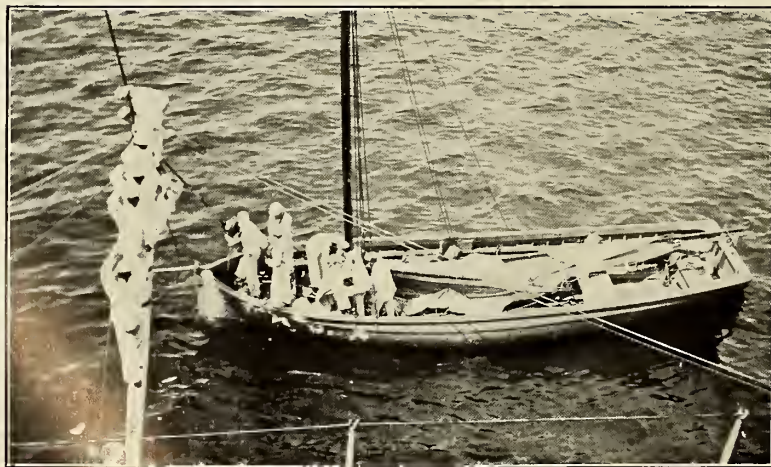
Lieutenant R. E. INGERSOLL, U. S. N.

Lieutenant P. P. BLACKBURN, U. S. N.

Lieutenant W. BAGGALEY, U. S. N.

Lieutenant J. P. MILLER, U. S. N.

Chief Boatswain P. J. KANE, U. S. N.





COMMANDER B. F. HUTCHISON

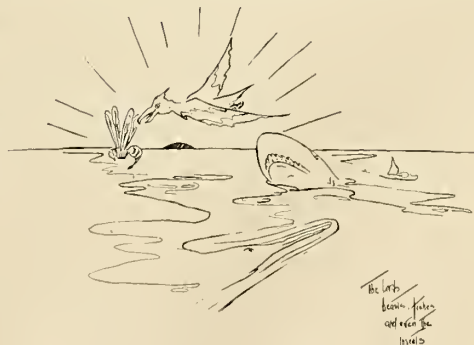
THE DEPARTMENT OF SEAMANSHIP

HIS is the one department, above all, which should be characteristic of the work at the Naval Academy. Although we no longer sail and reef and wear our line-of-battle ships, we must know our seamanship just so long as we are going to travel about on the water. Here we learn the names of all parts of our big ships and their uses; how to handle these ships in heavy seas and tideways; to anchor them and dock them; to sail and row cutters and small boats, and to watch with no small amount of interest the working out of naval policies all over the world.

“Midshipmen shall especially familiarize themselves with Chapters II, III, IV, XI, XII, XIII, XIV, XVIII, XIX, XX, XXXII and XLI of these regulations.” (Navy Regs.)

“There is not a single thing really indispensable to a man-of-war’s man, whether he be officer or man, which cannot be learned on board ship.

A navy that is familiar with the sea in many aspects and in many parts of the world will have acquired no small part of the knowledge which is indispensable in war; and every one of every rank in the naval service should feel that he belongs to a service which has no reason for its existence but real preparation for war, and consequent ability to defeat the enemy when hostilities arise. Sea work is by far the most important part of the work; familiarity with it can be attained by prolonged service in blue water, and it cannot be obtained in any other way.”





### ORDNANCE AND GUNNERY.

Head of Department of Ordnance and Gunnery: Commander LOUIS M. NULTON, U. S. N.

#### INSTRUCTORS:

Lieut. Commander R. I. CURTIN, U. S. N.

Lieutenant W. R. VAN AUKEN, U. S. N.

Lieutenant M. K. METCALF, U. S. N.

Lieutenant L. C. FARLEY, U. S. N.

Lieutenant W. S. McCLINTIC, U. S. N.

Lieutenant E. R. SHIPP, U. S. N.

Lieutenant I. F. DORTCH, U. S. N.

Lieutenant HUGH BROWN, U. S. N.

Lieutenant (J. G.) I. C. KIDD, U. S. N.

Chief Gunner JAS. DONALD, U. S. N.

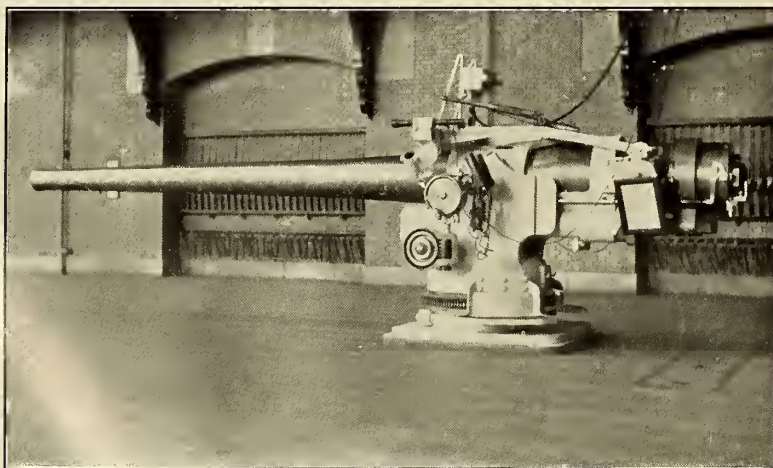
Chief Gunner J. J. MURRAY, U. S. N.

Sword Master A. J. CORBESIER

Ass't Sword Master GEORGE HEINTZ, Jr.

Ass't Sword Master L. FOURNON

Ass't Sword Master A. BARTOLI





# LUCKY BAG



COMMANDER L. M. NULTON

## THE DEPARTMENT OF ORDNANCE AND GUNNERY

FOR the past two years this department has been improving with such strides and bounds as we see only in a Western city that grows in a night. Not only does it now instruct the midshipman in the matter-of-course drill regs. and gun mechanisms, but it gives him the first ideas and teaches him the rudiments of the wonderful system of fire control and spotting now used in our Navy. By means of a complete set of apparatus—and apparatus, by the way, that will work—he is taught how to find ranges, aim guns, and put his shells where the target is; that is the only sort of ordnance really worth knowing.

Sample of “hot air” on torpedoes:

“The position holder is an arm or cam, which, by being thrown from its vertical position to its horizontal position, holds the inner ring, firmly centers the gyro, and allows the teeth of the impulse sector to mesh with the pinion of the gyro. As soon as the gyro is centered and the vertical rock shaft is centered in the end of the gyro, the position holder is dropped, and the spring may be wound.

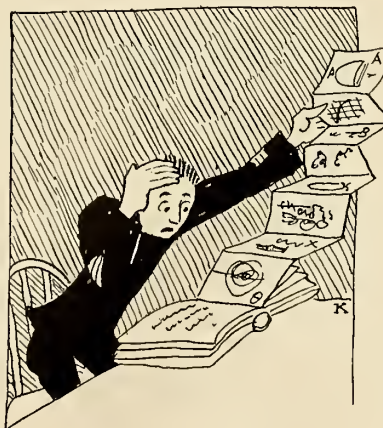
“This is done by means of a *mechanical arrangement*, with the trigger, so that the rings may be turned, and the steering engine do its work.”

For the rest of us, who do not like to write as well as this man does, we usually say “mechanical arrangement,” and be done with it!

Torpedoes are bad enough, but when it comes to Exterior Ballistics! Look at this:

Substituting after integration, the result is as follows:

$$A_2 = \frac{[8.9677668]}{2^2} - [2.4923277] \log 2 + 1051.999$$





# NAVIGATION

Head of Department of Navigation: Commander G. R. MARVELL, U. S. N.

## INSTRUCTORS:

Lieutenant Commander E. B. FENNER, U. S. N.

Lieutenant Commander F. J. HORNE, U. S. N.

Lieutenant Commander C. P. SNYDER, U. S. N.

Lieutenant LEWIS COXE, U. S. N.

Lieutenant J. C. TOWNSEND, U. S. N.

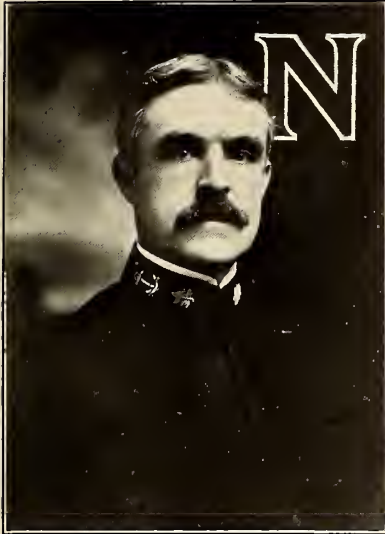
Lieutenant W. W. SMYTH, U. S. N.

Lieutenant P. P. BASSET, U. S. N.

Lieutenant C. C. SOULE, Jr., U. S. N.

Lieutenant A. K. SHOUP, U. S. N.





COMMANDER G. R. MARVELL

THE DEPARTMENT OF NAVIGATION.

NAVIGATION, like astronomy and some other kindred subjects connected with the Sun, Moon and Stars, has an infinite sense of mystery about it for those who never have had to navigate anything more than a raft or a ferryboat. This subject, once learned, is absurdly simple, and it gets to be interesting when you try to dope out how a man, in an open boat on the Pacific could find his position and get back home.

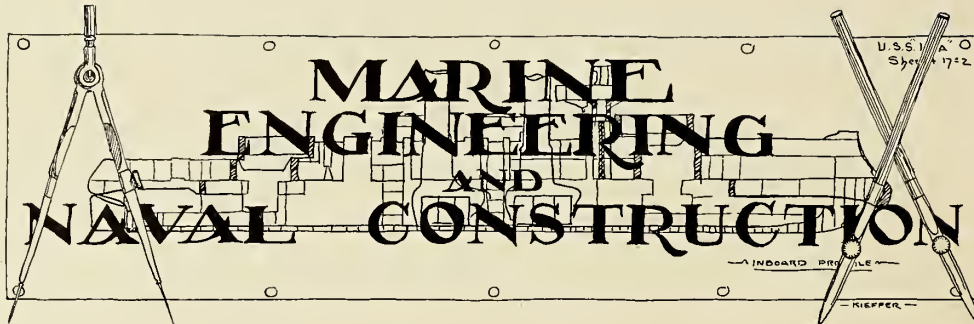
Gone are the days when we used to sit and gaze fondly at the moon; now we wonder why it was ever made—must have been put there just as a nuisance to first class navigators. Witness the tortures of this creature:

First classman at Nav. P-work, between snatches at his hair and yanks at his collar, attempting to find declination of the moon.

Takes out some hours, minutes and seconds and then multiplies hourly difference to 15 decimal places. No, he should have taken minute difference—rubs it out.

Tries again, and multiplies to only 12 places this time. Oh, ——! He has the Right Ascension instead of the declination—rubs it out again. He's getting mad! Now it's correct by contracted multiplication to 17 places—wait a minute! Ye gods! He has taken it out for December 14th and this is December 16th! One gasping sigh and he expires.



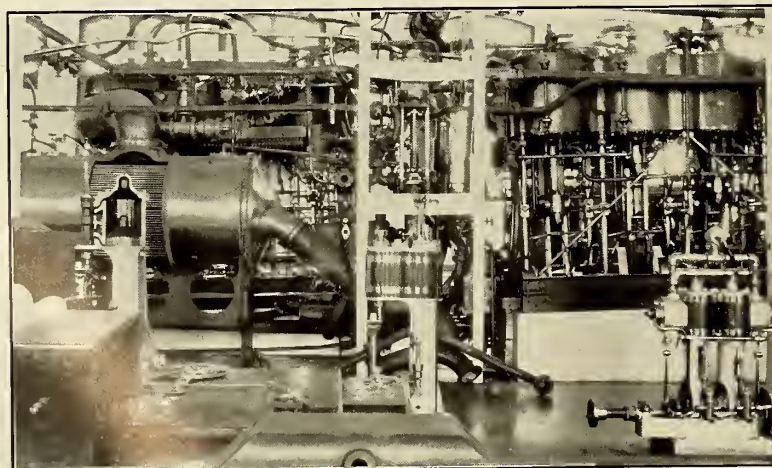


Head of Department of Marine Engineering and Naval Construction:  
Lieutenant Commander A. W. HINDS, U. S. N.

INSTRUCTORS:

Lieut. Commander W. B. WELLS, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant J. G. CHURCH, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant FRANK McCOMMON, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant W. J. GILES, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant R. A. DAWES, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant E. C. OAK, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant L. N. McNAIR, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant A. CLAUDE, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant H. A. STUART, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant R. F. DILLON, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant J. J. McCRACKEN, U. S. N.

Lieutenant E. S. ROOT, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant BENJ. DUTTON, Jr., U. S. N.  
Lieutenant V. K. COMAN, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant H. M. JENSEN, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant D. L. HOWARD, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant W. B. DECKER, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant (J. G.) F. M. ROBINSON, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant (J. G.) R. W. CABANISS, U. S. N.  
Professor T. W. JOHNSON, U. S. N.  
Chief Machinist BEN SMITH, U. S. N.  
Machinist MAX VOGT, U. S. N.





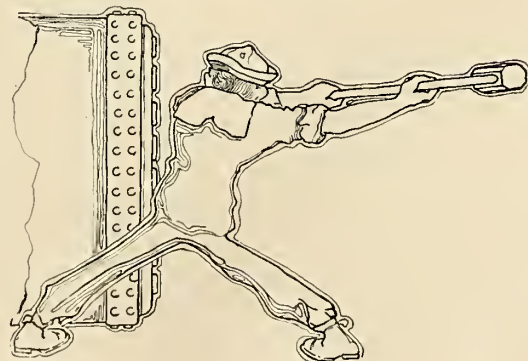
LT.-COMDR. A. W. HINDS

**THE DEPARTMENT OF MARINE  
ENGINEERING AND NAVAL  
CONSTRUCTION.**

AS modern battleships become more and more complicated, and as their intricate steam and other machinery is now being run by line officers, it behooves every midshipman to make good use of the time that he spends with this department. Steam machinery and ship construction, which are hard enough for a would-be naval constructor to understand, are made as clear as possible by the use of sectional and working models of all sorts and descriptions, from globe valves to floating dry-docks. It should not be forgotten that this department gives the midshipman an excellent opportunity to become familiar with the use of tools and make things for himself—there is science even in handling a monkey wrench.

“I savvy lap and lead, and can calculate the speed,  
That an epicyclic train will drive a drill;  
I can shape the teeth of wheels, and find the size of reels,  
That are used in hauling heavy weights up hill.”

So said Joe Gish—and then some, as he made the hole in his hollow crank-shaft larger than the shaft itself, and read in his *Engineering Mechanics* that such things were but examples of the many compromises that had to be made in engine designing.





# MATHEMATICS ± AND § MECHANICS



Head of Department of Mathematics and Mechanics:  
Professor of Mathematics S. J. BROWN, U. S. N.

## INSTRUCTORS:

Lieut. Commander F. J. HORNE, U. S. N.	Professor of Mathematics W. S. HARSH- MAN, U. S. N.
Lieut. Commander C. P. SNYDER, U. S. N.	Professor of Mathematics H. L. RICE, U. S. N.
Lieutenant W. K. RIDDLE, U. S. N.	Professor W. W. JOHNSON, U. S. Naval Academy
Lieutenant LEWIS COXE, U. S. N.	Instructor ANGELO HALL, U. S. Naval Academy
Lieutenant J. C. TOWNSEND, U. S. N.	Instructor PAUL CAPRON, U. S. Naval Academy
Lieutenant W. W. SMYTH, U. S. N.	Instructor C. L. LEIPER, U. S. Naval Acad- emy
Lieutenant P. P. BASSETT, U. S. N.	Instructor W. J. KING, U. S. Naval Academy
Lieutenant C. C. SOULE, U. S. N.	Instructor C. W. FREDERICK, U. S. Naval Academy
Lieutenant A. K. SHOUP, U. S. N.	
Lieutenant T. F. CALDWELL, U. S. N.	
Professor of Mathematics H. M. PAUL, U. S. N.	
Professor of Mathematics H. E. SMITH, U. S. N.	
Professor of Mathematics D. M. GARRISON, U. S. N.	





PROF. OF MATHEMATICS, S. J. BROWN

**THE DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS**

ATH., math., math.—first, last, and all the time; we can never get away from it. Without our mathematics we could not finish up a single one of our courses first or second class years—therefore, we learn it.

The course is comparatively long and extensive, including a review of algebra and trigonometry, analytical geometry, calculus, mechanics, hydromechanics, and strength of materials, yet it might be twice as long to good advantage. The extra time, if it could be spared, would be spent mostly on problems and illustrations of the work, so that the midshipman, when he came to navigation, exterior ballistics, etc., later on in the course, would add his figures and pick out his logarithms more by instinct than by paying special attention to them.

Here's the way the midshipman of 1912 is compelled to digest math.: Starts his prob. and reads—

“Substituting, transposing, changing signs, clearing of fractions, and integrating, we have

$$\frac{-1}{2(m+n)} \cos [(m+n) \theta] - \frac{1}{2(m-n)} \cos [(m-n) \theta] \frac{3}{2}$$

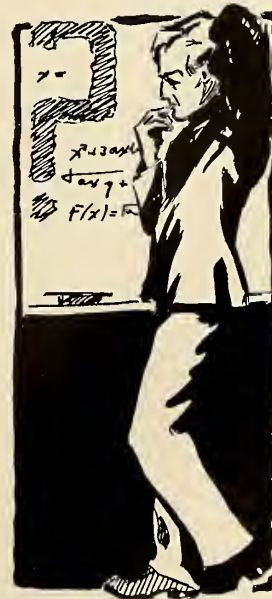
And this is the way he does it:

Figures out the whole prob. all the way through; easy! How savvy he was to discover it! But wait a minute—what's that exponent?  $3/2$ ? Where in the deuce did they get a  $\frac{3}{2}$ ?  $\frac{3}{2} \dots \frac{3}{2} \dots$  no  $\frac{3}{2}$  in the prob. anywhere. Book must be wrong.

Next day in class the following dialogue takes place:

“Sir, how do they get the  $3/2$  in that seventh prob?”

“Why—why—have you read over the lesson, Mr. B—? That ought to follow from the first problem— $3/2$ , did you say? Well, I don't see that right now, but I'll look the matter up and tell you to-morrow. Take the boards, gentlemen.”





Head of Department of Physics and Chemistry: Professor R. M. TERRY, U. S. Naval Academy.

INSTRUCTORS:

Lieut. Commander C. M. TOZER, U. S. N.

Lieut. Commander A. BRONSON, U. S. N.

Lieutenant J. M. ENOCHS, U. S. N.

Lieutenant H. D. COOKE, Jr., U. S. N.

Lieutenant MACGILLIVRAY MILNE,  
U. S. N.

Lieutenant L. P. TREADWELL, U. S. N.

Lieutenant A. W. SEARS, U. S. N.

Lieutenant G. V. STEWART, U. S. N.

Lieutenant S. C. HOOPER, U. S. N.

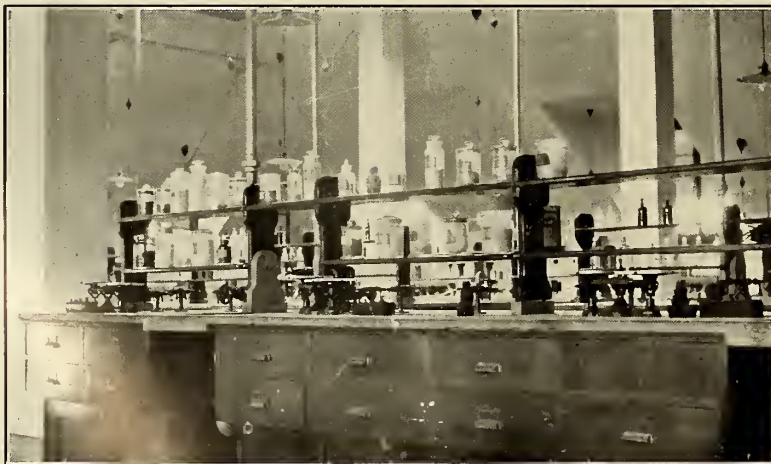
Lieutenant W. O. SPEARS, U. S. N.

Lieutenant W. L. CULBERTSON, Jr.,  
U. S. N.

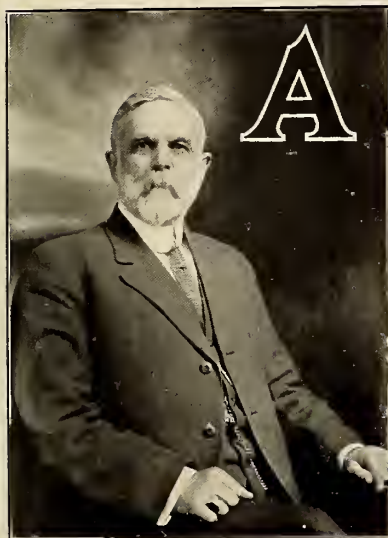
Lieutenant W. L. FRIEDEL, U. S. N.

Lieutenant J. W. WILCOX, U. S. N.

Professor of Mathematics P. J. DASHIELL,  
U. S. N.







PROFESSOR N. M. TERRY, U. S. N. A.

### THE DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY

So long as the study of physics and chemistry is included in the work, it is to be regretted that a little more time cannot be spent on these subjects. Although we cannot all be Michelsons, to find the velocity of light on the sea wall, yet there are a great many interesting experiments that we could perform if we but had the time to spare.

Here again we make the plea that the amount of work be cut down and the course be made more thorough. Take, for instance, the physical and chemical laboratories, with all the fine apparatus that they contain. About all the average midshipman knows of them is that they are in the building, and that the equipment is there waiting for him to come and use it.

Midshipman in Skinny Section, reciting on Simple Harmonic Motion:

"This S. H. M. is represented by the swinging of a ball in a circle across a straight line, and may be shown by this sine curve."

"Sine curve, Mr. A—? That sketch looks like the cross section of a wave at Atlantic City. Go ahead!"

"Well, sir, you draw this circle and then project this line, and from the circumference of the radius——"

"Now think what you are saying! Say, Mr. A—, you don't know very much about this subject, do you?"

"No, sir; I don't think I do."

"Well, why didn't you say so, then? Sit down."



ELMER

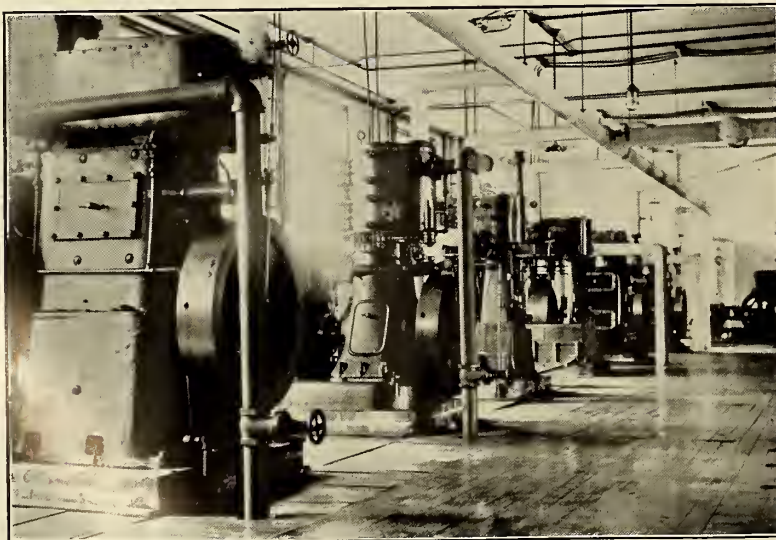
# ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

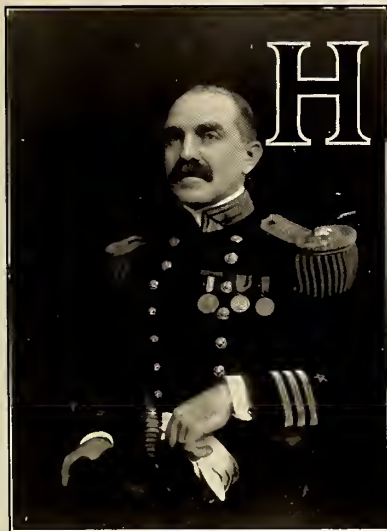
Head of Department of Physics and Chemistry: Professor N. M. TERRY, U. S. Naval Academy.

## INSTRUCTORS:

Lieut. Commander C. M. TOZER, U. S. N.  
Lieut. Commander A. BRONSON, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant J. M. ENOCHS, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant H. D. COOKE, Jr., U. S. N.  
Lieutenant MACGILLIVRAY MILNE,  
U. S. N.  
Lieutenant L. P. TREADWELL, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant A. W. SEARS, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant G. V. STEWART, U. S. N.

Lieutenant S. C. HOOPER, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant W. O. SPEARS, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant W. L. CULBERTSON, Jr.,  
U. S. N.  
Lieutenant W. L. FRIEDEL, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant J. W. WILCOX, U. S. N.  
Professor of Mathematics P. J. DASHIELL,  
U. S. N.





COMMANDER H. H. CHRISTY

## THE DEPARTMENT OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

HERE, now, is a subject that we ought to know something about when we graduate, not only because we have spent a year and a half of hard work on it, but for the reason that we shall have to work with so much electrical equipment when we get in the fleet.

We study electricity from the inside out, all through, and then from the outside in again. Beginning with the simple theories and laws of currents, the course takes all about electro-magnets, solenoids, and lines of force, measuring and testing instruments, dynamos and motors, with their construction and operation, and finally all the electrical apparatus on board ship, from desk fans to turret installations.

P-work every week in the electrical lab.

“Now, gentlemen, you see here the standard type of switchboard; this is the type now used in the Navy. You see, when you want to turn on the lights, throw the switch marked LIGHT, and so on.

“This equalizer connects with a bus bar—the ground detector, you see—the circuit breakers—you understand how they function.

“All right, gentlemen. You have 15 minutes to write this up, and make a complete sketch, showing all connections—you see how it goes.”





Head of Department of English: Commander E. H. DURELL, U. S. N.

INSTRUCTORS:

Professor A. N. BROWN, U. S. Naval Academy

Professor W. O. STEVENS, U. S. Naval Academy

Instructor G. P. COLEMAN, U. S. Naval Academy

Instructor C. S. ALDEN, U. S. Naval Academy

Instructor H. J. FENTON, U. S. Naval Academy

Instructor H. C. WASHBURN, U. S. Naval Academy

Instructor W. B. NORRIS, U. S. Naval Academy

Instructor H. F. KRAFFT, U. S. Naval Academy

Instructor C. H. FOSTER, U. S. Naval Academy





COMMANDER E. H. DURELL

### THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

WHEN a second classman in the U. S. N. A. does not possess enough literary ability to prevent him from making twenty-five mistakes in grammar, etc., while writing out a statement, matters have come to a "pretty pass." Midshipmen in general need to pay a little more attention to their English.

There is no reason why one should not acquire the habit during his first two years at the Academy, for he has to write an impromptu theme each week; to write at least three pages in one hour; furthermore, with the sad knowledge that .2 will be taken off his mark for every misspelled word or mistake in grammar.

With the study of the History of the United States Navy, the midshipman gains an acquaintance with the personalities and deeds of the officers who have made our Navy what it is, and he acquires the ability of setting down his own ideas of the events in clear and concise language.

However, the youngsters who write themes like this have still something to learn:

"The *Saratoga* let fly another broadside, that swept the decks of the British frigate from forward to aft. The air is filled with flying missiles; a forty-pounder shell just grazes the binnacle and dashes the sword from the brave captain's hand. Day is dying in the west and as darkness creeps on the mainmast topples over with a mighty crash and the battle is won."



# MODERN LANGUAGES

Head of Department of Modern Languages: Lieutenant Commander S. V. GRAHAM, U. S. N.

## INSTRUCTORS:

Professor HENRI MARION, U. S. Naval Academy

Professor C. V. CUSACHS, U. S. Naval Academy

Professor P. J. DES GARENNES, U. S. Naval Academy

Professor P. E. VOINOT, U. S. Naval Academy

Instructor GASTON COSTET, U. S. Naval Academy

Instructor F. W. MORRISON, U. S. Naval Academy

Instructor ARTURO FERNANDEZ, U. S. Naval Academy

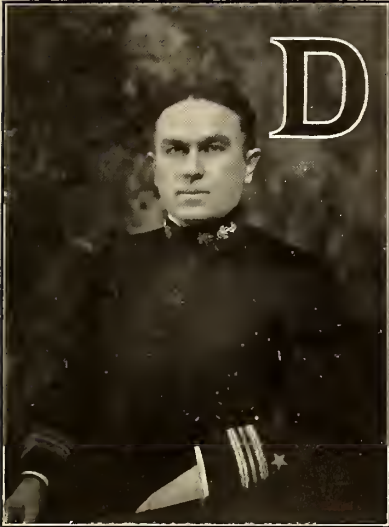
Instructor W. E. OLIVET, U. S. Naval Academy

Instructor R. H. BONILLA, U. S. Naval Academy

Instructor M. A. COLTON, U. S. Naval Academy



LA CANNEBIÈRE.



LT. COMDR. S. V. GRAHAM

THE DEPARTMENT OF MODERN  
LANGUAGES.

**D**AGO—meaning any foreign language—is the same the world over, in the Naval Academy and out of it. Mightily fine to know when the time comes, but mighty hard to learn when one has no other aim in view than making a “sat” mark in the course. Modern Languages is in the course because it should be there, to familiarize the midshipman with the two most common foreign languages, French and Spanish. There is neither the time nor the opportunity for one to become a fluent speaker in either language, yet the work of a naval officer brings him so much in foreign ports and so closely into contact with foreign officials that he should at least be able to get along and carry on his business. Many an officer has missed some very interesting experiences on foreign cruises because he could not talk the language!

“Good morning, gentlemen! You all have your lessons zees morning? We shall see!

—“*Racontez-moi l’anecdote que je vous ai donnez,— Eh bien—*

“*Maitre Corbeau sur un arbre perché,  
Tenait en son bec un fromage;  
Maitre Renard, par l’odeur alleché,  
Lui tint à peu près ce langage—*”

“You cannott do itt, ha? Monsieur, *monsieur*, MONSIEUR, I see you cannott keep up ze pace! You mustt pay attention to ze vairbes. It is a game of football—ze vairbe is ze ball.

“Gentlemen, I throw itt at you—if you fumble, you are LOST!”









SURGEON A. M. D. McCORMICK

THE DEPARTMENT OF NAVAL  
HYGIENE AND PHYSIOLOGY.

AST, but not least, is the "Bones" Department, as many a midshipman has found out to his sorrow.

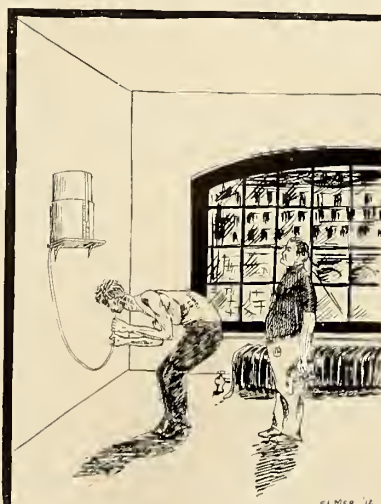
From a department that a few years ago could boast of nothing more than a few lectures in Physiology, this branch has grown until now it is almost as intimately connected with the midshipman's daily life as is the Discipline Department.

By means of an extended series of drills, in which the famous Swedish movements are being taught, the officers are attempting to increase the average strength of midshipmen of all classes. By having a sufficient number of instructors at these drills, the latter are made very thorough indeed, so that the midshipmen not only get their exercise, but a

good "brace" as well—none of them will deny that the whole brigade is sadly in need of one.

This department still retains the old series of lectures—talks on anatomy, diseases and their causes—along with explanations of the common ailments that are to be met with on shipboard, and the methods for their treatment.

Latest variation of the Terpsichorean art—the Swedish dance. Feet full, open! Close! Arms upward, stretch! Arms downward, stretch! Trunk backward, bend! Knee bending, 1—2! Knee bending, toe raising, 1—2—3—4!



ELMER '12

### OFFICERS NOT ATTACHED TO ACADEMIC STAFF.

Medical Inspector A. M. D. McCORMICK,  
U. S. N., Senior Medical Officer  
Surgeon S. G. EVANS  
Surgeon DUDLEY N. CARPENTER  
Surgeon E. G. PARKER  
P. A. Surgeon REYNOLDS HAYDEN  
Pay Inspector J. S. PHILLIPS, Pay Officer  
and General Storekeeper  
Paymaster SAMUEL BRYAN  
Assistant Paymaster OMAR D. CONGER  
Chaplain EVAN W. SCOTT  
Chief Boatswain JOSEPH HEIL

Chief Carpenter THOMAS J. LOGAN  
Pharmacist JOHN T. OURSLER  
Paymaster's Clerk W. T. WILLIAMS, Clerk  
to Commissary  
Paymaster's Clerk G. W. VAN BRUNT,  
Clerk to Pay Officer  
Paymaster's Clerk R. A. ASHTON, Clerk  
to General Storekeeper  
Paymaster's Clerk HARRY PRICE, Clerk to  
Midshipmen's Storekeeper  
Paymaster's Clerk M. P. COOMBS, Clerk to  
Pay Officer of Ships  
Dentist RICHARD GRADY, M.D., D.D.S.

### ENGINEERING EXPERIMENT STATION.

Captain T. W. KINCAID, U. S. N., Head of  
Station  
Lieutenant Commander FRANK LYON, U.  
S. N.  
Lieutenant J. F. DANIELS, U. S. N.  
Lieutenant J. RODGERS, U. S. N., Instruc-  
tion (Aviation)

Lieutenant T. G. ELLYSON, U. S. N., In-  
struction (Aviation)  
Lieutenant J. H. TOWERS, U. S. N., In-  
struction (Aviation)  
Ensign V. D. HERBSTER, U. S. N., Instruc-  
tion (Aviation)

### U. S. S. HARTFORD (Station Ship).

Commander A. H. SCALES, U. S. N., Com-  
manding  
Lieutenant D. L. HOWARD, U. S. N.  
Ensign J. H. INGRAM, U. S. N.  
Ensign R. H. DAVIS, U. S. N.  
Midshipman C. Q. WRIGHT, U. S. N.

Midshipman H. S. McK. CLAY, U. S. N.  
Midshipman G. F. JACOBS, U. S. N.  
Chief Boatswain ARTHUR SMITH, U. S. N.  
Chief Machinist HENRY SMITH, U. S. N.  
Mate HARRY DAHIS, U. S. N.

### U. S. S. OLYMPIA.

Commander A. H. SCALES, U. S. N., Com-  
manding

Gunner T. C. WESTER, U. S. N.  
Carpenter W. E. WINANT

### U. S. S. BAGLEY.

Lieutenant M. K. METCALF, Commanding

### U. S. S. BAILEY.

Ensign A. M. R. ALLEN, U. S. N., Commanding  
Ensign C. H. MADDOX, U. S. N.

### U. S. S. STRINGHAM.

Lieutenant (J. G.) D. P. MORRISON, U. S. N., Commanding

### LIBRARY STAFF.

Professor A. N. BROWN, U. S. Naval Acad-  
emy, Librarian

J. M. SPENCER, Assistant Librarian  
R. J. DUVAL, Cataloguer

### NAVAL HOSPITAL.

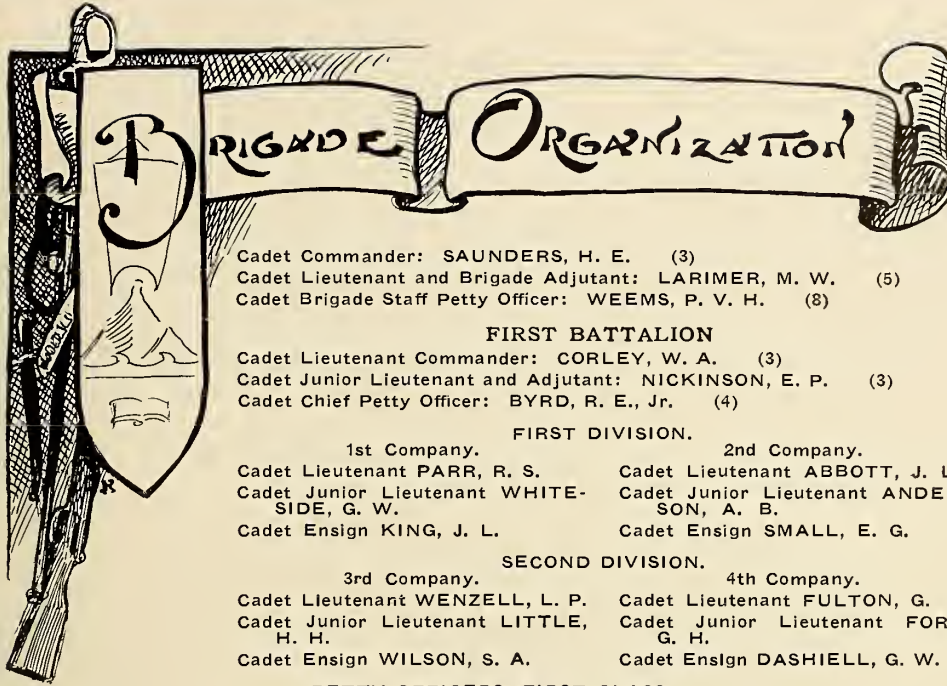
Medical Inspector GEORGE PICKRELL, U.  
S. N.  
Surgeon J. M. BRISTER, U. S. N.

P. A. Surgeon R. G. HEINER, U. S. N.  
P. A. Surgeon D. G. SUTTON, U. S. N.  
Pharmacist A. A. O'DONOGHUE, U. S. N.

### MARINE BARRACKS.

Colonel F. J. MOSES, U. S. M. C., Command-  
ing  
Captain W. W. LOW, U. S. M. C.  
Captain G. M. KINCADE, U. S. M. C.  
First Lieutenant A. B. DRUM, U. S. M. C.  
First Lieutenant R. L. DENIG, U. S. M. C.,  
Post Quartermaster

First Lieutenant S. S. LEE, U. S. M. C.  
Second Lieutenant A. D. ROREX, U. S. M. C.  
Second Lieutenant A. S. HEFFLEY, U. S.  
M. C.  
Second Lieutenant M. B. HUMPHREY, U.  
S. M. C.



Cadet Commander: SAUNDERS, H. E. (3)  
 Cadet Lieutenant and Brigade Adjutant: LARIMER, M. W. (5)  
 Cadet Brigade Staff Petty Officer: WEEMS, P. V. H. (8)

**FIRST BATTALION**

Cadet Lieutenant Commander: CORLEY, W. A. (3)  
 Cadet Junior Lieutenant and Adjutant: NICKINSON, E. P. (3)  
 Cadet Chief Petty Officer: BYRD, R. E., Jr. (4)

**FIRST DIVISION.**

1st Company.	2nd Company.
Cadet Lieutenant PARR, R. S.	Cadet Lieutenant ABBOTT, J. L.
Cadet Junior Lieutenant WHITE-SIDE, G. W.	Cadet Junior Lieutenant ANDERSON, A. B.
Cadet Ensign KING, J. L.	Cadet Ensign SMALL, E. G.

**SECOND DIVISION.**

3rd Company.	4th Company.
Cadet Lieutenant WENZELL, L. P.	Cadet Lieutenant FULTON, G.
Cadet Junior Lieutenant LITTLE, H. H.	Cadet Junior Lieutenant FORT, G. H.
Cadet Ensign WILSON, S. A.	Cadet Ensign DASHIELL, G. W. D.

**PETTY OFFICERS, FIRST CLASS.**

FORDE, L. K.	MARTIN, R. L.	WHITING, F. E. M.	KIEFFER, H. M.
DODD, H.	ROBERTSON, R. S.	GREENE, C. F.	BISHOP, J. B.
MOORE, R. D.	CULIN, J. H.	GUTHRIE, A. H.	ROBERTS, A. C.
HOOGWERFF, H.	MERRILL, A. S.	BARBEY, D. E.	GROW, H. B.

**PETTY OFFICERS, SECOND CLASS.**

SHAW, W. A.	POE, B. F.	SCHUIRMANN, R. E.	ELMER, R. E. P.
WADDELL, W. C.	McKITTERICK, E. H.	LODER, A. W.	SANBORN, A. B.
THOMPSON, B. M.	ELDRIDGE, E. P.	PACE, E. M., Jr.	OSGOOD, W. H.
FOX, J. L.	LOCKWOOD, C. A., Jr.	THEISS, P. S.	CURLEY, H. P.

**SECOND BATTALION**

Cadet Lieutenant Commander: WILBUR, J. (7)  
 Cadet Junior Lieutenant and Adjutant: WENTWORTH, R. S. (5)  
 Cadet Chief Petty Officer: ELDER, F. K. (6)

**3rd DIVISION.**

5th Company.	6th Company.
Cadet Lieutenant DALTON, J. P.	Cadet Lieutenant RUSSELL, E. A.
Cadet Junior Lieutenant ERTZ, H.	Cadet Junior Lieutenant WICK, H. C.
Cadet Ensign SCOFIELD, H. W.	Cadet Ensign TISDALE, M. S.

**4th DIVISION.**

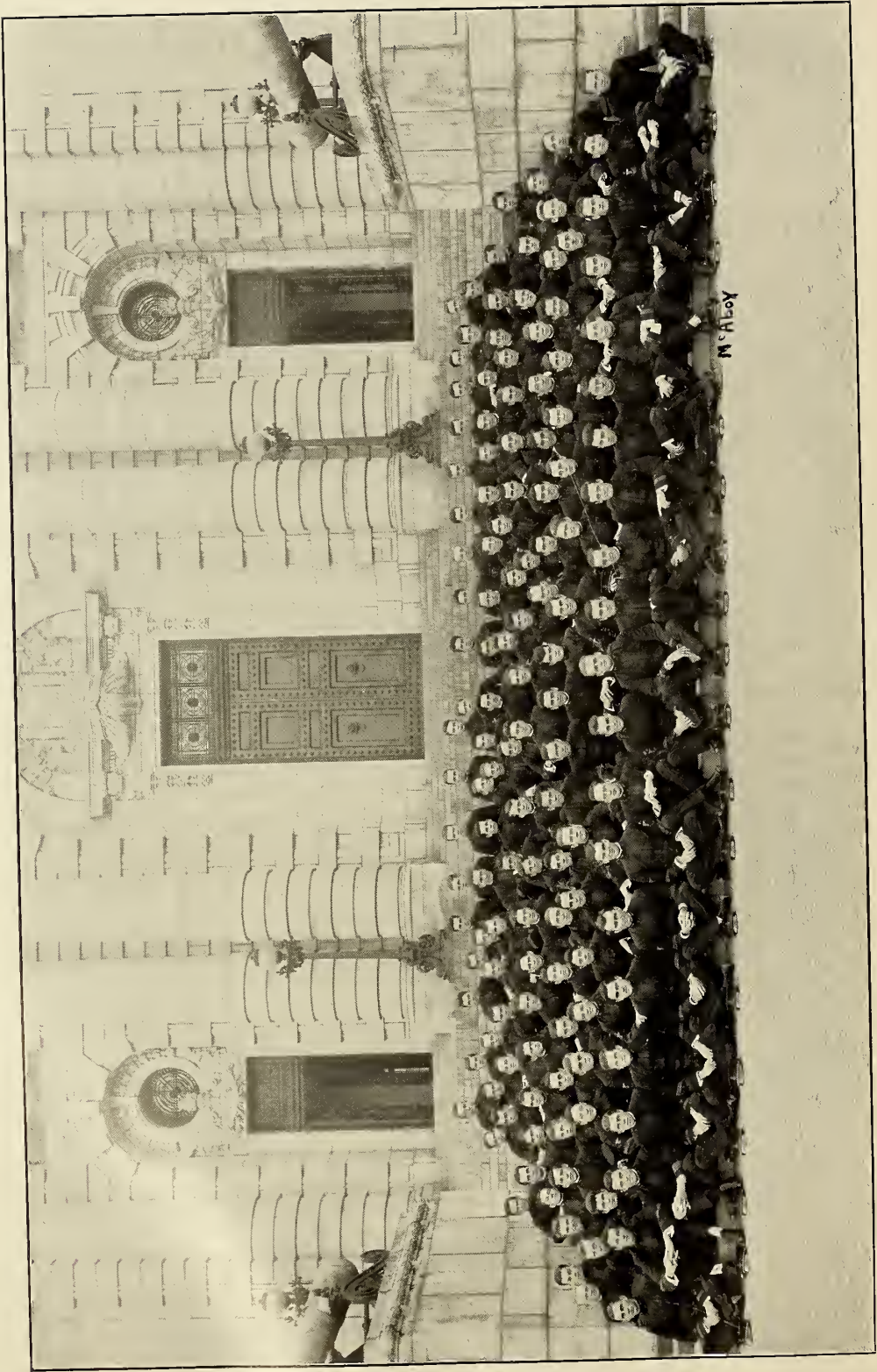
7th Company.	8th Company.
Cadet Lieutenant BYERS, J. A.	Cadet Lieutenant GULBRANSON, C.
Cadet Junior Lieutenant SAUNDERS, J. A.	Cadet Junior Lieutenant MORRISSEY, E. R.
Cadet Ensign ZIEGLER, S. J.	Cadet Ensign GILLILAND, C. G.

**PETTY OFFICERS, FIRST CLASS.**

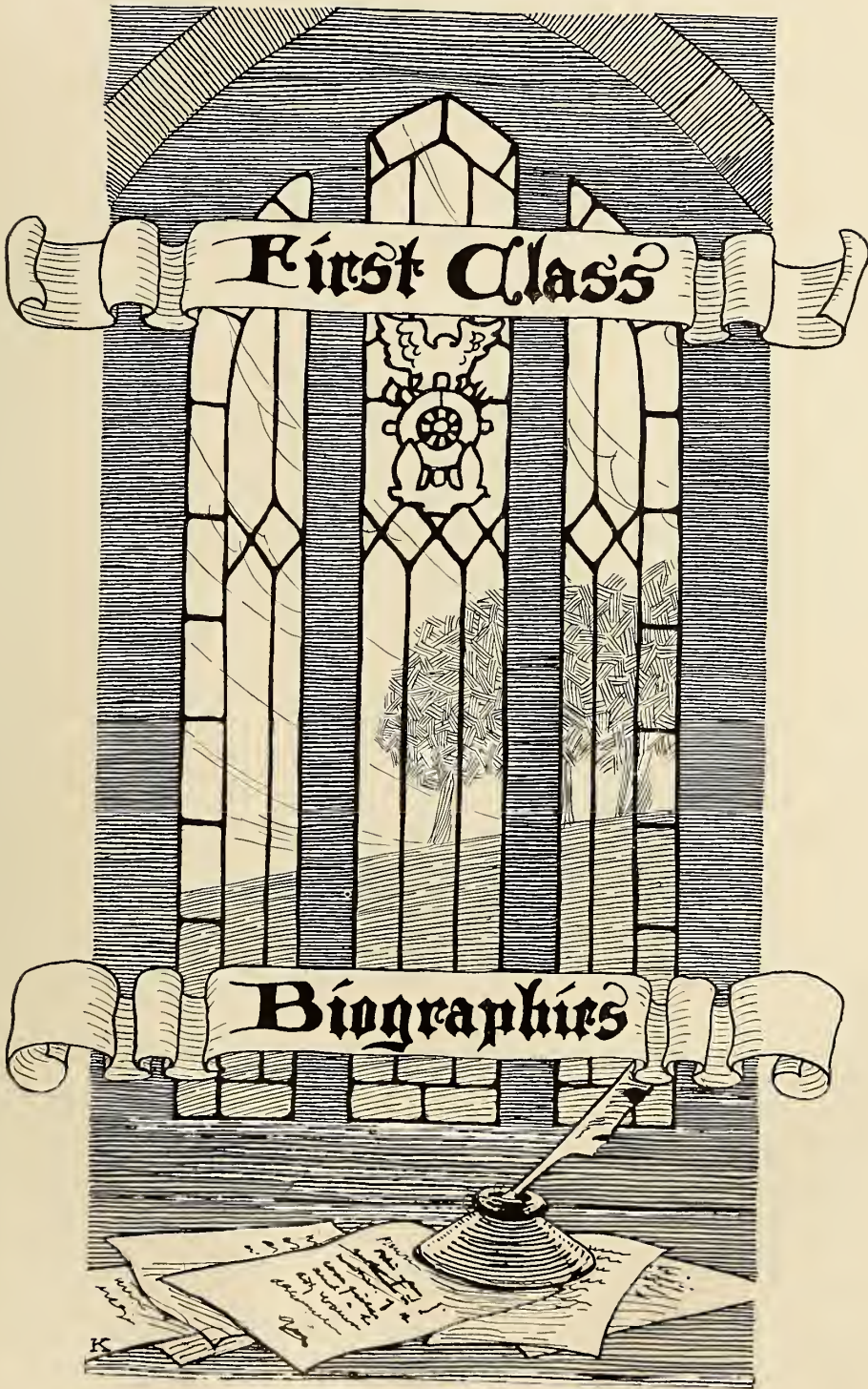
ELDER, F. K.	ZACHARIAS, E. M.	BROWN, R. D.	TEN EYCK, A. C.
La MOUNTAIN, G. W.	BOYDEN, D.	PATRICK, H. G.	CLARK, J. C.
HALL, C. M.	BUCKMASTER, E.	BROADBENT, E. W.	VENTER, J. G.
FISCHER, H. E.	MACCRONE, W. C.	PATTERSON, D. F.	DECKER, S. M.
GATCH, T. L.			

**PETTY OFFICERS, SECOND CLASS.**

BYRNE, C. B.	BROWN, J. J.	SOWELL, I. C.	WRIGHT, C. H.
COIL, E. W.	McMORRIS, C. H.	RAMSEY, D. C.	BENNETT, A. C.
FRAZER, H. C.	TAYLOR, W. D.	DE LANY, W. S.	HAMILTON, D. W.
CRUTCHFIELD, J. A.	CHEADLE, W. E.	DE TREVILLE, D.	LAKE, F. U.



THE CLASS OF 1912.





## James Lloyd Abbot

Little Rock, Arkansas

"Bunny" "Rabbitt"

*" 'Tis sweet to know there is an  
eye will mark our coming,  
And look brighter when we come."*

—BYRON.

Three Stripes      Baseball N  
Captain Baseball Team (1)  
Basketball BNB Football Numerals  
Farewell Ball Committee  
Class Ring Committee

**G**OD made heaven and earth in six days, and on the seventh he rested. On Monday of the following week he took a brace and made Bunny Abbot, and the world has been properly taken care

of ever since. Our chronology may be a trifle at fault but the fact is essentially correct, for we have it from Bunny's own lips that "there is just as much energy in the world now as there was in the year 1," and to be so well posted on the matter he must evidently have been on hand during the earliest infancy of the cosmos! He is the energetic, aggressive type of Southerner, possessed of a slight, wiry build, and a will strong enough to overthrow the Alps were they to antagonize him. He has a most remarkable fund of anecdotes and personal experiences and usually plays the central figure in all of them. Is a confirmed optimist and will never admit that anything is wrong; which is not surprising, as he is the master of all the arts and graces popularly attributed to the ideal midshipman. He is an all-around athlete, and what is more—a good dancer and a heavy fusser. Drags whenever a girl is dragable and must be given credit for making a specialty of queens. Is a fluent hot air artist on any subject, and delights to tell you how things are done by "white folks!"

Demonstrated his efficiency on the cruise and obtained a well-merited three stripes. Since then has been vainly trying to subjugate his wife and his eighth P. O. Bunny is a valuable friend and has a good word for everybody.





## Garnet Hulings

Oil City, Pennsylvania

"Gang"

*"Mine be a cot beside the hill;  
A beehive's hum shall sooth my  
ear;  
A willowey brook, that turns a mill  
With many a fall, shall linger  
near."* —ROGERS.

### Class Pipe Committee

**G**ANG became famous Plebe Summer, first by trying to trim ship one day by filling the center-board trunk with water, and later by a thrilling Frenching escapade—he saw the show one

night, eluded Wallie, Lazy Lou and the whole corps of Jimmy Legs, crawled through the passage under the brick walk, got to his room door, and was ragged there by the M. C.

Second Class year he passed his anns, took the cruise, went home on leave for two days, came back and slaved through September, then passed all his delayed semi-anns.

Gang has a good working set of very high ideals, is a man of quiet good taste, loves a good skag and a cup now and then, and has a sense of humor distinctly his own. Sometimes he laughs and you wonder why, again he won't laugh when there is every provocation. When he is having a good time, too, he has a peculiar way of showing it. Moreover, he has a way of looking at you so deliberately and searchingly that you feel as if St. Peter were deciding your chances. He has been a steady fusser with attentions rather limited. There is only one man of his weight in the Academy who is a better boxer, and no one has a better sense of sportsmanship.

Nine Raahs!

The Slim Princess—Hoolings!





## Charles Snow Alden

Troy, New York

"Alcibiades" "Snow"

*"And then at last cried out, this is a man!"*

—DRYDEN."

Weak Squad (4321)  
Captain (1)

**T**HIS by-product of Troy, N. Y.—not appreciating the expensive three-months cruise on the latest battleships, given each Summer by the government—spends his September leave cruising along the New England coast in "30-footers." It is darkly suspected that he makes these "crab cruises" to extend his acquaintance with femmes in every port. Anything might be believed of a man who wakes you up after every hop to tell you he is in love with the girl you took. He insists, however, that he'd rather stay at a distance and look at a pretty girl than to do anything else in the world.

"Snow" will sit quietly in a noisy mob of story-tellers for ten or fifteen minutes, apparently much taken in by the wild tales submitted, and then "come down" with the best one that has just been told.

Although primarily a sea-going man, Snow is equal to any occasion that may arise ashore—at home or abroad—from fussing chaperons to taking home German lieutenants at five A. M. On one of the latter occasions—at the fountain in the Palais de Danse, he proved himself a peacemaker by pouring oil on the troubled waters—"3 in 1," it was—and straightaway he withdrew himself from the public gaze. His brother peacemakers—"Pinkie" Schuirmann and Schuyler, after shedding salty tears, likewise departed by the nearest exit.







## George Wesley Whiteside

Carrollton, Illinois

"Snivvy" "Hooker"

*"Give me, I cried (enough for me), my bread and independency."*  
—POPE.

Two Stripes Football Numerals

FOR nearly four years, George had a life of unalloyed unhappiness—according to George. Something in Carrollton seemed to call him, and Navy life and Navy ways held no charm. But later in life "Snyve" began to get frivolous. He was even heard to say in a tremulous voice, when about to part on Lovers' Lane after a hop: "Yes, I will, *too*, cry."

Two stripes First Class year together with everyday liberty and Sunday and Sunday attractions in town further brightened his lookout on the Navy and life in general. In spite of all these varied allurements he now manages to spend certain set days each week in the gym, cultivating the physical side, and yet another set day in the swimming pool acquiring grace.

We all hope that Annapolis will win over Carrollton in the coming contest and George will stay in the Navy.





## Anton Bennet Anderson

Dover, New Jersey

"Andy" "Swede"

*"Full well they laughed, with  
counterfeited glee,  
At all his jokes, for many a joke  
had he." —GOLDSMITH.*

Two Stripes  
Expert Rifleman  
Baseball Numerals

**T**ALL, light-haired, blue-eyed, and the kind of a man that women rave over — that's Andy. For all tha', he is a man's man, too, so you see he is a good fellow. Calm, never ruffled, a boon companion, no trip have we ever taken in all our four years has

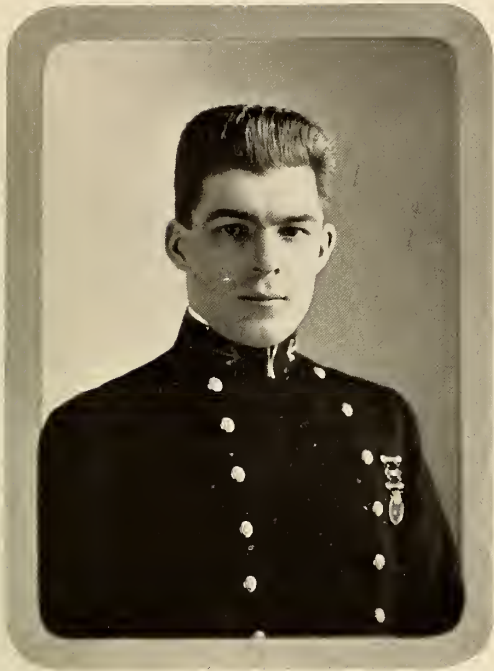
been complete without him and his inevitable cigarette. If you want a picture of unalloyed bliss, just watch him smoke a skag. To begin with, he offers his case to the entire circle, and when you refuse you are met with a pained, pitying expression that tells you that you are missing one of the joys of life. Then he lights up, draws his first pull, and there settles on his face perfect content.

He's a bit of a bluffer in his way, but he usually gets away with his bluff, for people have learned that on most occasions he can make good when called. Somewhat of a fusser, he has trained a number of debutantes in the way they should go—the matrimonial way. This does not disturb him, however, for in his easy-going fashion he knows that the world will always be filled with pretty faces, dainty ankles, and the frou-frou of skirts.

Friendly, affable, cosmopolitan, he will be equally at home on Friedrich Strasse, on the Bund in Shanghai, or on a torpedo boat off the coast of Patagonia. But wherever it is you meet him he will come to you with outstretched hand, and it will be like a message from home.

"Me and Shakespeare never repeat twice."





## Ernest Gregor Small

Los Angeles, California (formerly of  
Boston)

"Ernie"

*"I am a man whom fortune hath  
most cruelly scratched."*

One Stripe    Star (4)  
Lucky Bag Staff  
Expert Rifleman

**T**HE people of the world, as we all should know, are divided into two main classes; those who live in Boston, and those who do not live in Boston. Ernie is from Boston. Two years of college life and experience brought him to us, a man with ideas and

opinions more fully developed than the average "green" plebe. And a Puritan fixity of belief has made it very hard for him to see the wisdom of the Navy way of doing things as compared to the way they used to do at Dartmouth. He developed into a bitter "rhino" plebe Summer, but for the last two years a softening influence (!) has tempered his nature, until now he frequently takes us back to the good old youngster cruise—meaning the three days at Boston—and occasionally he gives us a bright glimpse into a rosy future—"the West coast, that's the place."

Seldom fusses—he had rather sit in the balcony and pick out the "bricks" than dance—but when he does fuss, he feels like an old hen with a lone chick, and woe betide the man who cuts a dance with his queen! The worst of his being a Red Mike, to the girls, is that he is "such a perfect sweetheart."

He looks like an approaching thundercloud, but just show him a letter, one of the pink kind, and he will give you one of those rare smiles which mean so much.

"The doggone mut—the slimy slob!"





## Oliver Walton Bagby

New Haven, Missouri

"Bags"

*"Let such teach others, who themselves excel."*

—POPE.

**B**AGS" is one of the few in the class who think that the Smoking Room is a grand institution. There he can sit by the hour and "swap the dust" with the boys, and never give a thought to recitations. A glance at the lesson and he is ready to help less fortunate wooden men.

Bagby was a true Red Mike, disdaining all things feminine, until George's "Seeing Annapolis" excursion arrived. Since then he hasn't missed a hop or a liberty.

It seems that Bagby is somewhat of an acrobat, but kept his talents well-concealed until a certain joyous liberty in Queenstown when he astonished and entertained the natives of the Emerald Isle by a two-man bicycle act of a kind unknown before.

Although one of the class infants he already takes great interest in Herpicide advertisements, and shaves oftener than "Nick" Bowden.





## Carleton Herbert Wright

New Hampton, Iowa

"Boscoe"

*"Ho, don't you grieve for me,  
My lovely Mary-anne,  
For I'll marry you yit on a four-  
p'ny bit  
As a time expired man."*

—KIPLING.

Buzzard

"**B**OSCOE," like his running mate, Bagby, though never far from the top, always finds Naval Academy life an easy existence at the expense of the government. You will go far to find a better natured, more likeable fellow than Boscoe. Note the name. On the entrance exams, even the doctor admired his "sylph-like physique," and the awe-struck cleansleaves in the rear rank christened him early.

He tried to end his existence first class cruise by casting himself from the car window on the way to Killarney. Motive unknown, but cause suspected. Fortunately he was restrained, although the compartment was badly disfigured during the struggle.

We have evidence that he is leading a double life, for after deceiving us three years, he came back from first class leave with a happy smile and an absent mind. The Army begins to look attractive to him—friends there, you know—as compared with the centuries of that two years' "wait" required by Navy Regulations.





## Ernest Hayes Barber

Owingsville, Ky.

"Momus"

*"I was not born for courts or state affairs."*—POPE.

Expert Rifleman

Expert Pistol Shot

Rifle Squad (321)

Brown N YellowRNT

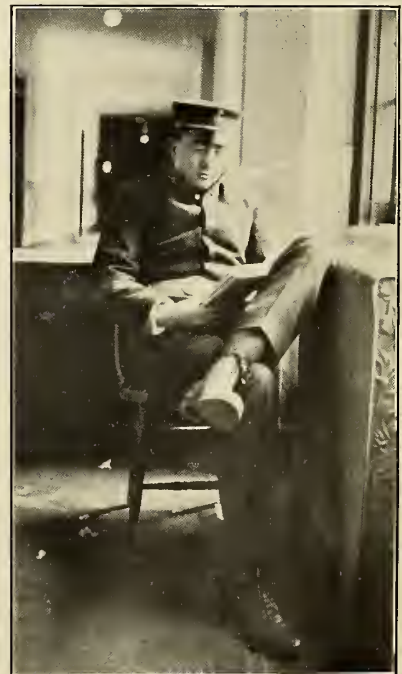
"HEY, d'Momus! d'Momus!"  
"Hey, bo!"

Whereupon Momus breaks out into a beaming smile and rubs his P. A. with the peculiar circular motion that is all his own. Never happy unless he has a hand full of cards, and is about to make a "little slam"—you are then informed in a real Kentucky Haw! that "you don't know how to play cards, nohow!"

We didn't think Momus could do anything but work math. probs. and imitate a dark red Japanese lantern, until youngster year, when he held his gun with two fingers and made 45 at 200 slow. Captain Jack didn't think he could do it, either, until Momus remembered to bring his bolt one day and made a 99 skirmish run.

Momus had to learn by experience that it's a far cry from chopping wood to taking off a gun sight—he tried to hack it off one day with the prongs of a claw-hammer! Looking through the *yellow* shade glass of his telescope at 1,000 yards range, "I can't see any mirage—it all looks *blue* to me!"

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## Charles Kyle Osborne

Independence, Virginia

“Oiseau”

*“The town! What is there in  
the town to lure?”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

### Baseball N

ONE more of the boys who live so far back in the wilderness that they have to take a buggy and walk for half a day beyond the end of the railroad. Having won fame as an

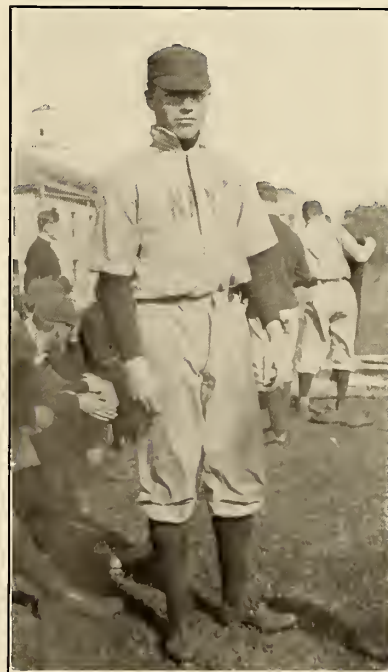
orator in his neck-of-the-woods, he came to Annapolis spouting orations on the great military genius, Napoleon Bonaparte. He was somewhat disappointed with the English profs. plebe year; they didn't seem to appreciate his worth at all, and their standards weren't ones that he knew or ever cared about—until he had to take a re-exam.

After two cruises and three years in the Naval workhouse, he has come to think that the old Navie isn't so bad after all, even though they have gears instead of wagon wheels, and bell wires instead of reins—they have cards, so what matters after all?

This is the man who is going to get the automobile next year for the work he has done on the baseball team—in particular, his record for “base on balls.” You bet he doesn't hit at a ball unless it's right where it ought to be—more than one pitcher has learned this to his sorrow.

It's just like him, anyway, for he doesn't say any more than he ever has to; without looking, you'd never know that he was around.

Say, did you ever hear the story about the little bird?





## Daniel Edward Barbey

Portland, Oregon

"Handsome"

"Handsome Dan"

*"While timorous knowledge  
stands considering, audacious ig-  
norance hath done the deed."*

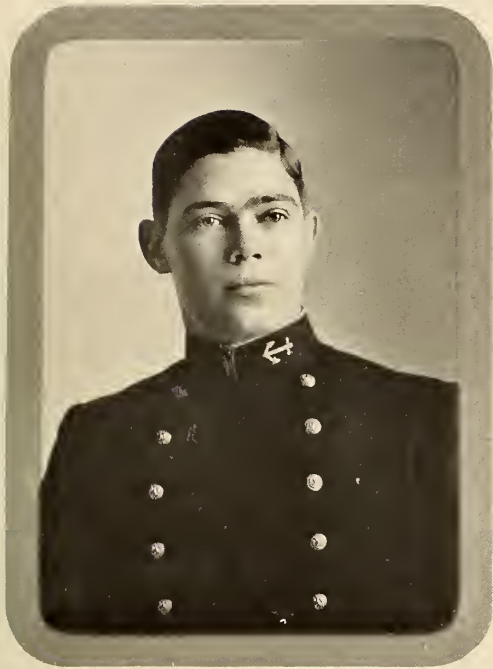
—DANIEL.

Buzzard

**F**OUR years ago Handsome Dan put his other shirt into his carpet-bag and got under way with his course set for Crabtown. Portland lost one of her foremost citizens; but the town expects wonders from the boy, and he is making good. Plebe year Dan had all the earmarks of a confirmed bachelorette, but when the June Ball came around, he was found on the job and has been on the job ever since. His greatest weakness is his ardent admiration for the fair ones. The casual recognition of a vision of femininity is worth more to Dan than a 3.5 in the prof.'s mark book. To sum it all up, Dan is one of that kind who does not propose to let Zeuner Valve diagrams and ballistic coefficients interfere with his social affairs. He is a conscientious, hard-working sort of fellow, as a student and fusser, and gets around without making much noise about it. Although not particularly savvy, he has managed to keep to the windward of the elusive 2.5, and usually finishes up carrying a few more with him. Like his studies, athletics have suffered a little on account of his fussing propensities.







## Stanley Grey Womble

Caldwell, Texas

*"He would not with a peremptory  
tone,  
Assert the nose upon his face his  
own."*

—COWPER.

**S**TANLEY GREY WOMBLE, a native of the Lone Star State, not a wild and woolly cowboy as one usually associates with Texas, but a quiet Southern gentleman. A Red Mike by nature, Stanley was the victim of circumstances and has fussed indifferently for three years. Never known to rhino; even four years with Handsome Dan has not clouded his sunny disposition. Twice has Pop had designs on him, but by diligent boning he foiled him both times and is with us at the final muster.

"Stagging? That's fine. You can have the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th."





## Andrew Carl Bennett

Portsmouth, Ohio

"Blondy"

*"Truth, simple truth was written  
in his face; yet while the seri-  
ous truth his soul approved,  
Cheerful he seemed and gentleness  
he loved."*

Buzzard      Baseball Numerals

**A** STURDY youth with flaxen hair and a winning smile. A quiet, consistent fusser who spends Sunday afternoons penning numerous epistles to his various femmes. Often wishes to go in the Army; no one knows why!

Formerly high ranker in a high school kaydet corps, hence he knows military tactics from A to Z. Believes in plebes bracing up, and is willing to instruct them. Military efficiency rated him stripes, but an extreme laxity of endeavor always seized him immediately the ship began to get restless, and nothing could charm him back to the prosaic world of navigation and drills.

Likes to get with his gang, and discuss the universe. Violently insists that Portsmouth is on the map. He has a constant fear of losing his peroxide locks, and uses gallons of hair tonic in private.

Hung one on the boys in Berlin, by appearing in a suit of German cits.





## Clarence Gulbranson

Chicago, Illinois

"Dimples" "Captain Clarence"

*"Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
A man of such a feeble temper  
should  
So get the start of the majestic  
world,  
And bear the palm alone."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Three Stripes  
Lacrosse Numerals

**A**N efficient man, a truly conscientious man. Witness: Three well-  
deserved stripes.

A fusser of note, he is at once the pride and the despair of his female acquaintances, the latter because of his fickle disposition. Became the main standby of a popular (?) seminary second class year, and like all the truly wise, was very strong for the chaperone—when she was around. Makes every liberty possible on the cruise, and likes to make a hit with the natives.

Clarence is a man who always has a cheery word for everyone, and if you are lucky enough to be numbered among his friends, your troubles are his troubles and your joys are his joys. Occasionally he gets visions of connubial bliss and becomes violently "rhino" on the Navy as a place for a man with family instincts.





## Lawrence Philip Bischoff

Stevens Point, Wisconsin

"Bugs"

*"His head aches for a coronet."*

—PRIOR.

Expert Rifleman      Brown N  
 Lacrosse Numerals  
 Basketball BNB      Football N2d

**F**OUR years ago a rakish-looking craft sailed into Crabtown harbor and dropped its mudhook in Baneroft Hall—Lawrence Philip Bischoff, hailing from Stevens Point, Wisconsin. He had spent a few years previous to his arrival instructing the young minds of his pastoral village, but the call of the sea predominated in his nature, and he set his course for Crabtown.

He was a member of Tommie's Band, which was wont to make nights hideous until that illustrious organization was disbanded Second Class year. However, he didn't lose his cornet in the crash, and occasionally the second deck was made miserable to its vibrations.

Bish is not one of those persistent fussers, but confidentially, of course, his interests are centered around his native domicile. He spends most of his time during study hours writing letters; and judging from the mail that arrives almost daily bearing a familiar postmark and a handwriting strictly effeminate, we are led to believe that—well, anyway, we're not far off in our assertions.





## Stanley Philip Tracht

Upper Sandusky, Ohio

"Stanley"

*"For joy like this, death were a  
cheap exchange."*

—AESCHYLUS.

Lacrosse Numerals

**A** QUIET, unobtrusive little fellow, whose only striking eccentricities are his pompadour and his walk. Get's very embarassed when questioned about the class supper, the three days in Berlin or his liberties in Kiel. Fusses occasionally, but does not possess the qualities of a hot-air artist necessary to the accomplished fusser. A savvy man: though how he does it, by boning during the intervals between Bugs' agonies, is a mystery to the rest of us. An ideal first classman in the eyes of the underclassmen, for he is perfectly harmless. Along with Snow Alden, he is the nucleus of the Swedish dancing squad.

"Aw, come on. Come on now!"





## Julian Brocklehurst Bishop

"Bip"

*"I am, Sir Oracle,  
And when I ope my lips let no  
dog bark!"*

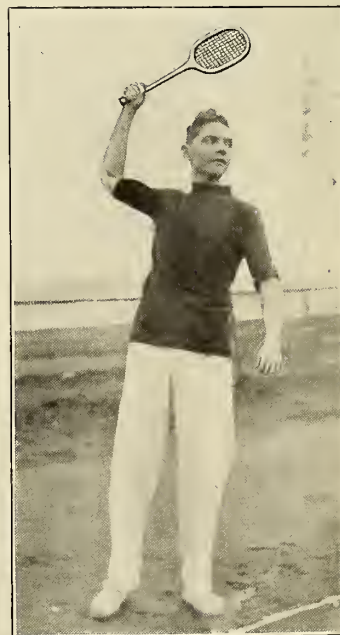
—SHAKESPEARE.

"BIP"—the incomparable—first courted that fickle dame, publicity, way back in plebe September as the pride of the Dago profs, and somehow he has managed to hold the center of the stage since. A man of decided opinions, he never hesitates to air them in measured and slow lan-

guage much like that grasshopper motion he affects in guiding the savvy section. He is really at his best when with a congenial crowd in the stern-sheets of the last liberty boat, and whether he discourses on "a dear good girl who reminded me of David Copperfield's Dora" as in his youngster days, or whether, as in his more blasé later years, he discuss the relative merits of Curaçao and Benedictine, the crowd will be entertained as no other can. A reader of such rare birds as Schopenhauer and Kant, he lives in a higher intellectual plane than most of us, only descending to the common ground of the section room, where he bluffs the profs to a frazzle, while we lie gasping like newly caught fish.

"Bip" shines on shipboard. On his youngster cruise he distinguished himself by proudly answering "Aye, aye, sir" when hailed one dark night from the Olympia. On his other two cruises he has never failed to draw official wrath of some sort on his unlucky head. He drew a second P. O. in the raffle, and so attained the dream of his life to set a step for a company that no one but he can follow.

A character impossible to fathom but well worth knowing.





## Hamilton Harlow

Washington, District of Columbia

"Nemo" "Hammy"

*"Boast not these titles of your ancestors."*

—BEN JONSON.

Masqueraders (3, 2, 1)

IS the son of a distinguished naval officer, and has been "in the navy twenty-one years." What he doesn't know about the service is yet to be discovered.

Takes a keen interest in professional affairs and is extremely well informed about them. Is never happier than when engaged in dispensing the straight dope to the eager (?) listeners of the China-Dog group. Is famous as the social luminary of the class, and would have us think him the familiar of the crowned heads of Europe. Patronizes all other unfortunates in a truly glorious manner, delighting to tell them of the time when he and Mrs. Willie Inittor-Dedd were the leaders of the four hundred.

Is the most inveterate fusser amongst us and complains that at least a half dozen queens—all with their little million or two, dontcherknow—are trying to marry him against his will. Received a card to a tea-fight from a New York debutante once, and was nervous for weeks after. A fair ear for music and excellent dancing have enabled him to do good work with the Masqueraders every year; but he is chiefly distinguished for his Bostoning and his favorite songs which are: "I'm falling in love with someone," and "Be she saint or sinner, I'm going to win her!" Do what he will, he is perpetually in hot water with Phyllis or Amaryllis!





## John Pierce Bowden

San Jose, California

“P”

*“Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes.”*

—LONGFELLOW.

### Hop Committee (1)

**C**ONSIDER, gentle reader, what you would do if you perennially found yourself after the first two months of school, in what seemed to be a hopelessly unsat condition. That

is the condition in which Bowden was placed, not once, but many times. Don't you think you would be inclined to say that you never did like the Navy, anyhow, and that you would let things slide, and show them what a success you could be as a banker, or a revenue cutter cadet, or an alfalfa raiser? Did John Bowden do that? No, he did not. He got down and boned. He burned late lights until they had to cut in another dynamo at the power-house. He boned at the M. C.'s desk when all the other lights went out. He boned on Saturday afternoon, instead of going on liberty. He went to early church at 5:00 A. M., so that he could bone all day Sunday. And at the end of every term John Pierce Bowden pulled safely, happily, triumphantly “sat.” Was it a 2.5 or a 2.52? That doesn't matter, but if perseverance and persistence deserve a reward, if tireless industry and indomitable purpose bring peace of mind, then the most deserving man, the happiest man, that receives his diploma and sings “Out of the Wilderness” on June 7th will be John Pierce Bowden, San Jose, California.







## George William LaMountain

Champlain, New York

"Canuck"

*"Our unsteady actions cannot be managed by rules of strict philosophy."*

—SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

Buzzard      Lacrosse LNT  
Captain Lacrosse Team (1)

IT came from New York, but is a Frenchman just the same—a Canuck, rather, as four years' brilliant work on the lacrosse team has proved.

No one who saw him in action, lacrosse stick in hand, cap pulled down over his eyes, underjaw and eyebrows meeting in a threatening scowl, would ever imagine that the Canuck had envious eyes on the class banner: yet such is the melancholy fact. Has lived with Bowden so long that they hardly know themselves apart, and will both answer to the same name. The Dago strove three years for a buzzard and a star, to which an accident above him added three chevrons to take to Philadelphia on Christmas leave. A threatened savoir plebe year he dropped until he reached a mean draft of about 2.9 as soon as he rated going to all the hops.

We are all proud of our Canuck, no class has ever had anything just like him, and we predict that no future class ever will.





## Thales Stewart Boyd

Clearfield, Pennsylvania

"Tails"

*"Set a watch over my mouth, O  
Lord.  
Keep the door of my lips."*

—PSALM CXII.

Track N2d      Football Numerals

**T**HALES STEWART BOYD, Clearfield, Pa. How, in this vale of tears, could any human being with such a pleasing appellation and place of residence escape recognition? We have his own word for it that the capital of the world is located in Clearfield, and the fact that the sun rises and sets in Montgomery County is without question. This rough-houser of the roughneck variety came to Annapolis primarily to complete his education, but since his advent, four years ago, has pulled off more blood-curdling, dare-devilish escapades to the square inch than did the whole dago army in Tripoli.

He has a voice that resembles the gas ejection of a thirteen-inch gun when the breech is opened. Is the greatest living authority on matters baseball, having played a number of years on a bush league around his native domicile.

With his sparkling eyes and 'possum smile he has made many a fair one sit up and take notice. But isn't it passing strange that he is a non-believer of the doctrine that, "Variety is the spice of life"?—however, "there may be a reason."





## Charles Perry Mason

Columbia, Pennsylvania

"Charlie"

*"I dare do all that doth become  
a man."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Football Numerals      Baseball  
Numerals      Track Numerals

**A** JOLLY, fun-loving Dutchman with a perpetual blush, from the banks of the Susquehanna. Is always happy, whether "sat" or not, so long as the monthly magazines can be had. His love of chance led him to rise early Thanksgiving morning Plebe year and try his luck against that of the rabbit foot possessed by one of the "guardians of the swab." A consistent fusser from the beginning, Charlie's interest in the return of one of the yard's fairest caused him to so far forget himself as to wave from his window—which most unmilitary act was observed by Buck. Lived in the old Tenth for three years, and after leading Heck to a sad end took up his life with Baron Munchausen Boyd, whereupon they both began to bilge. A month or two put them both on the safe side and plans were soon started for the Baron's wedding, at which Charles is to be Master of Ceremonies.

Once heard that men who never broke a regulation were not wanted in the Service, and Charlie has done what he could to become worthy.

"Look at that suit of works; I've worn it eight days already."





## Donald Boyden

Chicago, Illinois

"Don"

*"Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures."*

—DRYDEN.

*"A wanderer, weary of the way."*

—MRS. OSGOOD.

Buzzard      Lacrosse Numerals

**D**ONALD is notorious as a musician, having had an important position in "Tommy" Thompson's famous band, where he carried a broomstick and, at rare intervals, even helped with the bass drum. This band, with its wild trips, must have been his downfall, for ever since he has shown marked *inclinations* to be just a wee bit "hard," and decided that if it were a question of boning or catching a smoke, then the smoke's the thing. However it may be, he has always managed to stand up among the savoirs of the class.

He is well known as the coxswain and guiding hand of many a winning sailboat on the Severn and on the cruises. "Fats" could tell of how he sat on a wrecked and stranded knockabout and watched Don Boyden cross the line.

This long son of Illinois can boast of a quiet, fun-loving disposition, of generosity to a fault, and especially of a trait rarely found—that of having a kind word for all those he knows.





## Elliott Buckmaster

University, Virginia

“Buck”

*“For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shows.”*

Buzzard    Expert Pistol Shot  
Tennis Team (3)  
Baseball Numerals

**F**AMILIARLY known as “Good old Buck” to his friends, he is the Foxy Grandpa of our number. Comes from Virginia, but combines with the amiable characteristics of the Southerner all the shrewdness of the Yankee. You have to be going some to “hang one” on Buck. Is tall and of vigorous build, and has frequently shown his ability to handle the gloves. Is a hard, consistent worker, and ever since Plebe year has been slowly but surely forging to the front. Is not much on theoretical stuff, but when it comes to the practical part of things is always thoroughly at home. Is somewhat conservative in his views and generally loath to accept new ideas. In argument he is fond of tripping you up on some secondary issue, and if you don't watch yourself he will do it—and very successfully, too. His favorite is leading out Big Brown's goat; and in this popular pastime he is said to have no rival. Is ordinarily not much of a talker, but on rare occasions, when he goes in for fussing, has been known to perform remarkable conversational feats verging closely on the frivolous. His sunny evenness of temper is as steadfast as the Rock of Gibraltar, and no obstacles or hardships can discourage him. When it comes to doing things for other people Buck is a regular prince; and if you need anyone to stand with you in trouble and fight with you shoulder to shoulder—why, look him up. He's your man!





## Ernest William Broadbent

New Bedford, Massachusetts

"Broadie"

*"Life's cares are comforts; such by  
Heaven design'd;  
He that has none, must make them  
or be wretched."*

—YOUNG.

Buzzard Fencing Numerals

**B**ROADIE hails from New Bedford's verdant hills, and he came to Crabtown primarily to get an education. As a plebe he had all the earmarks of a coming savoir, but when youngster leave came around a serious disturbance in the cardiac regions ruined his chances, and he has been content to follow the lines of least resistance ever since. This pseudo-morbid condition, so it has been learned, is absolutely of sentimental origin, and judging from the volumes that go toward New England almost daily we haven't been far off in our assertions. Charter member of the Smoking Club for three years until the organization was disbanded Second Class year at the suggestion of the O. C. He is a musician of note (?) and often in the quiet of study hours the corridors resound to vibration of catgut. Chief pastime is to sit in the fumid atmosphere of the Smoke Room behind a pernicious briar, mutilating study periods.

"Deucedly clevah."





## Joseph Young Dreisonstok

Washington, District of Columbia

"Dreisy"

*"Light quirks of music, broken  
and uneven,  
Make the soul dance upon a jig to  
Heaven."* —POPE.

"DREISY," happy, jovial "Doc," never really found himself until he settled with the "fourth" youngster year. Then it was we came to know him, and, knowing him, to like him. The delicious memory of his absurd improvisations, sung with his tenor voice at full tilt (his is the barber shop variety) will always remain with us. No matter if on the grade, no matter if roosting securely on the topmost branches of several trees, no matter if the world looked black, and little green devils grimaced at every turn, the joyful promise of to-morrow's luck was to bring the smile and ever-ready song; and those who heard it never failed to be cheered.

There are those who do not like Dreisy, and have not failed to show it. The going has been rather hard at times—it has taken grit, but he has stuck to his course, and he is going to win.

When age has mellowed us a bit we'll cast a unanimous vote for "Dreisons"—right good fellow.

"Hey—Pauline!"

"He—hey—let's sing him—Dummy Line!"





## John Joseph Brown

Fall River, Massachusetts.

"Jack"

*"Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes,  
Is to be one picked out of ten thousand."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Buzzard  
Lacrosse Numerals

OSCAR WILDE says somewhere, that he can forgive a friend for not sharing his joys with him, but he can never forgive if he is shut out from the friend's sorrows. Jack Brown is the friend one would instinctively turn to in time of trouble. There would be no hesitancy, for you would be certain to receive whole-hearted sympathy and help.

A short, stocky chap, he is built right from the ground. On looking at him, you are not surprised when told that he is a boxer of ability. His eyes are the twinkly, kindly kind, but there is lurking in their depths that steely look that warns you that there is a well-defined line of which you would do well to keep clear. This look is not often apparent, unless someone mentions the name Massachusetts disrespectfully. Then the goat flashes forth in all his glory, for Jack is from the Old Bay State, and proud of it.

A man of strong convictions, he has consistently lived up to them all four years. Someone best characterized him thus, as "Brown can go out with the crowd, not do all they do, but still be with them. If anything happens, he's right there. He's a man!"







## William Herman Burtis

Plainfield, New Jersey

"Bill"

*"Methinks I see thee straying on  
the beach."*—COWPER.

**B**ILL is proud of his photographs—he sure do take some good looking picture. He is proud, too, of his knowledge of the Eternal Feminine, and it

delighted his heart to exhort the boys to hold up the reputation of the old Fussing Seventh. He certainly did all in his power for the company and its reputation. Next to talking about fussing, he loves to discourse upon his marvellous adventures in Plainville. He has had trouble with the Academic Board once or twice, and spent none too happy a plebe year, but, as you see, is still with us strong. Has done some very fair work in fencing, but athletics in general are second to nicotine in his affections. Second class year he developed the mandolin habit, but was finally persuaded to sacrifice it for the quartette that so delighted Lavabo's heart. Of late he has reformed in all ways; we know not why, but rumor has it that he ordered two class rings differing in size.

"Gosh, Brown, but I love that girl!"

"What's the use—I'll bust anyway."

"Say—dragging to the next hop?"

"Oh, but I am a happy kid—nothing to do till to-morrow!"





## Laurence Randolph Brown

Hammondsport, New York

"Pop"

"Little Brown"

*"Many a time and oft  
In the Rialto you have rated me."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

### Lacrosse Numerals

**F**OR four years now we have looked on this little man with a respect that is almost awe, for has he not been our sheet anchor, that has held steadily in all the storms the class has been called on to weather? How many of us have breathed a sigh of relief as with raptured eyes we read Gish, J. 2.45, Brown, L. R. 2.44? Ah, Pop, as the years lengthen, you will always have a sacred corner in our memories; and wherever and whenever we meet you there will always be a hearty greeting, and unless we mistake not, an immediate adjournment to a place of liquid refreshment.

Pop's smile—everybody knows it. It just warms you all over. Then his peculiar, sea-going gait! Did you ever see Pop rolling down Maryland Avenue between the hours of 6:00 and 6.30 post meridian? Shades of Dick Deadeye! Pop's a seaman if there ever was one.

Pop—and this we can never reconcile—plays lacrosse. Rather odd for a sea-going man. But he plays a good game. He is at his best when he is rolling a skag. Then his beady little eyes sparkle, the smile comes, and the glooms go chasing to the double bottoms.

"Take that damned spud away!"





## Harold Dodd

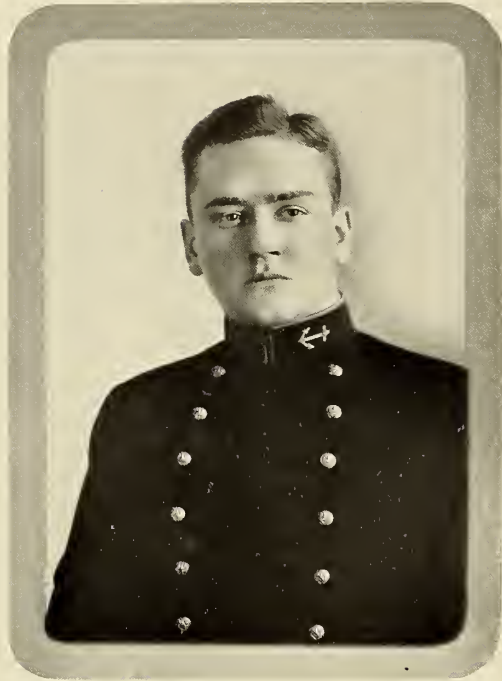
New York City

*"With one rude dash he struck the  
lyre,  
And swept with hurried hands the  
strings."* —COLLINS.

Buzzard          Fencing Numerals  
Masqueraders (4321)    Choir (21)

**H**ARK, the herald angels sing! A chorister of note and masquerader of fame, he has an enviable reputation in musical matters. Fiddles away continuously on some little instrument that he has, and not infrequently turns out a popular tune—shared with Gussie the honor of composing the class song. In fact, Zip has not only been prominent in "ye merrie roughe-houses of ye olde time fifthe," but also in everything else requiring dash, cleverness, and perpetual good temper to further its ends. His work on the fencing squad has been persistent ever since entry; and we look to see him come into his own when he goes up against the "Graylegs" in March. Though he eagerly disclaims the title, there is no doubt that Zip is a pronounced fusser. (Ask Little Pop.) His is the gayest, most Quixotic, and inexpressibly buoyant soul in the class. If you feel down and out, pay a visit to Zip Dodd; if after that you still feel the same way, it's your own fault, not his!





## Robert Duncan Brown

Nashville, Tennessee

"Big Brown"

*"Always filling, never full."*

—COOPER.

Buzzard

Choir (4321) Caterer (1)

Class Supper Committee

Masqueraders (4321)

**I**F the question has ever occurred to you — what is Brown—who is Brown—why is Brown—and if so to what extent?—there must have occurred to you at the same time a realiza-

tion that satisfactory answers were only remotely probable. Long intimacy does not lead any the nearer to a true conception of his inner self; rather it seems to drift you away from the desired goal. The more you are thrown with him in everyday life, the less you have of his confidence, and the less you know of his real existence. It is his pleasure to wear before all a mask of cynical and good-humored indifference toward the world, which, effectively guarding his actual personality from the observation of the curious, also serves very well for ordinary intercourse. If to his intimates he is a puzzle, to mere acquaintances he is little less than a phenomenon. He is familiar to us chiefly by his brilliant self-manifestation in conversational circles; and being a fellow of tremendous enthusiasm, extensive resource, and vigorous speech—who is perfectly willing to talk all the sparkling nonsense on earth about anything at all—it is not surprising that he should frequently excite our interest and hold our attention, even though he seldom commands our confidence. His conduct, however, we must admit, is more carefully controlled than are his words; and to him we might apply Clarendon's quip, inverted, and state that "he never said a wise thing—nor did a foolish one."





## Ralph Waldo Holt

Maryville, Missouri

"Plug"

*"Nobody's healthful without exercise."*—ALEYN.

**T**O know "Plug" well you must have lived on the ground deck and felt the wintry breezes frolicking under your bedclothes, and hiding in your trouser legs. It has long been Ralph Waldo's delight to leave the wing door open on going for a 5:00 A. M. scamper on the terrace, or to open all his doors and windows for hourly breathing exercises. He acquired all these bad habits from "Big" Brown.

Plug is rather domestically inclined and does not aspire to a life on the sea—especially when the forecastle begins to get damp, two or three days out. On first class cruise, however, he partially outgrew his youthful habits and became an associate member of the "Massy's Independents," and drew their usual reward—all cruise a close rival of "Spig's" for the honors at their end.

During the whole course "Plug" has been a quiet, hard-working man of the sort that make good while many others are making more spectacular progress—in the wrong direction.





## John Alex Byers

Greensburg, Pennsylvania

"Jack"

"Spires"

*"When will you be a man—  
The parting year leaves you the  
boy you were when it began."*

—BENNETT.

Three Stripes          Baseball N  
Lucky Bag Staff

**Q**UEER, isn't it, how men called "Jack" have done so much for the Navy? Not to be outdone by Dalton's prowess, Byers went into the Army baseball game last Spring and

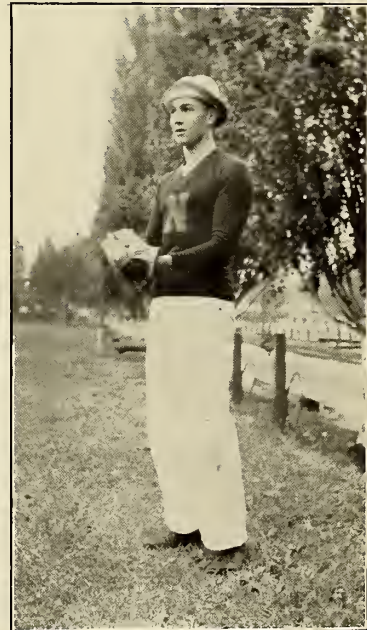
knocked the ball into the Hudson for a clean home run.

But baseball is merely a happenstance. "Jack" can slam studies also—a large bright star behind his anchor testifying his ability as "one of our brightest young officers." He also pulled down three stripes as a little souvenir of first class cruise—mainly because he drifted around the ship in such immaculate "starched" working suits—laundered ashore at six pence each.

Aside from all these manly traits, Byers holds all Academy records for getting away with food—solid or liquid. Has been much loved and respected by various training tables for a cute little habit of tossing off two glasses of milk before the order "seats" was given.

As a plebe, "Jack" was a skinny, wild-eyed skate, who didn't care much what people thought of him, but four years of the Navy have moulded and reshaped his entire personality. He is a good man to be "shipmates with," and once with you on any deal, he's always with you and for you.

"Who's a Jew? I've just got \$80.00 available, and it's only December!"





## Samuel Jacob Ziegler

Shreveport, Louisiana

"Sam"

*"A chance may win that by mischance was lost."*—SOUTHERN.

One Stripe    Expert Rifleman  
Expert Pistol Shot    Brown N  
Yellow RNT

**S**AMMY came to us after two and a half years "previous military training" at the Louisiana State University—that's down South, we think; he never would say just where.

Expert bridge player, and a shark at the great American game—ask some of the boys who are now wiser, but sadder men! Hero of the famous 10,000 point bridge game at Camp Perry, when spades were doubled to 256.

Sam has loved his comfort too well to enter strenuously into any sort of athletics here. Turned his knack of shooting alligators with his left hand to that of blowing out bull's eyes with his right, and that by some of the most persistent and creditable work that you'd ever want to see. Try to cure yourself of a flinching habit and see whether you can keep at it two years or not!

Came frightfully near fussing once second class year; after buying his patent leathers and a new suit, lost his nerve and went to the moving pictures instead; and that was his only offense.

"Hey, Jack! Let's get the bunch and have a game."





## Richard Evelyn Byrd, Jr.

Winchester, Virginia

"Dick"

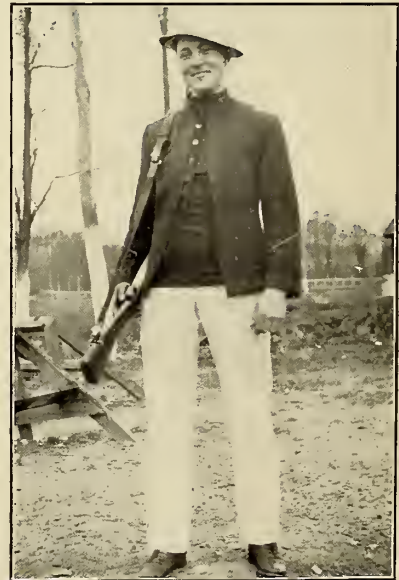
*"Go where he may, he cannot hope  
to find*

*The truth, the beauty, pictured in  
his mind."* —ROGERS.

Buzzard Gymnasium GNT Cap-  
tain Gymnasium Team (1)  
Football N2nd Track Numerals  
Expert Rifleman Welterweight  
Wrestling Champion (3) Midn.  
A.A. (4321) Class Ring Com-  
mittee Hop Committee (321)  
Chairman (1)

**R**ICHARD EVELYN BYRD, JR., athlete, leader in all right things, friend, gentleman. From the time we entered as plebes until the present, Dick has been putting his whole heart into everything he does, whether it be a little meeting that took place behind the old hospital, or in the gym, or on the football field. No man deserved more from Fate, and got less, than he. Typhoid caught him second class cruise, forcing him to give up football the following Fall. First class year, injuries kept him on the side lines until his chance was gone. Then came the cruelest blow of all—a broken ankle, just as he was whipping his gym team into shape for the season. Yet he didn't complain. He was the same old cheerful Dick.

Most of the time Dick wanders about with a far-away, dreamy look in his eyes, and one often wonders whether he knows whether he is going or coming. He's suffering from a malady that gets us all sooner or later. He has already lived a life rich in experience, and he will live a life richer still, but he will always give to life more than he asks.







## Garland Fulton

Charlottesville, Virginia

"Froggie"

"Elsie"

*"That man of loneliness and mystery,  
Scarce seen to smile, and seldom  
heard to sigh."*

—BYRON.

Three Stripes      Star (4321)  
Tennis TNT  
Captain Tennis Team (1)  
Champion Tennis Doubles (3)  
Singles (2)  
Treasurer Midshipmen's Athletic  
Association (2)  
Masqueraders (4321)

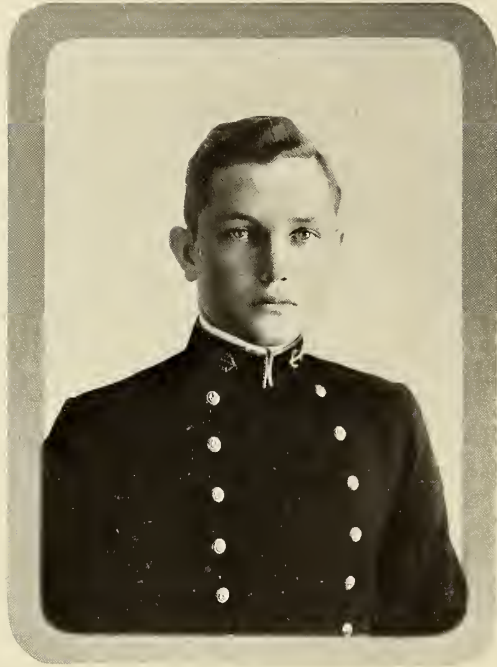
**A** QUIET little chap who moves about so lightly that there is scarce a ripple; an unlooked-for determination, a solemnity that at times is almost painful; a pleasant smile worn on special festive occasions; a keenness of mind that lurks behind a sweetly charming face—and there you have in a tangled skein of varied characteristics our great enigma, Fulton. He has been with us four years, but who of us can say that he knows him? Dick Byrd may, perhaps, but Dick never tells.

He has held down second place in the class with machine-like regularity; is a tennis star of the first magnitude; one of those rare birds who can talk about lobs and larfords and all that rot and actually do what he talks about; and he is a fusser. He brings to the fussing game all the wariness and strategy of his being (he has a goodly supply), and while he has not been so successful as he hopes in a certain direction, we confidently look for success. Fulton never fails.

"Froggy, why do they call you Elsie?"

"Let me throw it. They'll never suspect me!"





## Carroll Beaver Byrne

Faulkton, South Dakota

"Carroll"

*"And pleased again by toys which  
childhood please."—SCOTT.*

Buzzard      Star (2)

**F**AULKTON lost a good citizen when Carrol bid farewell to the boys at the country store and departed for Crabtown. His leave-taking was heart-rending, for the little village had lost its flower and pride. He is rather an opinionated sort of a fellow, but is well supplied with the necessary nerve to back up his convictions, and you will find very few around the "castle" who are controlled by their own independent judgment. He has the tact of analyzing situations, and often instructs the profs in the rudiments of their profession.

Never happy unless unsat in "d's" or on the grade, and is always on for a midnight session of the universal game. His chief occupation is sitting in the Smoke Room with a vicious pipe protruding from the port corner of his mouth, killing a study period by boning one of the latest novels.

As far as we know he has never made himself conspicuous as a social light, nor identified himself with any "skirt." Be that as it may, Carrol is an acquisition of which any class might be proud.





## Edmund Austin Crenshaw

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"Eddie"

*"Leaving me no sign, save men's  
opinions, and my living blood,  
To show the world I am a gentle-  
man."* —SHAKESPEARE.

**W**HEN this tall, lanky representative of the grand old town of Philly blew in with the rest of us four years ago the class was the recipient of a fair specimen of verdant plebe.

Standing six feet in his feetless socks, Eddie is not hard to locate in a crowd. His first appearance among us impressed the idea that he was a quiet, unassuming sort of chap; but get him out with the boys, offer the proper inducements, and he soon blossoms into a typical good fellow. Unlike the most of us, he likes to bone, is moderately savvy, but exams are his downfall, because, perhaps, he sits up until the "wee small hours" boning the wrong dope. He has never made himself conspicuous by doing anything particularly startling, but when the time comes Eddie can always be found on the job. His dislike for the fair creature, Love, never qualified him in the fussing art, and he is proud to be considered a leading member of the "Red Mikes." Second class year he decided he was becoming too narrow, and ventured forth in the social world by inviting two young ladies to the same hop. It was his last attempt, and he settled down to the simple life again.





## Nathan Brown Chase

Washington, District of Columbia

"Nathan" "Chevy"

*"With hesitation admirably slow,  
He humbly hopes—presumes it  
may be so."*

—COWPER.

**L**OOK out for quiet fellows like this one. You never can tell when they're going to heave up like an earthquake and startle the world. So far Chase's rumblings haven't been very dis-

tinctly heard, but that is because nobody takes the trouble to listen.

This is the most unassuming mortal that ever walked the earth—why, a fly wouldn't even bother to get out of his way. To see Chase under way is to have visions of the Squeedunk River ferryboat—you couldn't tell one end from the other, or see whether it was going or coming. Just the same, Señor Chase gets there, with his perambulating gait—you never saw him in a bad way with his studies, or burning the midnight tallow for an exam? Not much.

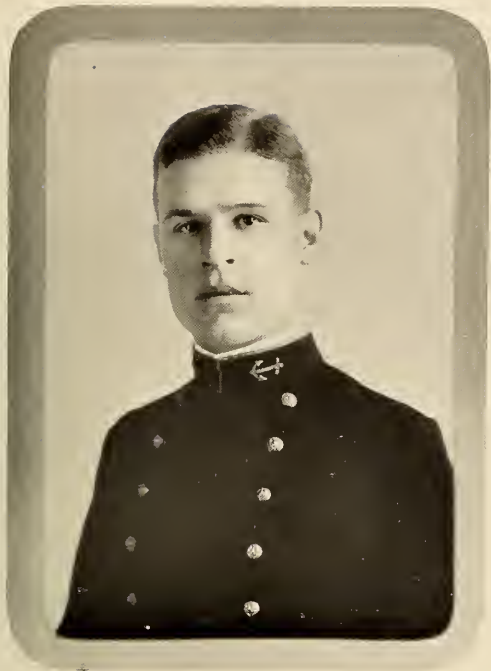
He keeps, with Beck Sanborn, the largest and most varied assortment of magazines in the First Battalion, and he finds time to read them all.

Most noticeable trait of Chase's is his wonderful sense of justice: a midshipman who can look on both sides of the fence at once isn't met every day.

Makes the "big libs" in his same noiseless fashion. You wouldn't call buying books in Queenstown very exciting?

"Say, Georgie!"





## George Hudson Fort

Washington, District of Columbia

"Georgie"

*"On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined!"*

Two Stripes    Football Numerals  
Baseball Numerals    Basket-  
ball Numerals

**W**HEN Georgie threw up his commission in the Washington Kaydets to follow in the footsteps of the immortal John Paul, then did history repeat itself. A Dewey to lead the Navy of the United States, who had been the hero of his command and the idol of a cheering, thronging populace!

"Western High yell! One Boom and three Georgie Forts!"

For the first three years after George ran away to sea the course of true labor ran smoothly, and, urged to greater efforts, he amassed a double rainbow of numerals. A good man of *his* type couldn't be kept down—before the first year was over Washington had heard great things of her dashing young naval officer.

All the pretty girls in the Capital City wanted dances with him: they sent him boxes of candy, and they wrote pink letters to him. He (?)—invited *one* of them to a hop.

Oh, Georgie! That was the fatal step. For Wellesley is near West Point!

"D'you get me?" "Ha-ha! Whoop!"





## Willard Everett Cheadle

Ottumwa, Iowa

"Bill"

*"There's peace in a Laranaga,  
there's calm in a Henry Clay."*

—KIPLING.

Buzzard Class Pipe Committee

HERE'S a fellow who seems to have mastered one of the greatest principles of success in a place of this kind—the one which teaches us to mind our own business. The general impression we get of Willard is that he does that very well. He bones pretty hard in boning time, and his marks show he knows how to do it. In idle moments he may be seen catching one, and then one, and if you happen to be within earshot you will probably hear a choice bit of rhinoing. Takes every rumor as an assured fact, and looks it over from all unpleasant angles. Has been closely associated with "Jack," "Broady," "Cy," "Zack," and "Sleepy," for some years, to their own benefit, we believe, as he has acquired none of the peculiar characteristics of any of them. A loyal devotee of the Goddess of Chance, and spends many hours in fruitful meditation at her green baize altar. Attends the hops, but seems to look on femmes as a necessary evil rather than a luxury. As a rule keeps to leeward of trouble, but has been known to hit one or two high spots (viz., in smoking room at same time with Mr. Buchanan). We expect a great deal of Willard, and shall be very much surprised if he does not do exceptionally well in the service.





## Ellis Mark Zacharias

Jacksonville, Florida

"Zach"

*"He cannot e'en essay to walk sedate, but in his very gait one sees a jest."*

—KNOWLES.

Buzzard      Gymnasium GNT

**H**ERE is a peaceable, good-natured man from the sunny South. Zack is eminently the man of "funny noises." He's "all the time a' foolin'," and as a mimic he hasn't an equal. He achieved fame in that line at the Indiana's "Smoker" by repeating a certain extraordinary speech, and around quarters and aboard ship he has made many dull moments pass quickly with his entertaining stunts. In more senses than one, Zack is the greatest horseman of the class. He keeps a choice collection of "despoudres"—another noise of his. He showed his good business head when protesting that special mess entrance fee. He denies that he is a fusser, but inconsistently attends every hop and seldom as a stag. He doesn't like that stag line—too open to attack from various hod-carriers! Ask him about it. Hasn't lost his heart yet, but it won't be hard for some girl to get it. He loves to play according to Hoyle and his own steady judgment, aided always by his patient positive motion ratchet wheel, which rarely slips a cog. Lately he has developed a fondness for "dogs."

"Now when I say the uniform is jerseys—it is sweaters."





## James Chaffin Clark

Columbus, Georgia

"Cutey"

*"So slow the growth of what is excellent."*

—COWPER.

Buzzard Gymnasium GNT  
Class Crest Committee

**G**ANGWAY for the goat! Does it ever come out? "Why certainly not!" This cute little man from Georgia—all the femmes agree that he is cute, although he indignantly denies it—will argue any question on earth, and has never been known to admit he is wrong. He occasionally gives the ladies a treat, and would probably be a member of Cyclone's famous band of Dream Dancers if he went in for the social life more heavily.

Scemewhat of a savoir, although the way in which he rhinos about the profs, and the difficulties he has in section room are rather misleading. In fact, next to Toots and Ernie, he is probably the most vigorous rhino in the class; he shows especially good form on the cruise. Developed a fine figure—and a little orange decoration—in the gym youngster year, and succeeded in making the spirometer squad, much to his delight, the next fall. Don't believe what he says, fellows, he is one of those cuties for whom they all fall.







## Eugene Phillip Adams Simpson

Cambridge, Massachusetts

"Simpy"

*"Be merry; and employ your chief-  
est thoughts  
To courtship, and such fair ostents  
of love  
As shall conveniently become you  
there."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Expert Rifleman

HERE, reader, is a fellow who would rather sleep than eat, who would rather smoke his pipe, and read a good book, than bone for to-morrow's "exam," but whose long suit is "fussing." If you have ever seen "Simp" in the yard during recreation hours without a femme, it was because he was just going out to get one.

Since plebe year he has been slated for a clean sleeve, not that he has not the ability to handle a company, but simply because he is too "non-reg" to want the braid. Second Class year he was the envy of the old ninth, when, after a week's careful nursing, he raised the most beautiful moustache seen on a middy since the early 70's. Youngster year he had charge of that band of Kent Island explorers that kept the "com" up till 11:30 one Sunday night. "Simp" generally has figured in most of the Academy scandal, but has invariably jumped the "d's."

His winning smile will cure a good attack of the blues.

"Oh, you dear delightful women,  
How I simply love you all!"





## Emory Wilbur Coil

Marietta, Ohio

"Wheel"

"Stug"

*"Full of days was he—  
Two ages past, he lived the third  
to see."* —TICKELL.

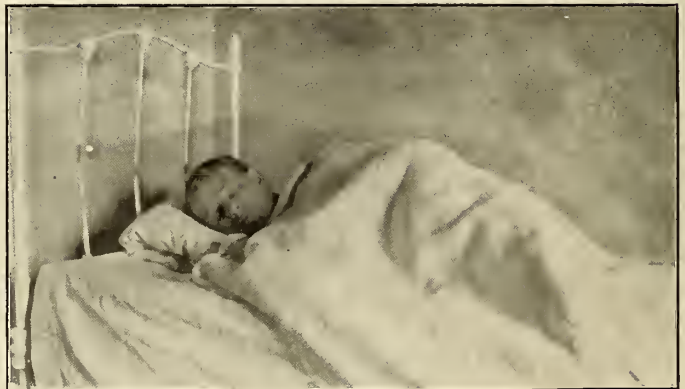
Buzzard  
Lacrosse Numerals

"WHEEL" left Marietta early and got a big start in the graduation Marathon, but "Pap" and Mr. Rheumatism set him back two laps, and now he is even with us. The "Rooster Bill" of the class, he can remember when some of our Divisional Officers were first classmen. If anyone comes up behind you and squeezes your chest in, you know it's Stug, with the famous "Bear Hug." Either prepare for a pluperfect rough house or yell for help!

Owing to an extreme aversion to work, he has never done much except play on his mandolin. Occasionally drags to help Toots, but he's not bothered very much that way.

Owing to a recent disaster, he has renounced the world, hence the following:

"Emory Wheel! Emory  
Wheel! Shame on  
you!  
You don't do like you used  
to do;  
You used to always call  
for more,  
But now you ain't no res-  
ervoir!"





## Fred Kingsley Elder

Altoona, Pennsylvania

"Toots"

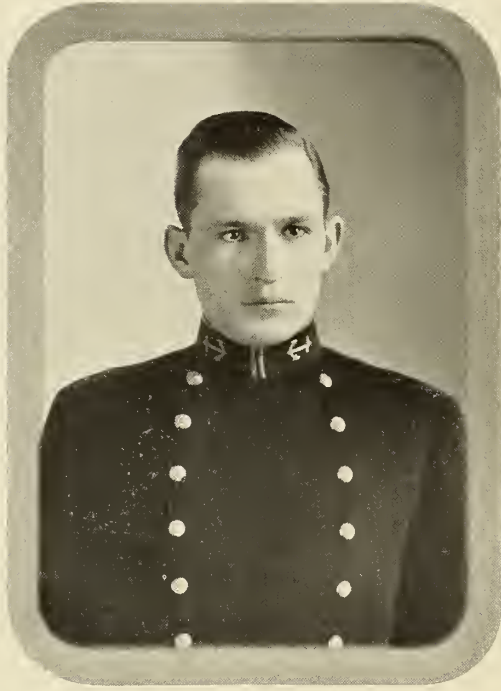
*"Seldom he smiles; and smiles in  
such a sort,  
As if he mocked himself, and  
scorned his spirits,  
That could be moved to smile at  
anything." —SHAKESPEARE.*

Buzzard      Bantam Weight  
Wrestling Champion  
Wrestling wNT      Captain  
Wrestling Team (1)      Crew  
Numerals      Lacrosse Numerals

WE hear a lot these days of "intensive cultivation," "back to the land," "make two blades grow where one grew before." But here we have an intensively cultivated human product. Nature didn't give "Toots" a huge body. Lord! If she only had! She made him small, and he, by diligent cultivation, has made this small body a model of efficiency. He is one of the best wrestlers in the college world, and his terrible earnestness has done it. As we look back on our four years, we see that wherever hard work was required of a body of us for success—we mean dull grinding work that hurt at times, and where a leader was required to keep the crowd at it—Elder was usually the man. Who can ever forget the delightful way he turned you out of your hammock for crew practice on the morning you particularly wanted to sleep? You grumbled but you went.

"Toots" is either broadly grinning or glum. There are no half-way measures with him. He is in deadly earnest, and the results are a sound body, a mind better than the average, a record for high ideals of living striven for and attained, and qualities of leadership that will bring fruit in the larger opportunities to come.





## Franklin Barker Conger, Jr.

Washington, District of Columbia

"Goat"

"Frankie"

*"Making night hideous."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

**S**IDE-BOYS for the Goat! Here he is, boys; once the pride of Dupont Circle, and the place has never been the same since he left! Can't you hear him coming up the corridor? "I want everyone to make a lot of noise!" Stand from under now, for

Frankie's on the warpath! His catches are an antidote for too much curiosity, as most of us have to confess, and his stories—well, they are sometimes good, but you can always laugh at Goat himself. He returned to Dupont Circle once since entering; Washington still talks of that return with bated breath. Does not feel happy unless he is unsat, but usually fools the powers that be when it comes to a pinch. No crowd seems exactly right unless Frankie is in it—no riot can be carried out properly unless he is one of the prime movers. His courageous conduct in Washington will live long in the traditions of the Academy. Led the goat at Philly, and helped Gussy on the road to nervous prostration by disappearing until five minutes before the game. Here's to Goat, then, people—may he never forget how to lie!

"Hit him, Tommy! Kick him,  
Tommy!  
Kill the durned old Brute!"  
But where was Mr. Conger,  
when the guns began to  
shoot?

*Chorus*—Turning in the  
fire-alarm.





## Donald Wheeler Hamilton

Roswell, New Mexico

"Don"

"Hammy"

*"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;*

*Men were deceivers ever."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Buzzard      Football N\*\*

Lacrosse LNT      Hop Committee

THIS handsome, long-jawed youth from the cow and cactus country is one of our celebrities. His ability to mix well in a crowd and his congenial and unselfish attitude toward his classmates won him from the first a high place in the hearts of his friends, and it has dropped not at all in the passing years. Although greasing is as foreign to his make-up as ice is to Hades, he nevertheless stands better in the opinion of "those higher up" than his sleeve marks might indicate, but this fact has not kept him from being on the grade about half the time. Plebe year he and "Duke" played deaf and dumb for five months, but that is forgotten now. Rough-housing is his favorite pastime, "Tip" and "Little Icky" his favorite victims. Bones only when pushed against a whole forest of trees, but does it well then. Lowered the Murray Hill record to about four minutes, and constantly tries to beat that. Keeps out of politics, being content with his position on the Hop Committee, for which he is preëminently fitted. Our chief exponent of the Boston, the Turkey Trot, the Berlin Beatit, etc. The only original eighteen carat, open-faced, "Heavy lover," never admitting defeat, and recognizing no rivals. We predict for him a short but happy bachelorhood.





## William Angus Corley

Boston, Massachusetts

"Bill"

*"He is a very valiant trencher-  
man;  
He hath an excellent stomach."*  
—SHAKESPEARE.

Four Stripes      Basketball  
Numerals      Manager Base-  
ball Team (1)      Lucky  
Bag Staff

**Y**ES, he has a star, four stripes, a high brow, a delightful (spare us!) Down East accent and "*of course*," he comes from Boston.

Bill has it on the ordinary mortal in the way of common sense—also applies it to his recitations in such a way as to please the instructors. Once started on a line of talk, nothing will cut him off except a loss of breath or possibly a pointed remark about the size of his waist measure!

Nobody in the class is so particular about social etiquette and the polite "savvy de farre" as little William—during First Class Year—the period of Social Renaissance at the U. S. N. A.—he was ever and anon whipping the reluctant "stay-at-homes" into line for the various Wednesday afternoon Xmas and New Year's calls.

Outside of a cute little habit of batting his eyes when talking to a good-looking girl (which you know is unpardonable), he conducts his graceful person in a pleasing style that will always bring nothing but credit to himself, the Class and the Service.

"Well, I'll tell you—I knew a bully good chap once—"

"Of Coahs."





## Francis Elliot Maynard Whiting

Larchmont, New York

"Red"

*"He knows the compass, sail, and  
oar,  
Or never launches from the shore;  
Before he builds computes the  
cost,  
And in no proud pursuit is lost."*  
—GAY.

Buzzard      Football N 2d  
Crew N2d      Swimming Cham-  
pion (4, 3, 2) Captain Swim-  
ming Team (1)      Class Pipe  
Committee.

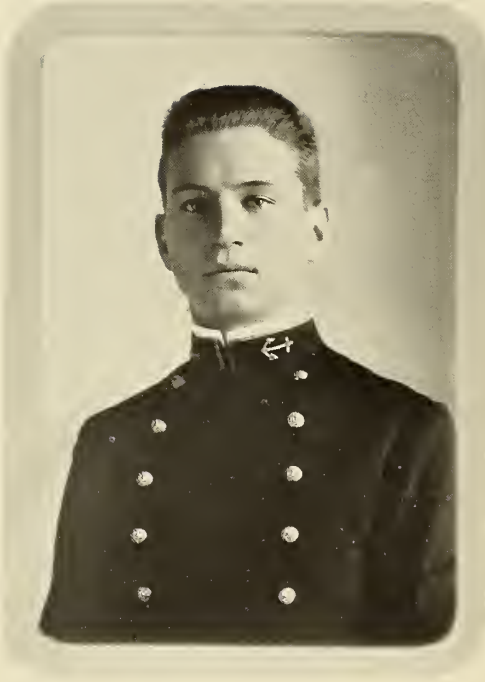
**O**NE of the best men in the class. Efficient, non-greasy, square, cheerful, and sea-going. It is a pleasure to have known him. An athlete of no mean prowess, he has worked hard and faithfully on both the gridiron and the river. Wooden only through lack of boning, with the help of Bill, he has always kept well to windward of a 2.5.

Always touge, Red, with Don Hami, Mike Reilly, and Goat composed the famous rough-house gang of the old seventh.

Plebe and Youngster year a hardened Red Mike. Second Class year began to bud. First Class year blossomed forth as one of our most successful fussers.

Invited to drag Second Class year, he developed a yellow streak (in the face) and stung poor old Bill.





## James Arthur Crutchfield

Chicago, Illinois

“Crutch”

“Jew”

*“I am as free as Nature first made man.”*

—DRYDEN.

Football Numerals

Baseball Numerals

“**K**ID CRUTCHFIELD, Blossom, Lemar, Co., Texas, Sir!” The most troublesome, noisy, aggravating little cow-puncher that ever left the plains of Texas. The “Kid” terminated a short career in the Revenue Cutter Service to improve the Navy by his presence therein, and began Plebe year by bilging his first roommate. Youngster year his second roommate followed the first and the Kid himself came within an ace of going too. Second Class year, however, he struck a “snag.” Forest wasn’t the bilging kind and since the first of that year the Kid has been down and out, and is at the present writing nearly civilized—thanks to his roommate.

Savvy? Well, no. At least the pros don’t think so. He has a vast amount of ability though, but it is doubtful if he will have time to display it this year, he is so busy raising the——, just at present.

Some people say, “What comes out when they are young, does not have to come out when they get older,” and on this axiom we base the hope that some day (if there is anything left) James Arthur Crutchfield may be one of the most widely known names in the American Navy.







## Forrest Unna Lake

Florence, South Carolina

"Onion"

"Forrest"

*"The child of tobacco, his pipe  
and his papers."*

—JONSON.

Buzzard      Baseball Numerals  
Class Pipe Committee

LADIES and gents, on our right we have a perfect example of the languishing, polite, chivalric southern gentleman. He tells 'em all the same thing, and they all fall for it. Why do they fall for it? Why, because it's Forrest U. Lake that's telling them; and believe me, he knows how. He inhabits the greater part of Florence, South Carolina; and is so popular with his countrymen and countrywomen that the children and dogs all run to meet him with loud cries of welcome when he comes home on leave. Last year the five-striper ordered every second classman whose room Lake was seen to enter to knock off smoking. How did he know they were smoking? Who can say? Not because of anything connected with Lake, certainly. Lake never smokes, he fusses. He has attended every hop since the farewell ball in 1909 and has a heavenly way of dancing all his own. Hence the Ensign Bill.





## John Harding Culin

Tucson, Arizona

"Jack"

*"He steps right onward, martial  
in his air, his form and movement."*

—COWPER.

Buzzard      Expert Rifleman  
Expert Pistol Shot      Football N2d  
Crew Numerals      Basket-  
ball Numerals      Class  
Crest Committee

"OH, why did Jack ever enter the Navy?" To give the Navy an uplift, of course. Who can forget the plebe Summer days, when, with his military carriage and grasshopper walk he set out to build a reputation for the University of Arizona as a producer of the most highly efficient of soldiers and hot air slingers. His record for promotion—from the ranks to battalion adjutant in one mighty stride—has never been equalled before nor since. And throw the bull—that wild western outfit in which he made his debut at Annapolis was none too expressive.

Seriously, though, Jack's military ideals and aspirations are to be envied. Despite the fact that when the stripes were allotted his reward was small, he is far from rhino—he still retains the privilege of telling how things ought to be run. He has much musical ability, but for athletics he has given his all. With all the qualities we admire in an athlete, lack of weight has forced him to give way to men of far less natural ability.





## Edward Hyslop McKitterick

Burlington, Iowa

"Mac"

*"This fellow's wise enough to play  
the fool,  
And to do that well craves a kind  
of wit."*

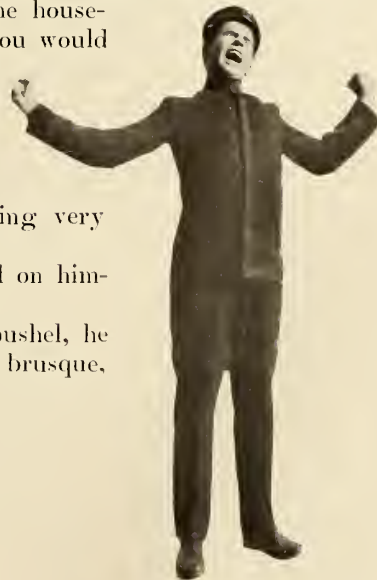
—SHAKESPEARE.

Choir (2)

HERE he is, the five-striper of the forty per cent. The most irresponsible man in the class, he is always on the very brink in his studies, and his forgetfulness has more than once caused him the anxiety of running for weeks when a single demerit would put him over the line. But do you hear him rhino, or publish his grievances from the house-top? Never. If you never looked at the trees, you would not suspect he ever had a care in the world—and perhaps he has not. Nothing appeals quite so much to him as a good magazine story, enhanced by the fumes of a bull skag. He talks in jerks: and yet he manages to get out a fair share of words, although no one ever accused him of saying very much.

Likes to run his friend, and has the joke turned on himself occasionally—ask him why he is called Rebecca.

Although Mac tries to hide his light under a bushel, he has none of us fooled, and we look to him as a brusque, true friend.





## Harry Paul Curley

Pittston, Pennsylvania

"H. P." "High Pressure"

*"When often urged, unwillingly  
to be great,  
Your country calls you from your  
loved retreat."* —DRYDEN.

Buzzard      Football Numerals  
Baseball Numerals      Basket-  
ball Numerals      Track  
Numerals

"**H**E'S going to be a sailor lad,  
Ahoy! Ahoy!  
He kissed us all before he  
left,  
That's why we're filled with joy."

All this and more sang a bevy of beautiful maidens as our hero, Handsome Harry, boarded the train for Annapolis. We know this because he admits it himself. But say—what an awful contrast it must have been when "Bobbie Werntz's" moke met him at West Street. Be that as it may, Harry entered joyously into candidate life, and eventually became one of us. He has been with us, and if dogged determination counts for anything he will still be with us June 7, 1912.

This determination and the grit that goes with it is his distinguishing characteristic. The fact that he wears four different kinds of numerals is but substantiating evidence. Then his fussing ability! He is the true fusser for you. Bring along any one of the fair sex and Harry will show her the time of her life. And the ladies—they all love Harry!

Not brilliant, a little rough in places, chuck full of grit—that's Curley. When you read some time in the future of good work well done under nerve-racking conditions, look twice! The name will probably be Curley.





## Robert Rowe Thompson

Lewiston, Idaho

"Tommy" "Roberto"

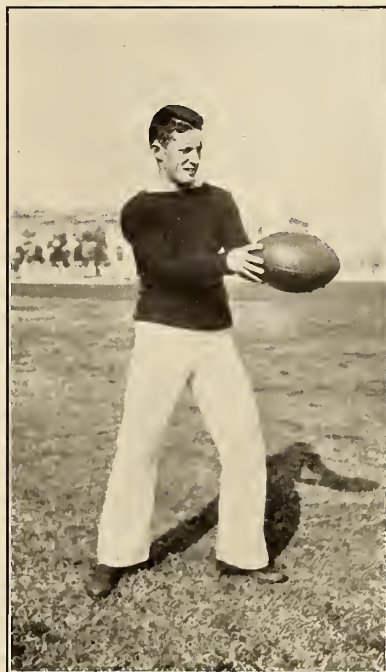
*"Know, he that  
Foretells his own calamity and  
makes  
Events before they come, twice  
over doth endure  
The pains of evil destiny."*

—SIR W. DAVENANT.

Track Numerals  
Basketball Numerals  
Manager Track, Gymnasium,  
Wrestling and Swimming  
Teams

HE came to us one day in July—a thin, nervous, wiry chap, with a love of babies and his Idaho mountains deep in his heart, a love that four years of monastic life by the sad, low shores of the Chesapeake has not lessened. Full of grit that always brings him smiling back to his feet, he has fought his way on the track, in the section room, and through the trials of the hardest managership in our athletics; and he has won. Luck to you, Tommy Boy, and if you decide to leave the Service, may you have many babies! We like the breed.

"Oh, what's the difference, Red? We're going to resign, anyway."





## John Patrick Dalton

Broken Bow, Nebraska

"Dolly" "Jack"

*"Whilst the champion, with re-doubled might, strikes home the jav'lin, his retiring foe shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow."*

—ADDISON.

Three Stripes	Football N**
Track N	Captain Football
Team (1)	Captain Track
Team (1)	Chairman Class
	Crest Committee

"NOT even excepting Ted Coy, with whom I played, I consider Dolly the best football player I have ever seen." For Jack's athletic laurels—room is lacking here—the reader is respectfully referred to some twenty pages later in the book, largely devoted to his achievements. It is, however, as a Dream Dancer and Social Aide that he is most famous. In Queenstown a fair colleen confessed to the skipper that she could not enjoy the admiral's party unless Mr. Dalton was there. She enjoyed it—so did he. Fond of a rough-house—especially about Christmas time. Is very proud of the mail he receives just before the Army game. Thinks J. P. Dalton a good man—as we all do. A man.

"Isn't he a dream of a dancer?"

"I like that."

"You don't mind my calling you old top, do you?"





## Mark Winthrop Larimer

Wichita, Kansas

“Mark” “Lazy” “Lark”

*“The man that sits within a monarch’s heart,  
And ripens in the sunshine of his favor.”*

Three Stripes Fencing N  
Silver Medal, Foils (3)  
Captain Fencing Team (1)

**H**E of the graceful sheer plan, and those dreamy iridescent eyes—will uncork a lazy, seductive smile for a pretty girl or at a good joke—outside of these, Lazy is six feet two of elongated efficiency.

The town crier of the brigade—otherwise known as Brigade Adjutant. With a “sweetly melodious” voice, he charms the lady visitors at outside formations. Also is known without the Yard as a charmer—principally in, on and around Murray Hill.

Hates to be called a grafter—but seemingly rates the title. Evidence—trip to Army-Navy game with F. B. Team as Social Aide to Comm.; only first classman who kept stateroom on Massachusetts during entire cruise; and tall handsome chorus man in Minstrel Show.

Mark also won fame as a member of the fencing team, and won fourteen out of fifteen bouts in the Intercollegiate Fencing Meet. When allowed the privilege of attending the Fencing Conference in New York last January he returned six and one-half hours late, merely stating as an excuse for his delay that “There was a good reason—the good reason is a very fascinating little reason, who lives uptown.”





George Wilson Davison  
Dashiell

Baltimore, Maryland

"Dave"

*"Damn with faint praise, assent  
with civil leer,  
And without sneering, teach the  
rest to sneer."*

—POPE.

One Stripe    Football Numerals

**T**HE ladies swear by him—the underclassmen (on the Massachusetts) at him!

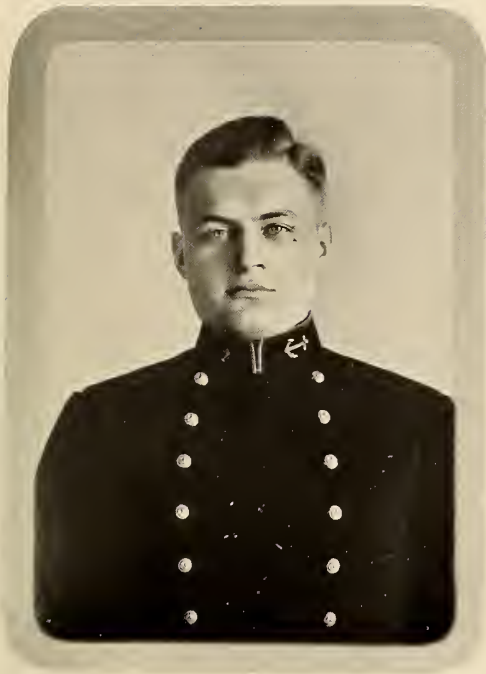
But there's no use talking, "Dashing Dave" is only at his very best at a hop or at a tea, namely, where there are plenty of the fair ones waiting to have their hearts broken. He is always anxious to tell a femme the unabridged story of his life, unexpurgated by translation into N. A. slang—if this doesn't suit, Dave drops back on another pet idea—the narration of a really *good* story. His stories are so good that you have a desire to put on ear muffs or else cut off his wind, long before the point is reached.

Was one of the victims of the famous Masquerader Rag, which resulted in complete (?) loss of the smoking privilege for six weeks. This enforced divorce from "Queen Fatima" nearly reduced him to a shadow, but he made up later by fuming incessantly (excepting during recitations) from sunrise to sunset.

Dave's biggest assets, beside his above-mentioned talents, are his frankness and outspokenness—qualities which are rare in this rapidly shoaling world. Here's looking at you, Dave—glad to see you aboard!







## Robert Emmett Patterson Elmer

Chicago, Illinois

"Fats" "Tubby" "Bob"

*"Europe he saw, and Europe saw  
him, too!"—POPE.*

Buzzard                      Football N\*  
Track N2d    Swimming Medal  
Choir (321)   Masqueraders (2, 1)  
Class Ring Committee  
Class Supper Committee

"FATS" is one of the old "standbys" of the class—accounts of his adventures have spread far and wide. Ask him to sing the song about "chillens' shoes" which he learned in Queenstown, how he put the fore-castle in order on the morning after the Admiral's Ball, or how he ordered boats to "go 'way!" In Mar-seilles he wrecked a street car, then mounted the debris and shouted with admirable French spirit, "Vive la France!" In Berlin his old longing for swimming came over him and, in lieu of a tank, he took a tub and indulged in a bath so delightful as to make all of us envious. On board ship he lost all his possessions except his rations—he was a good sailor. It is a case of "rise hair and down collar" at hops, but Fats enjoys them and the fair ones certainly spoon on his dancing. He tries hard to stand from under, but can't make it—light blue suits and smoking in non-reg. places indicate his difficulties in that line.

He is a man that his future shipmates will be fortunate indeed in having him with them.

"Vive la France!"





## Walter Stanley Delany

Reading, Pennsylvania

"Walter" "D"

*"Yet 'round the world the blade  
has been,  
To see whatever could be seen."  
—MURRICK.*

Buzzard Basketball Numerals  
Assistant Cheer Leader (1)

**H**APPY-GO-LUCKY Walter is always out for a good time in a quiet gentlemanly fashion. For a joy producer, the combination of Walter and the Frenchman is hard to beat. Has a hearty, contagious laugh that dispels the gloom from even a Nav. P-work. Quietly efficient and savvy enough to star if he boned, he has never been forced to burn that early morning glim.

A consistent fusser who falls in love with every girl he meets.

As assistant cheer leader, he worked hard, along with Gussy and Skinny, and developed the best spirit seen here in years.

Favorite topics—"My conquests" and "The Admiral's Ball."

Had trouble in Ireland, escaping from a half-witted girl of ten who pursued him for a mile in hopes of obtaining a penny (and that smile?).





## Ingram Cecil Sowell

Lawrencebury, Tennessee

“Red”

*“He that unshrinking, and without a groan, bears the first wound, may finish all the war with mere courageous silence, and come off conqueror.”*

—DR. WATTS.

Buzzard      Expert Rifleman  
Expert Pistol Shot  
Football N\*      Wrestling WNT

**A** HAPPY little bull-necked moonshiner who has won most of his fame through football. Not all of it, of course. A cauliflower ear indicates his wrestling propensity. The plebes of whatever company he has been in since youngster year respect him more for his energy in other lines. The profs remember him probably for the trouble they have always found in giving him the Naval Academy standard. The ladies—and they are legion—think of him as “that dear Red Sowell.” Seems to be fairly constant (to the sex). Second Class year was the happy recipient of a charge of birdshot in the middle of the back, when said back was slightly shy of raiment. Has not yet succeeded in hanging the would-be assassin. While Southerners take pride in their reputation for facing the enemy’s fire, we must confess that this was hardly a fair test. For some years Red undertook to teach truth-seeking plebes the rudiments of the Bible, and he did it well, in spite of discouraging periods when he himself was sorely in need of instruction in subjects more closely connected to the Navy than is Scripture study. A real live man is the Red Head, and a credit to the class.





## Louis Emil Denfeld

Duluth, Minnesota

"Louis"

*"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis  
folly to be wise."*

**A** ROUGH-HOUSE kid with a happy-go-lucky disposition. Shows his Dutch ancestry, occasionally, when someone leads out his angora which is of a bizarre and exceedingly woolly type. Lou seldom bones but always gets a 2.5 and sometimes a small margin. Often one of the boys. He is noted for his success as a fusser. Generous, big-hearted, modest, non-reg., he is liked by everyone.

His relaxations are bridge and smoking. He grieves over the latter's effect on his health and beauty, however, and frequently swears off—only to recommence for the sake of his disposition.

Although he has lived four months with John Fox and four years with Nino, he is still almost sane.

Well known in Washington as one of the greatest living toe dancers.

Favorite drink—vinegar.

"You should have seen us that morning in Berlin."

"Eh! Hook?"





## Ralph Sherman Parr

Topeka, Kansas

"Nino" "Kid"

*"A little nonsense now and then,  
Is relished by the best of men."*

—ANONYMOUS.

Three Stripes      Star (4, 2)  
Expert Rifleman      Brown N2d  
Basketball Numerals

**W**ELL, now you see it was this way. I went up and told him right away that he was wrong and that that prob

wasn't right. He couldn't bluff me, for I read that very thing over sixty times. And you ought to have seen the grin that he gave me! Golly, but it was some class to put one over a man like that!

"On that exam., too. You know I was the luckiest man that you ever saw! What did I do? Why you know I just happened to think of that great big formula and I put it down word for word. You know they *couldn't* say anything about that! Gee! I'll bet they opened their eyes some when they read my paper!

"But say, you know that fellow did stick me on the pap after all—pockets in trousers—25 d's. I don't care; that isn't going to make me any less non-reg. Not while I know it!

"By the way, you heard about that one that Nick got off on me, didn't you? Well, my girl was up in chapel, you know, and I wanted to make some kind of a sign—you know I'd have yelled out loud if I hadn't been there—anyway, Nick sees me and he says, 'Come on, Parr, that'll do!' Beli-e-e-ve me! I never was so fussed before in all my life!"





## Davis DeTreville

Houston, Texas

"Dave" "Red" "Pink" "Det"

*"What news on the Rialto?"*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Buzzard

Chairman June Ball Committee  
Class Supper Committee

**S**LY old fox!" "Famous Fusoid," "Political Boss," "Personal Instructor in Handball and Grafting," are some of the names which have been nailed on "Pink" since he first strolled

into ranks at the N. A. The fact is he's been strolling ever since—nothing hurries, flurries, or worries him, so long as he has a chance to roll a skag and argue the point.

As far as looks go, he has it all over the Mellin's food infant for health—this same well-fed look brought him a berth on the Class Supper Committee, which did us all so much good at the end of second class leave. It was common talk that Det possessed the best head for business in the class. His chance came as chairman of the Farewell Ball Committee, when he gave 1911 a June Ball that will be remembered as the ninth wonder of the world. As the affair was run on a money-making basis, a few Cash were saved, which was used to give the committee a "big feed and" in Algeciras.

Roomed three years with the "Duke"—the combination is strenuously entertaining; in fact, a visitor at their room is liable to see everything from a track meet to the "Streets of Algeciras" enacted free of charge.

Dave is one of the few men, with a quiet appearance, who has, and always will have, the popularity due to a good man.

"You don't know?"





## DeWitt Clinton Ramsey

New York City

"Duke"

*"I've more points than the compass,  
more stops than the flute,  
I sing without voice, without  
speaking confute;  
I've English, I've German, I've  
French, and I've Dutch,  
Some love me too fondly, some  
slight me too much."*

Buzzard Track N2nd Football  
Numerals Baseball  
Numerals Basketball  
Numerals Class President  
June Ball Committee Choir (21)  
Masqueraders (21) President  
Midshipmen's Athletic  
Association (1)

ALLOW us, gentle reader, to present our class president. He came among us clad in a wing collar and a rakish "dip," and without any effort made friends with everyone he met. He discarded the collar and "dip" for the uniform but, because of his genial nature and his regard for others' feelings, the friends still stick and always will. His life in the Academy has not been all "Beer and skittles" by any means. Duke has represented the class in so many sports, his sweater shames the spectrum. N's would undoubtedly have supplanted the numerals had he spent a little more time and energy. Among the ladies, be they English, Spanish, French, German or American, he never fails to make a strike, and in this connection let us add that none of them can show him anything in using toilet waters, and other aids to beauty. He likes everything about the navy but the oscillations of ships, and the forced single state of midshipmen. It wouldn't surprise us to see him settle down with the little girl soon.

We hope he doesn't, however, as "the boys" will sorely miss his delightful stories, his guitar and singing, his pleasant companionship, in short—himself.





## Campbell Dallas Edgar

Washington, District of Columbia

"Cam"

*"Nature, despairing e'er to make  
the like,  
Brake suddenly the mold in which  
'twas fashioned."*

—MESSINGER.

Football N2nd    Crew Numerals

**S**TOP! Look!! Listen!!! A unique spectacle—a sight not to be missed except at the expense of life-long regret!

The marvellously intelligent camel is again unsat on his left grip, and there he dangles, up near the roof—a most striking argument for the Darwinian theory, as you will agree, ladies and gentlemen—there he dangles by his left fore-paw in a vain attempt to strengthen the muscles weakened in captivity! Cam is the sort of man who, once known, is not easily forgotten. Probably the most awkward man in the class, with a superhuman ability for making all sorts of busts, he is at the same time one of the most lovable. Will do anything for any one any time out of pure kindness of heart. At the bottom a fusser, and it drops out frequently. Very fond of evolving marvellous schemes for circumventing his hated rivals, and would be much hurt if he knew that his tenacity and persistence—and not his ludicrously transparent plots—bring him success. Likes to talk about himself and his troubles, and always brings in his much-prized sense of humor. Can make one story last longer than any two men in the Brigade. Is considered to have a perfect brace—by Spuds. Lost a wine supper on leave—ask him about it. Rub his hump for luck—it always works.

"Sure—help yourself!"

"I'm going to finish this story!"







## John Lawrence Fox

Washington, District of Columbia

*"He reads much; he is a great observer,  
And he looks quite through the  
deeds of men."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Buzzard      Lucky Bag Staff

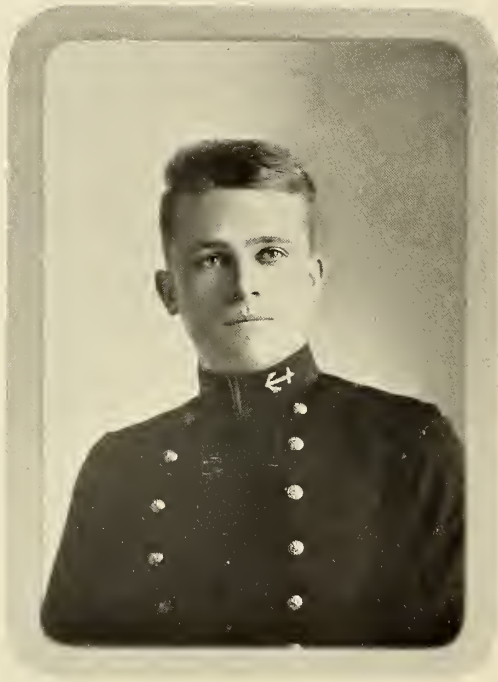
**S**OMETIME Foxy will get really excited—maybe; hitherto it has seemed too great an exertion. He does not care

about anything, and shows it—withal, he usually manages to get what he wants. He has a sort of dry humor all his own that makes something of a hit when he fusses, but whatever ardor he may inspire usually disappears before his cool, careless manner. His rhinocs are always things of beauty—the language is sufficiently well chosen and forceful to make up for the indolent delivery and absense of emotion. Lawrence is a good man in any party, as many of the boys can testify. He did become somewhat peeved, however, when Snook-uns stole his breakfast one morning in Berlin. After rooming with the Camel for four years, has come, much to his delight, to resemble him in the eyes of outsiders. (Stand clear when he reads that!) Is a red-hot fan; to pass away the Winter months, invented a fearful and wonderful substitute and played many series. Without doubt has the greatest love for work of anyone in the class.

"Nothing annoys me more."

"All womens is fools."





## Joseph Eikel

Waco, Texas

"Joe"

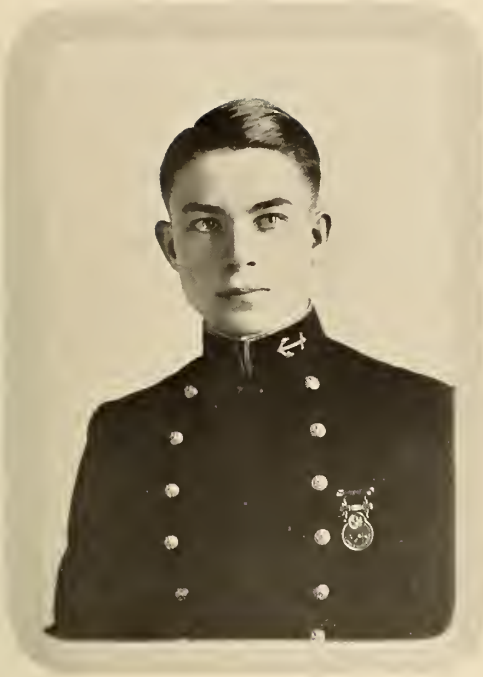
*"Retiring from populous noise,  
I seek  
This unfrequented place to find  
some ease. —MILTON.*

Buzzard

**J**OE got so used to "ketching one" surreptitiously in shower baths and similar places while an underclassman that he could not break the habit first class year, and consequently came to grief. He roomed with Grady Whitehead plebe year, and the two engaged in so many arguments, which became, to use his own phrase, "plumb heated," that they very nearly succeeded in bilging each other. Joe has a profound admiration for the career of a successful pirate, and often bewails having been born in these degenerate days, when adventures are scarcer than the rapidly diminishing number of hairs on his own head. This hair, or rather lack of hair, has troubled him greatly for several years, and he at first strove manfully to coax the fleeting locks back again with sundry hair tonics, until Grady quietly absorbed his latest concoction, when he gave up the job in digstust. Another prominent characteristic is an ingrowing and deep-rooted distrust of the whole female sex. He considers women as a necessary, but troublesome and self-centered lot, and the one who will convince him that all women are angels has not yet appeared on the horizon.

"Women are plumb mean."





## Whitley Perkins

Berkeley, California

"Perk" "P. V"

*"Pleased with each other's lot,  
our own we hate."*

—BURTON.

Sharpshooter Expert Pistol Shot  
Crew Numerals

**P**ERKINS is the noted six-board man, the one who delivers an illustrated lecture at every recitation and makes Patrick long for the old 1st Bat. Pace, Parr, sections. Have Clark tell you the story of what Perk said about boning in evening study hours. His appearance was much against him when he first struck Annapolis but he has improved wonderfully since then.

Second Class year, while living congenially with Tucker, he let us know that he was a turn-back and not a bilger—hard luck that he couldn't stay with 1911. He has been a constant fusser and meal ticket man, a great friend of Buzz Hibbs. He was most unfortunate on the cruise in not having more than just enough cube and he didn't like coaling ship at all. He has a great fondness for sleeping after reveille and indulges it even when at the limit of d's. Perkins is a mighty pleasant man when one gets to know him.

"Why do they call me the duck-faced boy?"





## Emory Percival Eldredge

Exeter, New Hampshire

"El"

"Poicy"

*"And back recoiled, he knew not why,  
Even at the sound he himself had made."*  
—COLLINS.

Buzzard      Baseball Numerals  
Masqueraders (4321)  
Choir (4321)  
Class Crest Committee

**A** CANNY lad from New Hampshire who is not quite so green as the proverbial hills of his native state might lead you to think. A year at Harvard together with four at Exeter have imparted to him a slight Bostonian touch which is manifested by his

ability in things linguistic and literary. During his earlier years was the shining light of the English Department, and later in life, while writing under the assumed name of El Poeta, he became a veritable power on the staff of the since unfortunate Bulletin.

Is a baseball player of note and a Red Mike of high standing. Took some dances with a girl once but fled from the floor when informed that she was approaching him to claim her own. Is believed that he came near being a deserter one Xmas eve in Second Class year, when feminine charms and a certain bowl of punch subjected his firmness to a terrible strain. Has a fine tenor voice, and has sung his way to fame both on the choir and on the masqueraders. Is justly celebrated for his touching rendition of "Under the Yum-Yum Tree." Has the broadest sense of humor of us all, and with it a keen knowledge of human nature based on a serious and consistent study of realisms. Is quick to size a person up; hates sham above all things and is inspiring in his criticisms wherever he finds it. Is gifted with a vein of cool sarcasm that displays itself brilliantly in his many bits of repartee with Blondie and Bunnie. If Emory Percival doesn't make good in after life—few of us will!





## Roscoe Lee Martin

San Diego, California

"Blondie"

*"'Tis beauty, truly blent, whose  
red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning  
head laid on."*—SHAKESPEARE.

Buzzard Star (4)

Fencing Numerals

Manager Fencing Team (1)

Masqueraders (4321) Choir (21)

Leader (1) Lucky Bag Staff

**I**S he a fusser? Not a bit of it;  
or if he is, it is not his fault.  
Tell me, if a man is blessed  
with pink cheeks and a fascinating  
blush, and *such* a charming man-  
ner, to say nothing of numerous  
other excellencies, is it not his

bounden duty to bring joy to these maidens fair? Would he be worthy of the gifts showered upon him by Nature—another woman, if we can credit the poets—if he did not use them fitly? Our superiors grant me this. Although, like us, they deemed him worthy of stripes, they saw clearly that the first P. O.'s insignia has greatest appeal to the esthetic—or feminine—mind, and that only that adornment could possibly be bestowed upon our Adonis. And Pinky has done his duty—done it well. He has been generous—he has been free; he has refused to restrict himself to one or two or a dozen. All who came within his ken have been favored, and if some few would have yielded their hearts to him, he has been too gallant to take tax from those who have basked in the light of his smile.

He has made sacrifices, too, to do his duty. He starred plebe year, before these dainty little missives began to pour in upon him, to demand answers, lest he might hurt their dear little hearts. A fusser? No—merely the victim of unfortunate circumstances and too great charms.





## Hans Ertz

Manitowoc, Wisconsin

"Hannus" "Swede"

*"Square built, hearty and strong  
with an odor of the sea about him."*

—LONGFELLOW.

Two Stripes      Basketball N  
Crew Numerals

**B**EHOLD the handsome squarehead, the north German Swede, the pride of Manitowoc! Believes that he might possibly stay in the Navy if he could hit duty on the Wolverine, but if a short-sighted Department refuses to assign him to the Great Lakes Station he intends to settle down in his native state and start some industry that will make Manitowoc famous. The girls are all "just dying to meet that handsome Mr. Ertz," but when some obliging classmate finally does manage to drag him up to be presented Hans mumbles three words and then relapses into yards and tons of cubic meters of silence. Probably he really knows something about his lessons, but cannot persuade himself up to the proper conversational pitch to tell the Prof about it, consequently is a regular member of the late-light squad. Rough-house did you say? He revels in it and rough-houses everybody, from his meek and unassuming roommate to the biggest roughneck he can find on the basketball floor, where he is a star of the first magnitude. Silence is golden; actions speak louder than words—and the Squarehead's friends are many.





## John Hubert Falge

Manitowoc, Wisconsin

"Foggle"

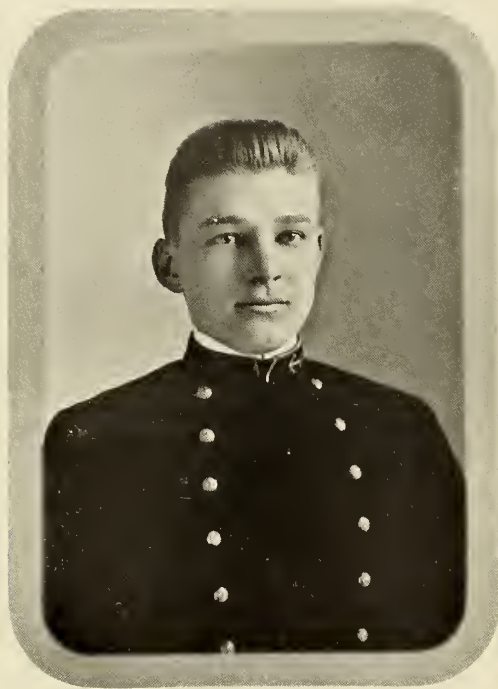
*"They say he sits all day in contemplation."*—S. MARMYON.

Expert Rifleman

HE appears to be such a mild, innocent little fellow that the O. C. was surprised, not to say shocked, when he walked into Room 492 one day last year and found Falge with his feet on the table smoking a pipe almost as large as himself. He explained afterward that he was only breaking it in for Ertz, but his reputation was ruined forever. Strange as it may seem, there are two people here from Manitowoc, and, stranger still, they live together!

Perhaps it is because no one else can pronounce the name of their fair Wisconsin burg, or possibly it is because they are both Dutchmen. Or it may be that Falge knows the name of those seventeen photographs on Ertz's locker door, and Hans wants him where he can keep him quiet. Be that as it may, Falge has of late developed into a heavy fusser, thereby causing many lines of care to appear on the Square-head's blond countenance, but Falge says that he would rather fuss than do Swedish movements any day—and as it appears to be one or the other for him, he intends to beat out Bunny Abbot for the pink N star.





## Herman Edward Fischer

Joliet, Illinois

"Fish"

"Herm"

*"He hath eaten me out of house  
and home."*—SHAKESPEARE.

Buzzard    Expert Rifleman  
Football Numerals  
Basketball Numerals  
Lucky Bag Staff

**A** STOCKY, unimaginative German. Concentration is his strong point. What he wants, he gets. Desperate boning has always stood him high.

He was misjudged by the old Seventh Company, who mistook him for a greaser, but were disillusioned first class cruise. An efficient man, sure to make good anywhere.

A noted class athlete in basketball and football, and general utility man on the class nine (usually utilized as score-keeper).

A heavy fusser, possessed of a discriminating eye for beauty. His chief fussing asset is "that pompadour."

Has a good vocabulary, generally used on no provocation.

Possessed of a prominent bay window and the famous S brace.

Knows his Chicago, but never heard of Broadway.

Chief aim in life—food.

"You were the most beautiful girl at the hop."







## Robert Stevenson Haggart

Salem, New York

"Bobbie" "Baby Doll"

*"In storms, when clouds the moon  
do hide,  
And no kind stars the pilot guide,  
Show me at seas the boldest there,  
That does not wish for quiet here."*  
—OTWAY.

Baseball Numerals      Basketball  
   Numerals  
Business Manager      Lucky Bag  
   Staff  
Class Crest Committee  
Christmas Card Committee  
June Ball Committee

**I**N days of old, before the Brigade was reorganized, it was known as the "Fussing Seventh." Bobby was the strong man in 1912 in sustaining the old reputation of the Company—not even Don Hammy, when he came down to the ground deck, did more for it. Bobby's fussing is a treat—he goes at it in such a whole-hearted, boyish manner, and shows such evident enjoyment that all hands, even the man whose time he is beating, find almost as much pleasure in it as he does. Successful? Why, they all think him "just too cute for words." He has all sorts of ability, and capacity for work; business ability, too—why, the advertisers just could not refuse the Jew when, as Business Manager of the "Lucky Bag," he started out to take their money away from them. From plebe Summer he has been a star on class teams, a bad knee preventing him from aspiring to higher honors. One of the most efficient men in the class, who, but for hard luck at the beginning of the cruise, would have been high on the precedence list. A clean-cut, likeable chap, as you will agree when you come to know him as 1912 does.

"You're a Jew yourself!" "Anything to eat!"

"Fuss? Why not? It's good fun!"





## Lawrence Kenneth Forde

Cheyenne, Wyoming

"Bull" "B. S."

*"Gratiano spake an infinite deal of nothing."*—SHAKESPEARE.

Buzzard Expert Rifleman  
Football Numerals  
Crew Numerals

**B**LEW in on us about the middle of plebe Summer, and has been blowing among us ever since. Has a corner on Bull Con Preferred; bellows like a bull when called a sheep herder; simulates the proverbial Bull in the China Shop at the hops; has a voice like a Bull frog; holds on to the loudest part of a conversation with Bull dog tenacity. Does his nick-name fit him? Chose the Navy in preference to the ministry. We try in vain to picture him leading a flock through the pearly gates with St. Peter on the job. A man you never have to hunt for; if he's within a mile, you can locate him by his voice. As a dispenser of flowery (?) language, has few rivals for first place. With his immense size and proportional strength, one would expect more from him in athletics. His activities in the field of sport, however, are limited to class football, throwing the 16-lb. bluff, second crew, and one of the two national games (the other one is baseball). In any of these branches you will find him trying to Bull the game (funny how that word will slip in!). Although he hails from a place where salt water sells for a dollar a pint, we expect him to make a good officer, for, as his record shows, he is nobody's fool in books, and is better than the average in practical things. We take pleasure in exposing his good points, as he constantly hides them under a veneer of Bull-dozing hot air.





## Hugh Carroll Frazer

Morgantown, West Virginia

*"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."*—SHAKESPEARE.

Buzzard    Fencing Numerals

**W**E have lots of French, Irish, and German, but this is the only Englishman in our class. It is said that a Britisher goes back home for one or both of two reasons—to

vote or to get a clean shirt. Frazer is too young to vote, so has not had to return to his mother country since the Summer of 1911. Gets the maximum efficiency out of a work-suit by turning it inside out for inspection. Generally needs a hair-cut as badly as Hawkins or Woolsey Johnson. Has an alleged fine sense of humor, and accompanies intended epigrams with paroxysms of silent laughter. When with the boys sometimes lets himself out, but where a reputation might count, affects a low, silvery voice, a careful pronunciation, his best choice of words, and a bewitching twinkle about the eyes, the whole effect being calculated to make the most conscientious prof. loosen up with the marks, or the haughtiest femme drop her cold reserve. In spite of a varied store of valuable information, has had to bone at times to keep sat. Has many friends among the high-brows, both here and abroad, and this fact may explain many things. If we knew positively that he is a duke in disguise, we could overlook any number of eccentricities.





## Otto Marquard Forster

St. Louis, Missouri

“Otto” “Ottis” “Germany”

*“And sometimes I have sat at good men’s feasts.”—HOOD.*

Swimming Team  
Wrestling Team

**W**HAT! The crowd’s all here? Not on your life; where’s Ottis?” When Otto chose to cast his destiny with men who follow the sea, St. Louis relinquished him with a sigh—whether it was a sigh of relief or not, probably only our discipline officers are fully qualified to answer. He has been the perpetrator of more daring schemes to “hang one” on the authorities than any dozen ordinary men. He gets away with most of them, too. Everything he does is on a large scale. See him recite, and if he don’t bluff the prof to a standstill, he makes the most disastrous bust imaginable. A strong believer in “fonetik” spelling, his themes are at once a dismay to his instructors, and a source of merriment to his section.

He has acquired some distinction as a wrestler and swimmer, but is not a consistent man, because he is too willing and enthusiastic a slave to the demon Nicotine.

“Say, kid, ain’t I there.”  
“*Quel est le bon mot?*  
*C’est très triste.*”





## Walter Stanley Haas

Newport, Rhode Island

"Gobbo"

*"The rabble gather round the man  
of news,  
And listen with their mouths  
wide open." —DRYDEN.*

### Basketball Numerals

"GOBBLE - GOBBLE - GOBBLE!" the human wonder.  
Only original rapid-fire,  
double-acting, automatic, 10-  
shot, repeating talking machine!

Can spout out more words in one minute than the world's champion shorthand expert could take down in an hour. Think of all the energy wasted there!

Charter member of the Third Company Molecule Club, and flute player in Tommy Thompson's famous band. Gobbo and Otts and the gang would follow Tommy anywhere, even into the dropping off place.

Before Haas entered the Academy, it was not thought that any single argument could last for more than two hours. Otts and Gobbo have been at it for over three years now, hammer and tongs; they'll get the leather medal, one of them.

Otts says "Yes!"

Gobbo says "No!"

Otts—"You're a liar!"

Gobbo—"You're another!"

The Retort Courteous is passed; the discussion grows louder and sharper; the air is filled with sparks and flames and blue fire; the tumult increases! A valiant band of strippers and second classmen rush down the corridor—and the room is quiet.

"Ah, Gobbo! *C'est très triste!*"





## Thomas Leigh Gatch

Salem, Oregon

"Tommy" "Rooshian"

*"Stony limits cannot hold love out;  
And what love can do, that dares  
love attempt."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

### Buzzard

**A** LOYAL "web-foot," who can prove that Horace Greeley had Oregon in mind when he said, "Young man, go West!" Tommy has had his ups and downs in this place, but is

coming out on top. Plebe year he ran afoul of 100 d's and three months, but the lesson did him good. Has always been a standing candidate for all squads in Doc Murphy's department, and a successful one at that. He hit 'em all. Second class year his room would have made Canfield's or Monte Carlo look like a tiddle-de-winks game, both for consistency and action. An ardent "Independent" thoroughly disgusted with Boss De Trville and his methods. As a relaxation from cracking fours Tommy reads such light stuff as Darwin, Nietzsche, Spencer, Tyndall, and a hundred others. Is as familiar with the classics as he is with current events, and his library is the largest in the Academy. Plays chess as well as Sam plays poker. In short as an all round brilliant man, the 2nd Bat. will back him to the limit against Bishop and Canary put together. Until lately this black-haired genius had little to do with the gentler sex, but indications seem to show that he has found his affinity. We strongly suspect that he is leaving the service on account of heart and not eyes, but hope neither will interfere with his share in harnessing the water power of his state and making a name for himself.





## Harold Wakefield Scofield

Morenci, Michigan

"Sco" "Five minute Sco"

One Stripe. Wrestling wNT  
Football Numerals.

**S**CO is a great wrestler; he has lost only two team bouts, one second class year when he got to dreaming and the other when he practically threw himself. He is a heavy fusser, apparently rather blasé, really a very good judge of the attractions of girls; he likes the serious-minded as well as the good looking ones. Glad that he is handsome, but not conceited about it, 'most always well poised, and unjustly given the "rep" for conceit on that account. He knows how to take defeat; he takes running well, too, except when one certain subject is mentioned, and his jokes are always clean and without sting. He and "Beriah" with three years of arguing haven't decided which is the greater bonehead but Sco has given some good openings with "Which end of the ship is the bow?" "I knew that but I just couldn't get my thinker to working," and his habit of spoiling good recitations with attempts to enlighten profs. He has them all beaten, though, when it comes to refusing subjects with perfect ease.

Scofield can't run the hundred yards in ten seconds but he can go about as far as anybody in *five minutes*.

"Well, I'll tell you——."





## Herbert Grenville Gates

Bay City, Michigan

*"Light be thy heart! Why  
should'st thou keep  
Sadness within its secret cells?"*

—MRS. A. B. WELBY.

**I**T'S too bad that the youngest man in the class should have learned to walk sideways. But Greeny was born a Crab and never got over the habit. He had to wait for the middle of the Summer before he was old enough to enter, and when the upper classes came back he was put through as fine a course of sprouts as a sixteen-year-old ever received. His father had commanded the *Severn* on her last midshipmen's cruise. Enough said. But Grenville only smiled and said to himself, "Never mind, I'll be an Admiral when you are retired Commanders," and kept his own counsel. As a result he is now as fine a specimen of the genus midshipman as you would care to find; a savvy man, a good fellow, and a whole rocking-chair brigade in himself. His worst fault is his friendship for Mike Morrissey and LaBoom, and his misfortune is that he lived with Joe Eikel and Grady Whitehead, one after the other, but outside of that he is all right, and if he don't kill his fool self first, some day we will all be sending our grandchildren to sea under good old Admiral Gates.

"Heard the latest scandal?"







## Grady Baskins Whitehead

Vienna, Georgia

"Sailor Grady"

*"Thus, like a sailor by the tempest  
hurl'd."*—DRYDEN.

ANOTHER wonder of the U. S. Naval Academy. A Georgia cracker, converted at short notice into the most seagoing man ashore. He is still touchy on the subject of sailing-launches in the Spring of 1910, but says he *capsized* the dad-blamed thing, anyway; he didn't *upset* her. Mourns the days of the "Old Navy," and is letter perfect in Admiral Mahan's "From Sail to Steam" from cover to cover, both ways. Grady and Joe Eikel nearly bilged each other youngster year by arguing the nebular hypothesis as opposed to the theory of the dissociation of matter through numerous study hours, but settled the discussion amicably in time to pull sat. Before the disbandment of the Sixth Company Bible Class Grady created a furore at one of its meetings by declaring that no power on earth could convince him that any one of the Major or Minor prophets savvied storage batteries, indicating his own state of mind in regard to that elusive subject.

If love of his profession will make a good naval officer, Grady will become one of the "iron men" of the old wooden ships. His passion for the sea and all things pertaining thereto is almost idolatrous and should go far toward his success in his chosen calling.

"That ain't seagoin'."





## George Samuel Gillespie

Durand, Michigan

"Gillipso"

*"How can he show his manhood, if  
you bind him,  
To box, like boys, with one hand  
tied behind him?"*

—DRYDEN.

Expert Rifleman

A PECULIAR creature is—Shh! Don't call him that, boys. His attempts at speech remind one of a poorly lubricated motor-boat. Gillespie showed unusual nerve in his fight for the welter-weight championship with King Meyers, second class year. Although he lost, he may well feel proud of himself. Always willing to drag for a friend. One of Spud's darlings. He is, primarily, a good-hearted, gritty, hard-working fellow, who sticks to his purpose and stands by his friends.

He has worked as hard as any man in the class for *his* 2.5. We hear he is going into the aeroplane corps, having become used to high altitudes while tree-climbing.

Feathers his feet in a truly sea-going manner.

"Ah! Ah! AH!"





## Stiles Morrow Decker

"Uncle Ben" "Ben"

Quanah, Texas

*"Those get the least that take the greatest pains."—BUTLER.*

Buzzard Track N2nd

**U**NCLE BEN! That describes him exactly—slow of movement and heavy of tread. A conscientious worker, he allows nothing that will crumble beneath persistent hammering to stand between him and his aspirations. He has given much of his time to athletics, but seems to have found a more pleasant way to spend his recreation hours, because each year we find him giving a little less time to athletics and devoting more to the "pursuit of happiness," until now he stands high in the ranks of those to whom graduation means something more than the passing from one grade of the service to the next—a passing to another arm of the service, perhaps.

His latest is an invention—a boiler. To date, no heroes have volunteered to test it for him.

One of the mainstays of the choir for four years, he is always to be found in that row that sings—if there is one.





## Carl Glenn Gilliland

"Gilly" "Brazo"

Leon, Wisconsin

*"Was acquainted with the gossip  
of the hour,  
And many little secrets of a half  
official kind."*

—KIPLING.

### One Stripe

**E**NVIRONMENT is superior to heredity. This sad case proves it. An Irishman, born, no doubt, with all the Irishman's happy-go-lucky traits, but raised in a Teutonic neighbor-

hood where the industrious habits of his associates changed his sunny disposition, chilled the genial currents of his soul, and made of him the hardest-working convict that ever marked time within this palatial prison. Brazo is a fiend for "dope;" avidly absorbing every bit of information on any subject under the sun. He has all the examinations that have been given here since John Bowden was a candidate, way back in the Dark Ages. He knows the name and batting average of every player in the National, American and the Three-I Leagues. He will cheerfully argue with anyone who will listen to him that the University of Wisconsin football team could beat anything in the East except the Navy, and always has an All-Western picked that could finish Walter Camp's selections hands down. This man has missed his calling. The Navy is too limited a sphere for a human encyclopedia. Put him at the head of the Census Department and he would startle the world.

"What's the dope?"





## Lunsford Lomax Hunter

Doswell, Virginia

"Luns"

*"O gentlemen, the time of life is  
short;  
To spend that shortness basely  
were too long."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

**A** MAN who can call every man, woman and child in Virginia cousin, and still be able to do a hard day's work is a wonder indeed. But lo! we have this wonder in our midst. Lunsford Lomax Hunter; doesn't the name remind you of extensive plantations and pillared Colonial porches festooned with Colonels and Majors and other gentry of the goatee variety, who stretch their aristocratic legs in idleness and watch their dusky minions bring them fried chicken and mint juleps and things. Not so L. L. Hunter, U. S. N. He is a horse for work and everything else. And through it all he preserves his serene equanimity. Understand, he has roomed with three partially crazy men in succession—and pursued the even tenor of his way through it all. Will give you his last cent and do anything on earth to oblige you—except drag your bricks.





## Howard Harrison Good

Warren, Indiana

"Heinie"

"Roughneck"

*"Why should a man, whose blood  
is warm within,  
Sit like his grandsire cut in al-  
baster."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Star (2)      Track N      Football  
Numerals      Manager Foot-  
ball Team (1)

**A** CHARTER member of the "Hectics" first class cruise, but resigned after the second meeting to form a rival organization, the "Social Aides," which he

piloted safely till the first of October. As a reward, was given a clean sleeve, which is further evidence that gold lace is no indication of a man's true worth. Heinie's work as manager of the football team was appreciated by the coaches and the squad. His breaking the Academy hammer-throw record, though handicapped by light weight and low stature, is a proof of his grit and "stickability"—qualities needed in this profession. Always promoting good-fellowship, yet never monopolizes the limelight—a good man in a crowd. Quick to assimilate knowledge, and ever ready to sacrifice his own standing to help his less fortunate fellows—a good man for the class. Clear-headed, conservative, tactful—a man to deal with men. Bright in all branches of his work, and exceptionally well informed on outside subjects—the service needs more like him. Has the respect of those under him, the good will of his classmates, and the confidence of his officers. We predict a brilliant future in whatever line he may choose to apply himself, and feel sure that he will always have a host of warm friends and as few enemies as a normal man can have.





## James Almond Saunders

Bluffton, Ohio

"Jimmie"

"Brud"

*"His words of learned length and  
thundering sound,  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged  
around."*

—GOLDSMITH.

Two Stripes Star (2)

**J**IMMIE is a by-product of Putnam County in the Buckeye state, that region famed for its magnificent crops of blue frogs. He hails from Pandora, but as soon as the town began to de-

cline he shifted his home address to Bluffton. However, his guiding star hangs over Baltimore. Jimmie was about as green and unsophisticated as any plebe could be when he first decided to follow in the footsteps of Paul Jones, but a two years' course in social training under "Sco" knocked off the rough spots and he blossomed forth in the social world. It was not until the middle of second class year that Jimmie made his debut, but so successful was the venture that he cut the Red Mikes completely and became an ardent fusser. He is hard to beat when it comes to good nature, is a gentle, conscientious sort of a fellow, as is shown by the fact that a four years' sojourn with Hienie has not made a roughneck out of him. He is a consistent worker, not greasy, a hard boner, and as a reward for his efforts pulled down a star second class year. Plebe year "dago" was his stumbling block, but he starred in Profane as a result of it and now he speaks the universal language fluently.

Fussing is his hobby, and we have it pretty straight that his cruise will be made in a house-boat on the sea of matrimony.

"Oh, sugar!"





## Charles Frank Greene

Freemont, Ohio

"Casey"

*"What is man,  
If his chief good and market of  
his time,*

*Be but to sleep and feed?"*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Buzzard      Football Numerals  
Track Numerals

**S**LEEP? He can sleep more than any other man in the Navy. Go to his room after breakfast and you'll find him peacefully pounding his ear until formation—or more often his wife, turns him out. There is a tale that he turned in one night at 7:30, slept all night, slept all the next day, slept that night, and turned out just in time to be late to breakfast formation. This sounds probable and Lavender, at least, believes it.

Next to sleeping he loves to fuss and here he is a great success. Up to First Class year his attentions were widely scattered, straying from a Vassar girl to the smallest queen ever having attended a hop, but now he only prays for the ensign bill.

Casey is a good-natured, efficient, non-worrying man who had a peculiar sense of duty plebe Summer which he has since lived down. His chief trouble has been getting a 2.5 and he has got it.

A member of the Herpicide Club.  
The famous tin soldier walk.  
The plebe's guardian angel.  
The married woman's pride.







## Alfred Eugene Montgomery

Omaha, Nebraska.

“Monty”

“Pup”

*“Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect.”* —PRIOR.

Lacrosse Squad

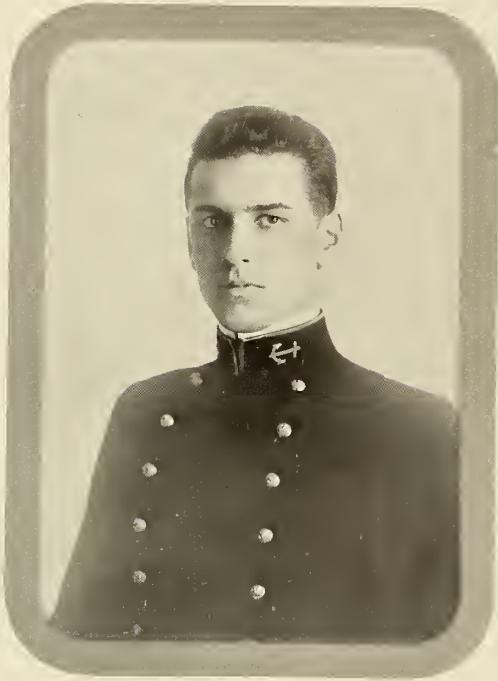
**M**ONTY gave up a career as a builder of bridges for a life on the ocean wave and has not regretted the step. A dreamer by nature, he spends most of his time chalking off on his door, the days until leave or Graduation. Never has to worry about where the next day's lessons are coming from, and is always willing to help a less fortunate classmate. Ready for anything at any time, even to riding a loose donkey on the road to Blarney Castle. He afterwards explained that Irish donkeys were different from those in America. Created quite a sensation on the Indiana first class cruise, when he returned from liberty in Kiel in a shoreboat with two little German girls rowing.

One of the innumerable throng who don't know whether it is worse to drag than to be called a “Red Mike.” Monty may be seen occasionally on the gym floor giving the ladies a treat.

Takes great pleasure in imitating the “rat.”

“Never will I forget that seventy-two hour beer.”





## William Garrett Greenman

Watertown, New York

"Cherokee Bill"

*"You brag, methinks, somewhat too much of late."*

—CORNWALL.

One Stripe

Crew N      Captain Crew (1)

**H**ERE is a man: straight and true and tried steel all the way through. Firm in his adherence to what he believes the right thing to do, yet gentle as a woman with those in trouble and

ready to forgive any who offend against himself. His personal energy is dynamic, and the way he infuses those under his leadership with it gives promise of remarkable efficiency as a line officer. Although handicapped by his lack of weight, three years of hard and conscientious work made of him the most finished oarsman the Academy has ever produced; and in spite of the fact that he had never rowed in the first shell before his election, the crew's choice for captain met with the unanimous approval of the Brigade. Bill's utter frankness has, alas, occasionally brought him to grief with those who do appreciate outspokenness, but anything of this nature has never caused him a sleepless moment nor lost him a friend. And, who knows, that trait may have helped to enroll him as a charter member of our selected band of benedicts.

True heart, tried companion, and faithful friend, we of your class part from you with fond remembrance of the days we have spent together, and confidence in a future that will bring happiness to yourself and honor to the service.





## Philip Van Horn Weems

Turbine, Tennessee

*"And, strange to tell, he practiced what he preached."*

—ARMSTRONG.

Buzzard Football N\*\* Crew N  
Wrestling wNT Light-Heavy  
Wrestling Champion, (3, 2)  
Boxing (2) Sword for Ex-  
cellence in Athletics (2)  
President Y. M. C. A. (1)

**P**ERPETUAL inhabitant of training tables, president of the Y. M. C. A., star athlete, and king of fussers. The hardest sort of worker—has a determination that will carry him far, as is clear from his success in athletics and fussing. With his strong character and absence of a sense of humor, Phil will always stand out. Patent universal greaser, but is so unconscious that it is hard to take offence. Finds it hard to reconcile a chilled steel conscience with a desire to please the fellows. Very popular at steam P-works for his wise questions. Greatest delight is having his picture taken. Said "damn" once—worse still, when the president of the Y. M. C. A. was toasted at the "Lilac's" banquet, he joined the boys. Knows more dogs, officers' kids, and Crabtown belles than any other man in the class, and is proud of it.

"For we are, we are, we are, we are the Weems Y. M. C. A."  
(War-song of the Independents.)





## Virgil Childers Griffin, Jr.

Montgomery, Alabama

"Virgil" "Squash"

*"As welcome as sunshine  
In every place,  
So the beaming approach  
Of a good-natured face."*

Star (2)

**T**HAT handsome Mr. Griffin!" Savvy enough to star Second Class year, good natured enough to live with Pat for three years, and the most loyal supporter of the weak squad "Doc" Murphy can boast of.

Squash is one of the kind that takes life easily, and during any study hour can be seen boning—a novel. He takes life in a matter-of-fact way, and although he has rated it often enough, never gets rhino.

The only thing Squash prides himself about is his social reputation, and he really takes an interest in that. That winning smile, which can be seen at most any time, and for some distance away, got Squash in right with the "Crab" 400, so that he turns out to all the big fêtes and is necessary to their success.

Squash is slow to anger but has been known to go in training for a fight or two. He can lick "the Jew" and so completely subjugated him youngster year that whenever the Jew passed Squash's room, he instinctively took up 240 to the minute. His long experience on the weak squad has given Squash a remarkable physique which will undoubtedly be a model for the middies of future years when he returns to reinforce the discipline department.





## Harry Gates Patrick

Evansville, Indiana

"Pat"

*"I am quite my own master, agreeably lodged, perfectly easy in my circumstances. I am contented with my situation and happy because I think myself so."*

—LE SARGE

### Baseball Numerals

PAT'S military ambition was damped the first day he was with us, when the O. C. so rudely rebuked him for assisting in drilling the awkward squad. Of course Pat wasn't trying to run Wally.

A fun-lover and a fun-maker, his presence will bring cheer to the most "rhino" gathering. His mind works like lightning, and the mystery of his makeup is how the rapid workings of his brain are geared down to the snail-like movements of his body. The answer sounds, suspiciously like laziness, but who can deny the energy that he puts into a baseball bat when he drives out that home run at the crucial moment, winning the game for the class. Then see him strut and jolly the pitcher; Pat is a past master at that game.

He goes to the hops, but somehow the girls don't seem quite the same here as they do back in Evansville; and he had much rather gather together a few cronies, light up, and swap some rich ones.

"Mr. Vernou said, 'hep, hep,' and I said, 'hep, hip, hip.'"

"Oh! Mr. Wilson-\*—have another!"





## Harold Bartley Grow

Greenville, Michigan

*"Beauties in vain their pretty eyes  
may roll,  
Charms strike the sight, but merit  
wins the soul."*

—POPE.

Buzzard      Football Numerals

**B**UT merit wins the soul." Here's one man with the good looks who does not "run on his rep"—he may make a good impression, but he's going to show you that he is there with the right

stuff just the same. The heart of the class football team, in name as well as in spirit; he was on the job all the time, bad practice or good practice, hot or cold, rain or shine—had some others put as much into it, we smile to think what the result would have been.

Outside—or inside of it all, H. B. has a keen little sense of observation that gets the most out of everything that is going on. You can take it for granted that he doesn't miss very much in this world where everything is given and nothing taken; if there's any chance to beat the government, he's going to be there with the rest of us.

In his thoughtful and most original way, he ordered four different class pins and sent them out, so that no matter what corner of the earth he happens in, there will be one of his pins. Whether he ordered four class rings or not, we can't find out, but if he has as much trouble with them as he had with his pins, we'd advise him to keep his rings for a while.





## Raymond Gifford Payne

Brazil, Indiana

"Stitchey"

"Sambo"

*"Her name had been in every line  
he wrote."*

—MARLOWE.

Football Numerals

Track Numerals

**R**AYMOND GIFFORD  
PAYNE, the pride of  
Brazil; R-R-Raymond, the  
recipient of daily letters from  
Washington; Stitchy, contortion-  
ist and lunatic. This is the man

with the gunshoe voice—it droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven upon the prof beneath.

Sambo and his funny noises; one hundred and twenty phonograph records couldn't contain all his fluctuating intonations and bellowing outbursts; he has a noise for every need.

Stitchy may not break any scholastic records here, but he has won the gold inlaid pap sheet by a display of energy and zeal that would have kept him off a good many trees. This rough-house midshipman has made more noise, commotion, and racket in ranks, and contributed to more "talking in section" reports than any other man now living—Cy Roberts not excepted.

We really don't know what to do—think we shall have to muzzle him and put him in a cage where he can't go through all of his fantastic contortions. There he can preside over the first class committee of the "Iowa" and tell us how to reform.

"That'll do now—a word to the wise, you know!"





## Allen Herschel Guthrie

Pennsylvania

"Allen, the bow-legged wonder"

*"He learned the arts of riding,  
fencing, gunnery,  
And how to scale a fortress—and  
a nunnery."*

—BYRON.

**A** LLEN is agreeably tough but always rhinos when ragged. He takes some time to know. Likes to get out with the boys. Allen is a mighty nice fellow whom anyone should be proud to know.

Guthrie is savvy and knows it. He has sacrificed many good marks to help the wooden and to argue with the prof.

Goes to every hop. Sits up two hours afterwards trying to convince himself that he is in love. Next morning has forgotten her name.

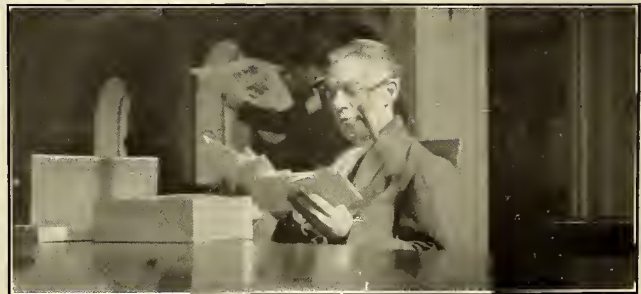
Never tells her he loves her, swears he is never insincere—yet the chaperon dreads him.

This bow-legged wonder was ragged absent post of duty while trying to intimidate one of the LUCKY BAG staff.

Allen, alone, made good at Queenstown.

"Allen took the initiative and I simply could not resist him."

"Oh! You Moulin Rouge Rag!"







## Lloyd Homer Lewis

Harlam, Kentucky

"Lloyd"

"Dippy"

*"Fantastically bedizened with inconsistent perfections."*

—SCOTT.

WE inherited Lloyd from 1911 through the medium of a coal bag, which, mistaking his leg for the "Hartford's" deck, laid him up in the hospital until our class caught up with him. His advent into the "Navy School" was made from that state famous for blue grass, racehorses, feuds, and thirsts, and he was brought face to face with many strange things on his first trip into the outside world. Some say he encountered his first railroad on that journey. For that we will not vouch, but it's a generally accepted fact that, as he approached his home on youngster leave, clad in his store-bought clothes, he was almost shot for a "Revenue" by one of his oldest friends. Having "got shet" (as they say in his country) of some of the rough edges, he took up fussing, and now has a fairly well-developed taste in that line. His cherub-like face is the picture of innocence (or ignorance) and his head is of that noble mold, which leads people to believe it encloses a brain destined to startle the world. Perhaps it will. His classmates have been startled often enough by the absurd "busts" which he gets off in almost every recitation and drill.

Good luck, Lloyd. May the same horseshoe that brought you this far, succeed in taking you the rest of the way.





## Carroll Morgan Hall

Westchester, Pennsylvania

"Fluffy"

*"And his face lit up with a smile  
of joy,  
As an angel dream passed o'er  
him."  
—DOANE.*

**F**LUFFY is another one of our hand-me-downs, though we must admit 1911 was not so unkind in this case as in some others we could mention. When the turn back wave struck him he must have been "moulting," as he seems to have done fairly well, and doubtless could have gone on with his class. Although from Pennsylvania, that fact doesn't stand out as prominently on his every feature as it does with most of the Keystone State Representatives. One of the most garrulous talkers in these parts. You never see him but what he is emitting a steady flow of words, and the beauty of it is he is always cheerful. His own troubles don't feaze him. Truly an enviable disposition. We want to call attention to his good heartedness, too, but it's such a doubtful compliment just to say he's that in so many words. He must be, though, because he will help you out of anything, even to the extent of taking your duty or dragging for you, and that's a whole lot. We trust Carroll will continue in the path of virtue and righteousness, and hope the fact that he smokes now and then doesn't forecast a future full of more desperate things. Carroll is too nice a boy to be spoiled.





## Rodes Hatch Hawkins

Washington, District of Columbia

"Hawk-Eye"

*"A captive fettered at the oar of gain."*—FALCONER.

Expert Rifleman. Brown N  
Baseball Numerals

"**H**AWK," as we all know him, emigrated to us from the wilds of Missouri, and holds up the reputation of his country remarkably well. He came into the Navy, he says, because it was the easiest place to make money, but he discovered his mistake too late. However, despite his mental aversion for work and non-greasing qualities, Hawk has made a good record for himself, and there are few "trees" that he has adorned. Among his classmates he assumes a quiet, unassuming attitude, which makes him well liked by all who really know him. Plebe year he got on the rifle squad and beat them out of two cruises, but they cornered him on the last one. Second class year he navigated a graft so skillfully that he was transferred to the Academy for the summer. Hawkins—the everlasting terror of the plebes,—never happy unless unsat in "d's", and is rhino because there are a few big "paps" in the Blue Book that he hasn't gotten. His chief form of dissipation is an all night session of the national game, and he is a bad man if you need the money.





## Robert Archibald Hall

Aurora, Nebraska

"Reuben" "Rube"

*"You may believe what he says,  
and pawn your soul upon it."*

—SHIRLEY.

Football N2d Crew Numerals  
Manager Crew (1)  
Lucky Bag Staff

**A**LL that this reverend gent needs to make a genuine Nebraska farmer is a beard and a pair of light blue overalls.

It won't be very long though, before he reaches that happy state, for his hair is turning white and falling fast, and his gait shows more forcibly than ever how he longs to walk again in the furrow behind the plow.

Meanwhile, Reuben is stopping at the Academy for a bit, and teaching us all the lessons gained by age and experience. He must have written some for the home bumwad before he came East, for when it comes down to real humor, O. Henry and others haven't anything on him. Yes, they take him for a slow piece of humanity, but just wait—some day people are going to open their eyes and look at this man, who writes with his left hand at the unprecedented rate of six words an hour. You'll notice that they always put him where he's supposed to do his little job without being told—ask any football man how faithfully he has bucked up against the first team, year after year, yet how many people hear about it? There must be some reason for it all! Ah, yes! Back in Nebraska— for f o u r years Rube has been—engaged!

"Say, Russell, what's the news from Nebraska?"





## Mahlon Street Tisdale

Slayton, Minnesota

"Tissy" "Tip"

*"Why did the Gods give thee a heavenly form?"*

—LILY.

One Stripe      Crew N2d  
 Football Numerals      Class Crest  
 Committee      June Ball  
                                  Committee

**I**T is hard to give a complete list on the many activities of this midshipman. He made his first bid for fame as "Chairman of the Plebe Hop Committee," and paid dearly enough for that honor

during the month that ensued when the Plebe Summer Dream was over. Since the hop episode he has tried his hand at football, baseball, handball, basketball, tennis, skating, horseback riding, being the Brigade Ornament, and even a little boning. He generalized at fussing his first two years amongst us, but in the last twenty-four moons has almost succeeded in specializing himself into the field artillery. Stubbornness in anything he undertakes is a prominent characteristic, but he has the sense not to start anything unless he has a pretty good idea he can bluff it through. Is most argumentative on subjects he knows least about, and sometimes manages to drown his adversaries' facts and logic under sundry cubic meters of hot air. If he leaves us the Navy will lose a valuable man; for he can carry out his orders, if he is allowed afterwards to tell how much better he could have done it if left to himself, and he is an expert at the most effective form of greasing—that which does not let either the greased or his own associates know what is going on.





## Raymond Vincent Hannon

Buffalo, New York

"Ray" "Irish"

*"Another with a bloody flux of  
oaths,  
Vows deep revenge."*

—QUARLES.

**A**N Irishman with many of the characteristics for which the Germans are noted. One of the boys from "shove off" to "disembark." A true friend, always cheery, never lacking for a good story or a witty sentence to sum up one of our grievances. A man who ought to make good because of his squareness, his common sense, and his compatibility.

Never socially uplifted, he rarely shines as a social luminary but when he do fuss—Lord, how he do enjoy it!

The balloon head (size,  $10\frac{3}{4}$ ) of the class—but seldom soars.

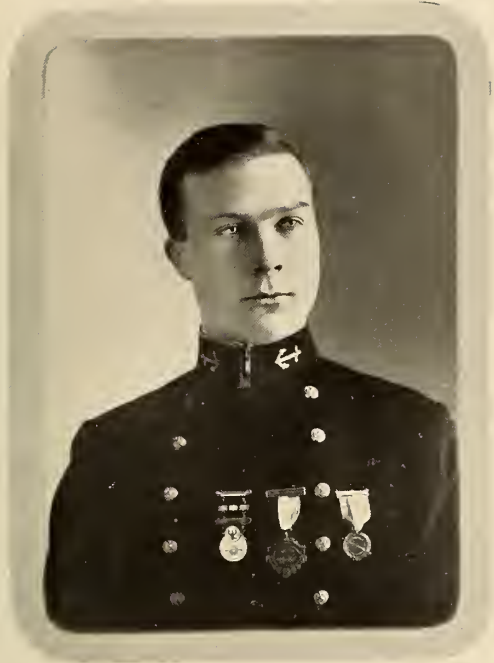
Prefers Buffalo's beer but will drink Berlin's.

Struck eight bells on the Chi with such speed and vigor that the crew and Puggy went to fire quarters.

(Ding-Ding-Ding-Ding Ding Ding Ding Ding)

Oh! you brandied peaches!





## Raymond Earl Kerr

Eugene, Oregon

“Stony”

*“I am not carved from stone,  
and cannot hear music without  
emotion.”*

Expert Rifleman. Brown N.,  
Yellow RNT

**M**ETHODICAL STONEY—  
the grand old man of the  
Rifle Team. When the

wind blows from 6 minutes to 1 o'clock, and Stoney tells you to come up 2 points on your sight, take it for granted that 2 points is ex-actly correct. Like as not, he has been poring over a set of tables all morning, and has the curve figured out to a mathematical exactness—that's a way he has.

Stoney will help a wooden man, drag a brick, tell a story, or let you know in plain words just what he thinks of you, without a moment's hesitation. He has been known to let the goat loose in the course of social discussions and used to get nervous when the 10th Company would have one of it's famous juggling, wrestling, and fighting competitions.

First class leave a couple of St. Paul “bunco men” mistook Stoney for a Canadian farmer—unfortunately, we were not there to see the fun, or to gaze at the finish upon the bewildered “bunco men.” They'd have to get up early in the morning to hang one on this Oregon woodchopper! He hasn't tramped the Western hills and roughed it all alone for nothing!

One of the very few men that you can rely on absolutely—anywhere and any time.

“I'll tell you what.”





## Nelson Worstall Hibbs

Seattle, Washington

"Buzz"

*"He gave it one gentill kisse,  
His heart was brought from bale  
to blisse,  
The tears sterte from his ee."*

—CHAUCER.

HERE, reader, is a fellow who can, when he wants to—who does, when he has to—but who doesn't because he likes to. Youngster year, when he was working for a 2.5, he concluded he would like to be savvy, and second class year everybody was dumbfounded to see the way he burned the chalk. As a result, he barely missed a star.

First class cruise, when the fleet passed the *Cornwall*, and the "Massy" was in position for five whole minutes, "Buzz" was O. D.! He had three stripes cinched, according to those on the "Massy," but having satisfied himself that he could get stripes, that was enough, and he is now in the "hind line," waiting for some P. O. to get disrated.

"Buzz" is consistent in one thing, and that is his devotion to a little silver-tipped picture frame. Every night regularly he makes a half hour's inspection of the inclosed photograph, and tries hard to decide whether the Navy is better than "cit" life, after all.

We think, however, that if he decides to stay with the latter, Uncle Sam will be the gainer, because when "Buzz" does settle down and decides to do something, it is a safe bet that it will be done.







## James Leslie King

Newburyport, Massachusetts

"Jimmy"

*"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—I've seen—and sure I ought to know!"*

—MERRICK.

One Stripe, Baseball Numerals.  
Fencing Numerals. Lucky  
Bag Staff

**L**ADIES and gentlemen, we have here Midshipman James Leslie King, the pride of Newburybunkport, and the hope of New England! Behold the handsome creature!

Born and raised in a back bay fishing hamlet, he was lured to civilization only after long and strenuous effort. He is still half savage—stand back, ladies, please, for he cannot bear the sight of skirts.

Watch him now! You see the shape and sturdy build of the New England fisherman—his uncles and grand uncles and great grandfathers that have gone on before. His eyes! See how they gleam! Now he sees the long rolling Atlantic and now he sees—the cheering, admiring populace. Throw him some salted peanuts, boys!

Do any tricks? My friends, after four years of training in the U. S. Navy Finishing School, he can do anything. Mr. King, you may recite.

"Well, sir, as I remember it, this constant ought to be 17, but after due consideration of the fact that an allowance must be made for the wide variance in results given here, it was my intention to use the value which would eventually secure for me the correct diameter!" Ah—that will do, Mr. King. Ladies and gentlemen, see him smile! See him rise in all his glory! He is now about to—take your picture for the Lucky Bag!





## Guy Chapman Hitchcock

Bennington, Vermont

"Ghee"

*"It has no bush below;  
Marry a little wool, as much as  
an unripe peach doth wear;  
Just enough to speak him draw-  
ing towards a man."*

**H**E is an unusual man—or boy. Not being able to run through a French reader and pronounce all the words with the clearness, distinctness, and rapidity of a Bishop, he began his career at the Naval School by getting in wrong with the Dagoes. Small wonder, for he was too honest to attempt to bluff the profs. and too young to make them believe that he knew anything anyway.

A dress and long hair would make a girl out of Guy any day in the week—look at him! Isn't he sweet? After being fussed by the old 5th Company crowd for the last three years, one would hardly expect him to care for the gentle art himself—and he doesn't. Was induced to drag by some kind friend once upon a time; the benevolent friend made out his card, told him the girl's name, and then broke for the tall timbers. Imagine his surprise and consternation when he ventured back and saw Guy having the time of his life—getting on famously with the girl. "Ghee" has taken care of Hervey for four long years—a record to be proud of—and has, it would seem, taken warning from his roommate's checkered career.

He never was known to cuss but once, and then absent-mindedly. Plebe year could not be made to repeat the 5th Company yell—he surely was particular. But Guy is growing and learning fast—we'll see him a man yet! "Ghee! Ghee! Ghee!"





## Hervey Armstrong Ward

Danbury, Connecticut

"Hervey"

*"His friends beheld and pitied him  
in vain,  
For what advice can ease a  
lover's pain?"*

—DRYDEN.

Lacrosse Numerals.

Seasick (3, 2, 1)

**I** KNOW I don't deserve her, Beckwith. But, oh, I'm so happy! Think of her—her! She loves me!"

Two sighs, a look of cowlike fidelity, three tears, one snap of iceland, and Hervey has arrived. He lives that way; and oh, the agony—or the joy—of it all! Existing with his memories in the lull between hops, Hervey has at last finished his four years in the wilderness. His fame as a fusser is something remarkable for so small a man.

He first assailed the most altitudinous of fortresses—although seemingly hard at the siege, he has never in all the glare and tumult of it all, forgotten the one awaiting him in the land of the lonesome pine.

True, a pretty face may at times have caused him to swerve from the straight and narrow path; Berlin may have dazed him a little and confused his righteous course, but his green plush, automatic, photographic gyro gear brings him back steady on the line. Between dreams, Hervey has made brief dashes into the realm of sport; his mastery of the short-arm squeeze places him high on the list of the brave and noble fussers who have sat on the circular stairs.

"Say, what was that story you heard about me?"





## William Stetson Hogg

Washington, District of Columbia

"Billy Pig"

"Stetson"

*"And a woman is only a woman,  
but a good cigar is a smoke."*

—KIPLING.

**B**ILLY is a good-hearted, good-looking boy who has never been known to grease. Fairly savvy, he eases along without much boning. No good at arguing at all. Stetson has a real talent for music which is often unappreciated. Four years of our prize wild man, Snookums, has made him capable of standing almost anything.

Always one of the boys, he has reformed of late and treads the straight and narrow path—with tears. Lost his leave in a just cause—entertaining the German navy.

Disappointed in love youngster year, he only fusses at the call of duty.

Noted for the ease with which he is led into the traps laid for him by Goat and Ray.

Knows all the mokes at Carvel by their first names.

"Kelner! Kelner! *Une antre bouteille!*"





## Hiester Hoogerwerff

Washington, District of Columbia

“Hoogey”

*“Behold the child, by Nature’s  
kindly law,  
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with  
a straw.”*

Buzzard.

**H**OOGHEY will give you anything in the world he possesses except makes. Tobacco to him is as gold and precious jewels, and it sure do make him rhino to be called upon to part with any of it. You may not believe it, but he has plenty of hard common sense when he feels like using it. Likes nothing better than an argument, and although perfectly open to conviction, would like to see the man who can convince him. Rhinos occasionally; is sure he could make vast improvements in the running of the Naval Academy. Red Mike up to second class year, when he broke in at one of the mold-loft informals and had a hard time getting out again. Some people claim he can match the Goat story for story—or lie for lie—but Snookums is erratic and will not always exhibit his genius. Firm supporter of all teams, but too lazy himself to go out for anything except graft. And again I repeat—he is big-hearted and generous, but if you wish his regard, don’t ask him for makes. “But, all joking aside—  
“Muggle—gliek——”





## Henry Mylin Kieffer

Atlantic City, N. J.

"Heine"

*"I am more sinned against than sinning."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

*"How many perils do enfold the righteous man, to make him daily fall."*

—SPENSER.

Buzzard. Star (4, 2)

Gymnasium GNT

Art Editor Lucky Bag

Class Crest Committee

**B**EHOLD the Kanganimal-reefer!—the animated human contortionist who can twist himself inside out, chop off his head, chuck it in the waste basket, re-assemble the parts and come back at you with a pleasant smile before you can so much as rip out F=Ma or any other exclamation equally brilliant and brief. Heine is a gymnast of unwonted ability, and has given good evidence of his prowess on the gym team for four consecutive years. But this is the least that can be said of him. He is chiefly distinguished for his skill in the pen and ink way, his sketches and designs being seen extensively in the present Lucky Bag and past numbers of the Bulletin. Is a *savoir* of the first rank, and without much boning has managed to stand in the first ten for the course. As a minister's son, has fulfilled his destiny by holding down the job of Secretary to the Y. M. C. A. in a highly exemplary manner. They *do* say, however, that Heine made certain vague allusions to double-truck lights on the *Von der Tann* on the night of the return from Berlin. But this can only be attributed to pure malice on the part of the envious. Is a good fellow, and a thoroughly popular one. Has a keen sense of humor and is willing to laugh at anything with anybody at any time. Gained undying fame second class year by leading out Hervey's goat on the subject of "Who is George?" "Don't believe anything Sanborn says!"





## Albert Beckwith Sanborn

Ashland, Wisconsin

"Beck"

"Sandy"

*"If but amusement were the end  
of life."*

—EGONE.

Buzzard. Lacrosse LNT  
Lucky Bag Staff

**E**VERYONE, upon being introduced to Beckwith, remarks on his diffidence. One young lady in particular mourns his absolute indifference—but enough of that; this blasé calm is feigned, put on, designed to lure lacrosse player, unsuspecting femme, or nav-prof. to a swift and merciless destruction.

Ashland still points with pride to his record in the Ashland High School. "Football captain, prize debater, general——" and so it runs on down the list, which the boys used to recite daily while Beck bombarded them with spuds.

Always shines on the cruises, this young 'un; no place is too good for him, be it Revere Beach, Spanishtown, or the Prance Palais.

This restless imp couldn't be happy unless he were plaguing someone—especially Kieffer. Spends three-fourths of his time reading magazines, one-eighth boning, and one-eighth writing letters to Heinie's girls.

It's a shame that he's leaving the Navy—and all because the girl won't marry a naval officer.

*"Embrassez moi, kid!"*





## Hubert Vance LaBombard

Plattsburg, New York

"Frenchy"

"Spig"

*"Then must I plunge again into  
the crowd where revel calls."*

—BYRON.

Gymnasium GNT

THE above, kind reader, is our "Spig"—a quiet, unassuming little fellow who has the remarkable trait of minding his own business. He blew into Crabtown four years ago with a violin and a thirst. He still has the violin but his thirst was finally and effectually quenched about the middle of second class year. There is not a quieter or gentler man in the class than "Spig," but somehow or other the little Frenchman has managed to hit the high spots on the "pap" and as a consequence his roommate has nailed the "In charge of Room" plate to his locker from September to June of each year. He has spent his spare time during the last three years down in the gym lacerating his hands on the horizontal bar and even at that has made good. Youngster year "Spig" was desperately in love with four girls; soon settled down to one and has been writing "north east" every other day since. He is one of the few who have not broken away from the old life,—writes volumes home every week and is a true unselfish and obliging friend to all who know him.

"You bet! I'm one of 'Pat's' Independents and I'll never give another to Mammy's Y. M. C. A."







## Earl Richard Morrissey

Bagley, Wisconsin

"Mike"

*"Dispute it like a man!"*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Two Stripes

**H**ERE'S a suggestion to all would-be cadet officers of the second class: If you are thinking of being a battalion adjutant, go around and watch Morrissey open ranks at Sunday morning inspection. In three weeks he invented seven different methods besides those given in the drill book—if Mike isn't anything else, he is original. And wasn't it the adjutant's job to make noise? Well, he made it.

Some consistent fusser is Mike. He knows the grounds in the vicinity of the Marine Barracks so well that he could find his way around there in any fog, mist, or falling snow—he's the St. Bernard dog of Cemetery Point.

Never happy unless he's gathering or giving out some of the "straight dope." If you want all the latest news, just ring the bell, and Mike will come out and tell you all. If there isn't any news, he'll invent some, and take it for granted that you believe it. He has his opinions, and he isn't afraid to spout them out; if they aren't your opinions, that is your own fault—we admire frankness like that.

"Wait, now I'll tell you just how that was."





## Robert Alfred Lavender

Rockwell City, Iowa

"Lavabo"

*"Twelve hundred million men are  
spread  
About this Earth, and I and you  
Wonder, when you and I are  
dead,  
What will those luckless millions  
do."*

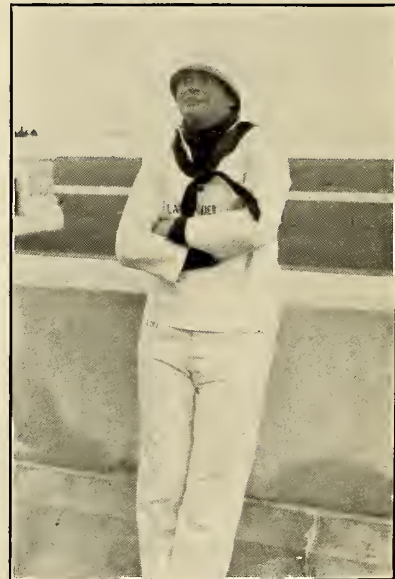
Buzzard. Lacrosse Numerals.  
Choir (4, 3, 2, 1)

**A**LWAYS plays a lone hand—sufficient unto himself. Fairly savvy, and by no means inefficient. Has graced the choir since he entered, and takes delight in expounding his pet theories on vocal culture. Add to this the iniquities of the creamery industry, ranching in the Bad Lands, and his ideas of Girl, in general, and you have all his conversational hobbies. The rough-necks of the old 7th Company were the bane of his life for three years, and Bugs, with his cornet, kept up the good work first class year. It is said he almost succumbed to a fair daughter of old Erin on the summer cruise, but conclusive evidence is lacking. Has degenerated since he became a first classman—it is related on good authority he has been heard to swear at least once, and has rolled and smoked a skag. When in good humor, answers to name of Purple.

"Well, I don't know about that."

"Now, in Iowa——"

"A-a-ah, Monsieur!"





## Stephen Boutwell Robinson

Auburn, California

"Grandma"

"Robby"

*"With hesitation admirably slow,  
He humbly hopes—presumes it  
may be so."*

—COWPER.

Lacrosse Squad

**A** LONG, lanky individual from California, who has led the life serene among this boisterous throng. Grandma seemed to be somewhat of a Jonah at first, to have his first set of roommates turned back; must have been his smile that did it. Had early ambitions to join the choir, but those of the harmonious (?) ear couldn't see it that way. Still, at moments of unusual happiness, he will burst forth in "sweet music." Grandma has been a fusser from our first June ball, but each year he wends his way to his far Western home—leading us to believe that, for some reason or other, Auburn is a very interesting place.

"Hey, bo! Just look at those femmes!"





## Harold Harrison Little

Buffalo, New York

"Harry"

*"A malady  
Preys on my heart that medicine  
cannot reach,  
Invisible and cureless."*

—MATURIN.

### Two Stripes

**H**AROLD HARRISON LITTLE—isn't that name too dear for anything? The girls can call him Harold or Harry or Harrison and get him with any one of his names.

However, our hero hasn't found it so very convenient after all, because there are some more Harolds in Washington and Annapolis—so that whichever way the ladder of royal favor turns, one of them is bound to be on top.

But Harry isn't any worse than the rest of us; whether he is really in love or not, he's happy and he shows it—a little joyous radiance goes a long way in this work-house of ours.

He's a man that is always ready to help you out with whatever you are doing; always listens when you want to tell him something, and we might say that he takes as much interest in your work as you do yourself.

He didn't risk going to Berlin: no, indeed, he had seen enough of your big cities. But when the day of reckoning came, and each man was to tell his tale, we heard strange ones indeed; Harry had been learning the Russian language. But that was nothing—all of us tried to learn German, and perhaps for the same reason.

"Say, Harry! Have a good time in Washington on leave?" Harry says yes, but doesn't mention the seven girls and six pounds of rice!





## Carl Kennard Martin

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania

"Sousy"

*"Had loved their ease too well to  
take the pains  
To undergo that drudgery of  
brains."*

—BUTLER.

Expert Rifleman

Brown N. Yellow RNT

Choir (4, 3, 2, 1)

Masqueraders (4, 3, 2, 1)

**H**ERE'S Alexander the Small, looking for some more "regs" to break. Up to date, he has broken every last one in the blue book, except the article which says, "First classmen shall be allowed to escort ladies to and

from the hop." They might put in a few more like that to satisfy him.

Instead of buying a Testament with his \$5.00, this young man is going to invest in an edition de luxe of the proverbs and sayings of the Epicures—for his next birthday we'll get him a large card to paste on the inside of his door, to read like this:

**"EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY, FOR  
TO-MORROW THERE IS NO LIBERTY."**

Small wonder that when this Pittsburg millionaire rode in on his special car, he didn't find the place large and active enough to suit his tastes. Pittsburg is all right, but he'll stay in New York or Boston if he can't find a better place.

Makes almost as much racket at section formation as Stitchy Payne, except that it's of a slightly more intelligible sort. Is right in the middle of every rhino gathering that gathers, and as free with his opinions of the way things ought to be run and his lamentations "that they ain't," as a volcano with its smoke and fire and ashes. Give him time and money a-plenty and he might be able to find a place where he would be satisfied—we're mighty sure from all indications that he won't find it here!

"Where am I going? Where do you suppose? To Boston!"





## Charles Anderson Lockwood

Lamar, Missouri

"Charlie"

*"There is a pleasure in being mad which none but madmen know."*

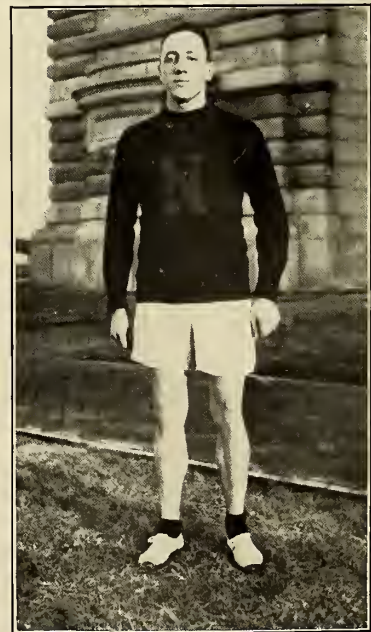
—DRYDEN.

Buzzard. Track N

"L<sup>A</sup>MAR! Lamar!" calls the hackman as he lowers his microscope, and Charles Andrews Lockwood, Junior, arrives to give the innocent youth of that Western metropolis a course in dissipation, riotous living, and playing, in general, the part of a Pittsburg millionaire's son. As a "simon pure toughnut," he has Nero (or Henry VIII), Jesse James, T. R. Roosevelt, and all the "white hopes" looking about as prominent as a "clean sleeve" with a brace. Charlie would rather do something real devilish, such as "frenching" to see his lovely Lorida, buying a quart of champagne, or wearing his cap "askew," than be President, have five stripes, or stand "one." Chief ambition: To get paralysis of the arm from hoisting 'em and to put "Fats" under the table (or in the bathtub).

His bookshelves are graced with the products of such master "pens" as Kipling, Glynn, Cross, Johnson, and Brown, together with the latest issues of Young's, Town Topics, and other standard magazines.

Cholly has had a number of queen adventures—the most original being that which transpired in a London four-wheeler, and which ended with a munificent tip of twenty-two shillings to the unseeing (?) cabby.





## Aaron Stanton Merrill

Natchez, Mississippi

"Tip"

*"O lovely babe! What lustre shall  
adorn  
Thy noon of beauty, when so  
bright thy morn!"*

—BROOME.

Buzzard  
Baseball Numerals  
Bantam Weight Boxing Cham-  
pion (4) Hop Com-  
mittee (321)

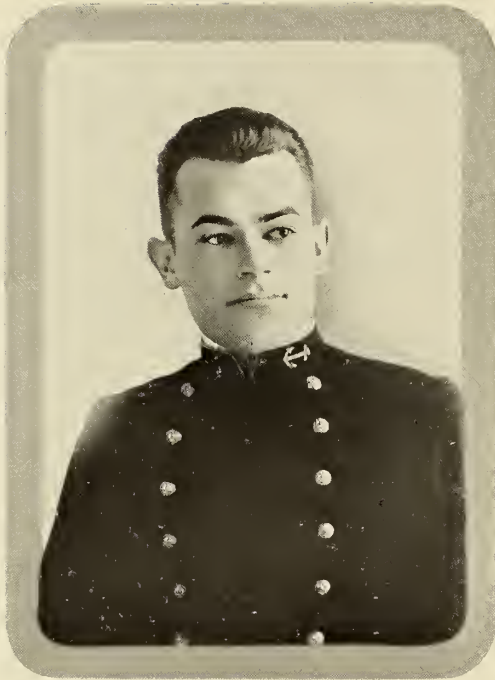
WHEN Tip arrived in Annapolis the "Moke" in "Van's" looked under the table to see if he had yet assumed the responsibilities of long trousers. But that was several years ago, and those who have since known him in the ring, at the Hops, or with the Masqueraders, are not deceived by the youthful inference of his baby-brown eyes and curly hair.

He is the sort of man whose good-fellowship is contagious—whom staid chaperones are calling by his nickname or blasé Englishmen are voting "proper stuff" before they have known him five minutes. Around him there is always an atmosphere of good-fellowship and cheer—a breath from the cornfields and fragrant julep beds of the Sunny South.

The stories of his escapades—from his now famous criticism of art in Westminster Abbey to his adventures with a reigning family of Europe, are too numerous to mention.

"Won't he look just too cute in an ensign's uniform?" And the rest of the boys slink back into the stag line.





## Alexander William Loder

East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania

"Dutch"

*"A pleasant companion is as good a coach."*—SWIFT.

Buzzard

Manager Lacrosse Team (1)

"**O**LD DOCTOR LODE," he knows—

"Now, fellows, let's get together on this—who wants their hat checked and who doesn't? We'll take a vote. Now, when I was in Normal School we got our hats checked. One time we had a dance there and some of us beat it off with the girls in a machine and got "bilged." It certainly had good tires. I know the man that makes them. He's got a brother at Princeton who's a "peach of a guy"—I was visiting him one time and met a girl, whose father—ad infinitum.

Moral.—Don't mention Normal School, Stroudsburg, or one or two other fruitful subjects in his presence.

"Dutch" is a typical Pennsylvania Dutchman, and loves his sauerkraut and cheese. To know him is to like him—he has added his expansive smile and capacity for fun to many a happy first company gathering in the good old days. Not always at the Hops, but when he is, it's with a "queen."

Was proprietor of a successful house party at Hotel Metropole, in London, where he became the first recruit to the far-famed army of "gobboliers." He is manager and a fine player of lacrosse, a game requiring above all else, wind.







## Paul Seymour Theiss

Washington, District of Columbia

"Sleepy Paul"

*"Where am I now? I stand like  
one who has lost his way."*

—HOWARD.

Buzzard     Baseball Numerals  
Basketball Numerals

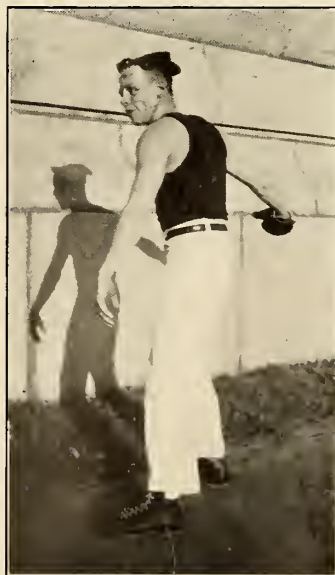
**P**AUL is a character of the class—happy, care-free, and good-natured, ready for anything suggested, whatever it may be. If you woke him up at

2:00 A. M. and said, "Say, Paul, let's go to the North Pole in an airship," it's a "ten to one" bet that he would answer, "All right; wait till I get my shoes on."

Unfortunately, in planning this institution, our uncle in Washington failed to provide for those slight eccentricities that accompany an artistic temperament. As a result, little things like mistaking formation for reveille (while watching said formation from his window), or forgetting to go on duty, have been the bane of Paul's existence. He unfailingly ruins an instructor's nerves by juggling a few pieces of chalk while reciting or by absent-mindedly humming a lullaby while sketching some intricate mechanism.

It is told that while still an insignificant plebe, he acquired a suit of non-"regs" and proudly started back to quarters, never noticing that the blouse bore a marked resemblance to an Admiral's—minus a few stripes and collar device.

He will long be remembered in foreign parts as a prime favorite and backer of that mythical gentleman, Mr. Tom Collins.





William Campbell  
MacCrone

Detroit, Michigan

"Crummy"

*"Thy noble shape is but a form of  
war."*

Buzzard

**M**AC, the incomprehensible, the unfathomable, the irrepressible, the irresistible—the mystery and wonder of the twenty-first century. Even his very walk is a mystery, for

how can a man walk with hard over port helm and a list to starboard, and steer a straight course, without some secret workings of the inner man?

He has a new brand of dare-devil spirit, not the kind that makes its possessor the hero of a hair-raising escapade, but the sort that gets him over the wall at the precise moment when there are no watchmen in sight and the gyrene isn't looking.

But, you say, Crummy wouldn't do that! No, possibly not—in the daytime.

Before the "Lucky Bag" goes to press we hope to have figured out the exact number of times that Mac has frenched; at present we have computed that he has had 1,356Xn dances all to himself.

You had not known he was a fusser, then? Ah, my friend, I pity you, for you are blind. You cannot have seen the beautiful presents! Ah, what you have missed!

Many, many times we have seen Crummy boning Hindu mythology, and many times have we felt that strange mysteriousness, that Confucian solemnity, as we entered his cave. There he works, he works, he works, and as long as there is a 2.5 to get, he will work on faithfully forever.





## Schuyler Mills

Pelham Manor, New York

"Skeeler" "Grandpa"

*"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

**S**CHUYLER is one of the very few whom the four years here, with their ups and downs, have changed not a whit. He has his old unruffled temper, and happy but mildly serious nature—believing in the blue book and its commandments, though

frequently slipping from grace, especially in arriving at breakfast formations.

Older than most of us, and with a taste of university life and other good things of the outside, he has acquired a fatherly and somewhat philosophical manner that makes him a boon companion, whether on a liberty or of an evening before a glowing academy radiator. Moreover, he is well read—from the latest Young's to the oldest masterpiece, whether it be poems of sentiment or unknown history.

Now, all this might lead one to believe that "Grandpa" leads a sedate life—devoid of scandal. Far be it from us to deny it; but many a time, under such excusable conditions as a plebe Xmas Eve, or a Berlin Palais, has he made hundreds of wondering eyes look aghast.

Schuyler sympathizes with plebes—especially the elderly, gray-headed ones—for didn't he daily have to look exceedingly foolish before a crowd of mere children, and tinkle an imaginary bell at his neck, uttering all the while weird cries of "ding-a-ling, Moo! Ding-a-ling, Moo-oo!"





## Edward Orrick McDonnell

Baltimore, Maryland  
"Eddie" "Shrimp"

*"Company, villainous company,  
hath been the spoil of me."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

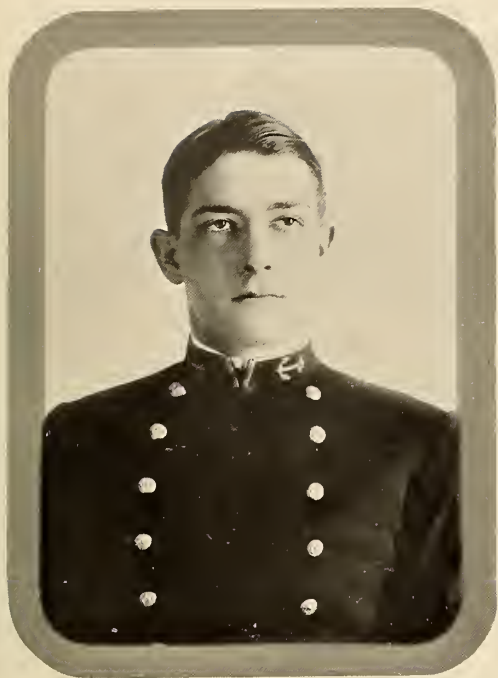
Lacrosse LNT Crew Numerals  
Football Numerals Special  
Weight Boxing Champion (2)

**W**HEN the diminutive being of the Lord's creation entered the Academy people began to wonder if the Navy had opened up an infants' department. The morning before Eddie took his physical exam he consumed three breakfasts in order to

reach the windward side of the weight limit, and having started this, he just had to keep it up—hence the "T. W." Ever since that memorable morning Eddie has had his uniforms lengthened every three months, and now size is the least of his troubles. Eddie has the fortune, or misfortune, of being a product of Maryland, but he has not let that fact interfere, in the least, with his progress. A true savoir, his studies have worried him less than his girls, and the exams much less than the Hops.

The Baltimore *Sun* runs a full column about his achievements on the lacrosse field, and treats him like another "Pride." A game, hot-headed little youngster, he has been in hot water ever since he entered, but is rapidly getting his temper under control and will most probably have it subjugated by his eightieth year. It is no use trying to sell anyone when Eddie is around, for he is always the first to bite—but never admits it. Variable in his humors, particularly his dislikes, Eddie has acquired a few enemies, but it would be hard to find a truer, more steadfast friend once he takes a fancy to you. However, a man is known by his enemies, and Eddie has made a good choice of his.





## Donald Flanner Patterson

New Berne, North Carolina

"Pat" "Noisy"

Buzzard Track N2nd  
Football Numerals  
Hop Committee (1)

**P**AT," or, as he is more popularly called, "Noisy," is strictly and essentially "one of the boys," although we occasionally hear vague rumors of a little girl down in North

Carolina, of whom, some say, he thinks more than he does of an afternoon "at the Club." Those of us who know Noisy real well shake our heads at such a possibility, and well we may, for at no time is he more absolutely care-free, more interesting, more entertaining than when seated in one of our plush-covered "smoke hall" chairs, indulging in a light Havana and airing his sentiments between puffs with well-timed and appropriate emphasis, as only Noisy can.

In spite of the fact that there is nothing more distasteful to him than the prospect of starting with a fast field in a half-mile run, the lure of the track, the comfort of the uniform and the opportunity afforded at the end of the race to inform the spectators, who are fortunate enough to have positions near the tape, of his personal feelings, with a few choice and well-chosen expletives have never failed to call him out to this sport in the Spring. He is a game little man, ready at any time to get away with anything he undertakes, and one whom we should all be glad to number among our few unselfish friends.





## Charles Horatio McMorris

Wetumpka, Alabama

"Soc"

*"Instructed by the antiquary,  
time,  
He must, he is, he cannot be but  
wise."* —SHAKESPEARE.

Buzzard      Star (2)

**T**O quote Socrates himself, "If you want to be good-looking, just git alongside of me and look in the glass!" Like all of his statements, the above is true—but he has lovely curly hair, and *such* expressive eyes!

Those same eyes are of the keen, dissecting type, for "Soc" can see through the most complicated "math prob" almost as quickly as he can pick out a "sho nuff good sweet spud." Would have starred his first two years had it not been for the "Dago" Department and "them damn foreign languages."

When called on to recite in Dago, "Soc's" usually well-ordered brain would begin to describe drunken paraboloids; after he finished, the prof would shrug his shoulders and hastily put down a mark—2.1.

"Soc" is numbered among the most popular tutors and "dope artists" in the class. Very efficient and possessing a perfect brace.

He is strong for the Southland, and "sho would like to settle down on a fahm." If he does stay in the Service, however, it would be worth while to be present when a "near-savoir" tries to explain something to "Soc." For he knows!!!





## William Dudley Taylor

Carrollton, Mississippi

"Bill Dud" "Red" "Mabel"

*"He was a man without hypocrisy and a man without guile."*

Buzzard Expert Rifleman  
Expert Pistol Shot

**B**ONNY blue eyes with a tantalizing twinkle, rosy red wrinkly hair, and a pair of lips that can't stop smiling, "Red"

stands before the glances of an admiring world as one of Mississippi's best products. Judging from a glance at his delicately moulded frame, he does not appear to be an athlete—but yes,—"Red" has been a member of the wrestling squad for two years straight, and can always be seen any Thursday afternoon in the gym reeling gracefully on a soft portion of the mats.

A "fussoid"—well, once second class year, he was very much engaged in saying "good bye, big time, etc.," to a young lady on the rear platform of a W. B. & A. car. Meanwhile the ear left for Baltimore, and in making a hurried landing on College Avenue, Red rubbed several layers of cuticle off his brow onto the pavement. The Capital's next issue came out with "Middy's farewell to sweetheart ends disastrously."

One of his good traits is an abstinence from knocking—and by this, you can appreciate the fact that "Red" is every millimetre a gentleman anyhow, anytime, anywhere.





## Charles William McNair

Camilla, Georgia

"Mac" "Charlie Will"

*"But, as you know me all, a plain,  
blunt man,  
That loves my friend."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

### Baseball Numerals

**P**ERHAPS he just naturally can't help it, but the fact is that our "Charlie Will" seldom or never allows anything—trees or d's—to disturb his serenity. His motto—Rhinoism is the underlying cause of all our troubles. By much hard work (and the coaching of J. P. Bowden) he has beaten along for three years on the deep water side of the 2.5 fathom mark, with a pretty close shave in the squalls of second class Semi-Anns. And even then he was in no real danger, for he had Pop, the class(y) anchor, holding well in the Brown ooze of the Math. Dept. McNoo, no doubt, is much more at home sitting in a quiet little game, or fussing, than at Nav. P-Work, or in the Section room.

He distinguished himself first class cruise by trying to simplify the existing drill regs. for 13" turret, Massachusetts class, thus: (1) Turret, ready, (2) Load, (3) Aim, (4) Turret, (5) Fire!!







## Robert Douglas Moore

Wilmington, Delaware

"Nemo"

*"Born with as much nobility as  
would,  
Divided, serve to make ten noble-  
men."* —SHIRLEY.

Buzzard Lacrosse Squad

**T**HUD, thud, thud! A gumshoe step is heard around the corner. A forehead, a nose, and a pompadour appear in stately procession; followed presently by Nemo. Bowed under the weight of nations, ever mindful of the responsibilities of his position, brooding over the cares of the future, Nemo lets fall a remark which we strain our ears to catch—"If corn has husks, why is a pickle?"

He is one of the few survivors of the original first company, and has kept an impromptu log of the successive disappearances of the old bunch.

Although he rhinos frequently at times, he is the best of boon companions, and a most efficient gloom dispeller.

"It's a good joke on  
——. Ha, ha!"

"A Hebrew dancing for a  
pork chop."





## James Campbell Monfort

Lebanon, Ohio

"Monty"

*"You may have known that I'm no wordy man."*—OTWAY.

Sharpshooter    Crew Numerals  
Lucky Bag Staff

**Y**OU'RE in the Navy now,  
You're not behind the plow!"

Yes, gentle reader, here is a man who came all the way from the glorious State of Ohio with the determination of making himself a Naval Officer. That isn't much, you will say. Perhaps not, unless you stick to it four years, and then it is far enough out of the ordinary to make a man famous in these parts.

Monty has a determination and liking for hard work that makes most of us ashamed of ourselves; he may be slow at times, but, like the Tortoise, he always gets there. Never does anything in a half-hearted fashion—ask him to do some "Lucky Bag" work, and you don't have to worry any more about its getting done. Monty doesn't say much, but—





## George Lynn Woodruff

Miller, South Dakota

“King” “Chink”

*“The king doth keep his revels  
here to-night.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Expert Rifleman

**L**EAD forth the royal green  
dragon of China!  
Thud, *Crash*—**BANG!**\*\*!  
(And Jocko hit the deck!)

Such is the advent of the most  
gracious member of the Imperial  
Royal Family; woe to all who bow  
not down before him with most

humble expression. “Know you not, Sir, that the flat-iron is arriving,—sailing  
on a starched shirt, my dear Sir!”

Every one has a great deal of sympathy for a man who has to be in this  
exalted and somewhat embarrassing position, and it would take more grit than  
any one of us has, I am thinking, to be saluted in this fashion every day of his  
life and still keep his temper.

Just because some men happen to have a little originality about them, it  
seems that they must become the object of everybody’s gossip; Woodruff has  
his own individuality, and we must say that is more than a great many people  
have.

We’ve seen Chink in more places than one, both here, on the cruise, and  
abroad, and we’ve seen what he has to back up against at times—here’s credit  
to a man to whom credit  
will be given at the final  
reckoning; Chink has  
worked hard, he has put  
his whole mind on his work  
and stuck to it. These are  
the sort of people who get  
along in this world.

“You think you’re  
funny, don’t you?”





## Edwin Phillips Nickinson

Middletown, New York

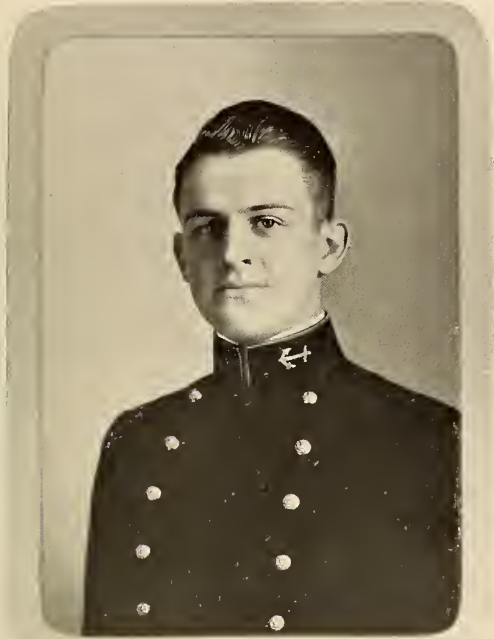
"Nick"

*"Manner is all in all, whate'er is  
wit,  
The substitute of genius, sense,  
and wit." —COWPER.*

Two Stripes    Track Numerals

**A** DASHING youth from up-state in old N. Y., y'know, with a cataract of glistening hair that puts Niagara out of the running. Tall, lithe and alert, he is a conspicuous figure anywhere, and it is nothing new to hear one queen murmur to another: "Do look at that handsome fellow! Who is he?" "Why, don't you know? Mr. Nickinson, of course!" But it is not merely a question of looks with Nick; he's right there with the goods all the time. Went on the cruise with the avowed intention of getting stripes, and landed battalion adjutant in a fair and square manner. Has held the position with credit ever since. Is extremely solid with his friends, and troubles himself little about outsiders. Is reliable, conscientious, and a hard worker, and has, moreover, a plentiful share of "get there" spirit to him. Without being the eighth wonder of the world for brilliancy, or anything like that, stands very well in the class with apparently slight effort. Is a trifle light for any of the heavier forms of athletics, but has done some fine work in the pole-vaulting way, and is one of the few possessors of the green numerals. Has a pink N to his credit, too, as he is a fusser of no mean rank. In Teddy Nickinson the Service will get a man with the necessary snap and drive to make good.





## Ralph Strafford Wentworth

Brockton, Massachusetts

"Lil"

"Pickles"

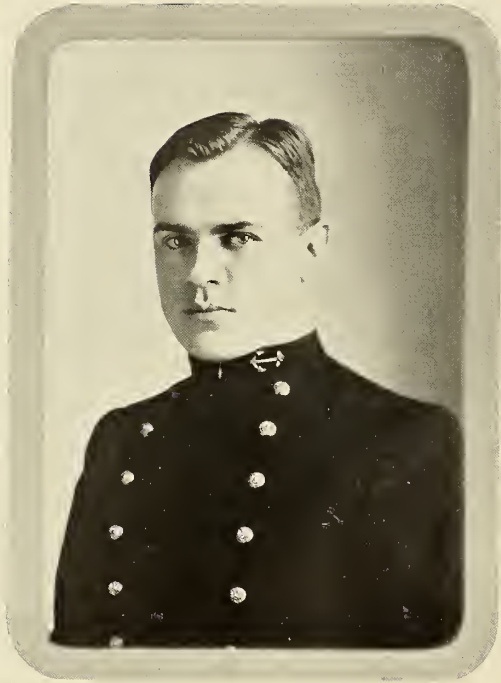
*"His words so oily, smooth, and winning were."*—CHALKHILL.

Two Stripes    Crew N2nd  
Football Numerals

A DIRECT descendant of the great Strafford himself, with nine generations of Puritan ancestors bridging the intervening gap, "Lil" is not a whit behind any of them for firmness and skill in the execution of his purposes. Came into the Academy with the

idea of making a record, and of preserving certain principles intact, and despite strenuous opposition he has done both. Rough-necks are as nothing to him: he tramples them down as readily as ever his famous forefather bowled over the ranks of the Roundheads. Is the inconsolable counterpart of his former wife Nick; throughout first class year both were adjutants and both roomed alone. Has trod the straight and level way ever since entry, with the possible exception of a slight deviation in Berlin: and even for this we are entirely dependent on certain facetious informants, whose own views of the case may have been a trifle muddled, and whose remarks must accordingly be accepted with numerous grains of salt. Is a tall, handsome devil, with wavy brown hair and limpid brown eyes, that make him a universal object of attraction to the fairer sex. Has done excellent work with the oars, and was a member of the memorable second crew that rowed in the American Henley. Add that he played class football for a couple of years, and the catalog of his virtues is complete. Wentworth is a challenge to the world—and he is a hard man to beat.





Wentworth Harrington  
Osgood

Columbus, Ohio

"Billiken"

"Ossy"

*"From the crown of his head to the  
sole of his foot he is all mirth."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Buzzard      Football Numerals  
Basketball Numerals  
Sabre Champion (2)

**A**ROUND, baby-faced youth, from the central part of the "Buckeye" State. His jovial countenance and cherub-like form gave him the name "Billiken." Spends most of his earnings for stamps and his time in writing letters. Is a strong advocate of simplified spelling and the Ensign Bill. Brought down the wrath of the Berlin society by demanding "Milch und erdberren" (milk and strawberries), in place of the national beverage and schweitzer. Has a predilection for pretty girls, and can be heard any old time, "Hey, bo! How is it to drag for me next Saturday?" Is deeply attached to his innumerable pipes. A happy-go-lucky, irresponsible child, not entirely averse to roughhousing, with a big heart and a true one.

"Chapel—C-H-A-P-L-E!"





## Roy Harrington Wakeman

Wathena, Kansas

“Cy”      “Rube”      “Simp”

*“Here’s a large mouth indeed,  
Talks as familiarly of roaring  
lions  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy  
dogs.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Football N\* Baseball N

**C**Y is a big, husky, rip-snorting farmer with such an expressive walk that you can almost see the plough. A heavy fusser who sometimes bricks the boys. For years Simp has been the butt of training-table jokes and has been noticeably unfortunate in his attempted retaliation. Above all, he is a good-natured, simple, non-greasy man.

He has always been a hard worker in studies, football, and baseball. Plebe year he had trouble locating the plate, but last year became a cactus plant—even the Gray legs couldn’t touch him. More than made good on the gridiron this year.

Rube likes to listen to his own hot air about as well as that of anyone else. He would rather argue than eat. Will spiel on Chaucer or Kipling as long as you’ll let him.

An intimate friend of John Jameson.

“Hey, fellers!”

“Well, I know, but——”

“Well, you see it’s this way——”





## Ernest Milton Pace

Calvert, Texas

"Red" "Pink Whiskers"

*"Your mind is tossing on the ocean."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Buzzard

Star (2) Football Numerals  
Baseball Numerals. Track  
Numerals. Lucky Bag Staff

"WELL, you know, down home they had a ball field with a big fence around it, and in this fence was a knot-

hole. Someone painted a sign around the hole, like this—'\$5.00 to put a ball through here.' Now, the first game, a fellow hit a line drive that went right through the knothole!" Yes, in the stirring days when Red Pace and Tris Speaker used to play ball together in the Texas league there used to be some excitement. Red will tell you a hundred more tales like this if you'll let him.

Like the juggler who said he could juggle seventeen rings at once if he only had the rings, Pace could have had stripes if he had wanted them. Too much expense and too much bother, he says.

You've often heard of men who would rather argue than eat: here's one who would rather argue with the prof. all day long than take a good mark. Strange? Yes, very strange indeed (for the prof.), when the latter comes to look up the problem and find out that Pace was right all the time.

Out driving on leave, he let the reins go and drove a full-sized buggy into the ditch. To this day he won't admit that there was anybody else with him! (We have some more dope, but we can't tell it here.)

"Oh, you're crazy!"

"Well, doggone it!"







## Harold Eugene Saunders

Detroit, Michigan

"Savvy", "Childe Harolde"

*"Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us,  
Footprints on the sands of time."*

—LONGFELLOW.

Five Stripes. Star (432)  
Expert Rifleman. Expert Pistol  
Shot. Rifle Team (4321)  
Captain (1)  
Brown N. Yellow RNT  
Editor-in-chief Lucky Bag  
Class Crest Committee  
Manager Masqueraders (21)  
Business Manager Reef Points

**H**ERE we present our Admirable Crichton, at once our pride, our envy, and our despair. *Savoir*, rifle-shot, fusser—

he writes a theme for the English Department with the same felicity that he builds a steam turbine, he shoots well above the average on a place-winning team at Camp Perry, with the same easy grace that he leads—well, we shall not say whom—through the mazes of the "Saunders' drop," he takes up the literary labor of the Lucky Bag just as blithely as he teaches a skinny prob. to some officer just in from the fleet, he—but why go on?

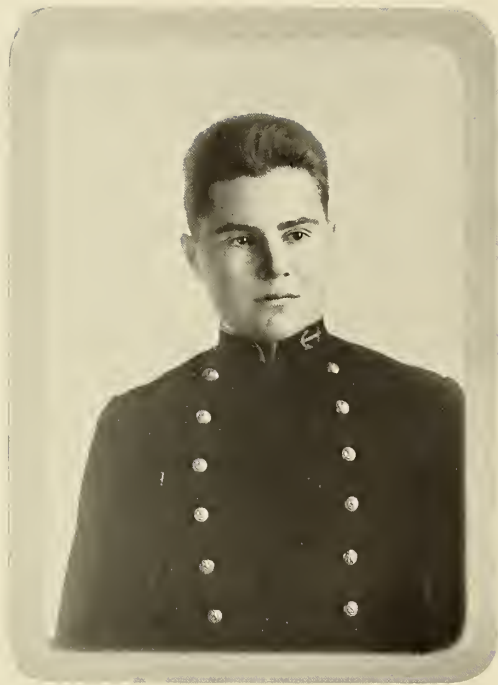
Did you ever draw the same subject in recitation as Savvy? No? You have missed one of the poignant sorrows of a naval career. When he finishes his spiel, the last word has been said. His chosen subject is nothing but the shrunken skin of a sucked orange. And your spiel? It looks like a last year's bird's nest.

But, seriously, he is one of the best-balanced men we have, and in spite of an undoubted ability, he has no egoism and no eccentricities, unless we mention an inordinate liking for bread and sugar. His is such a rare combination that at times it seems uneanny, but we, who have caught him in his play time, know him as "Childe Harolde."

"Say, I am the first girl you ever loved!"

"Oh, Bughouse!"





## Horatio Jose Peirce

Cambridge, Massachusetts

"Horatio" "Hose"

*"Fling away ambition;  
By that sin fell the angels."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

HE can speak the German, Polish, Russian, Greek, Hebrew and Scandinavian languages, and was the Pride of the Foreign Legion before that historic conglomeration went the way of all flesh. But did that go to his head? Not a bit of it. He was still the same self-contained cosmopolitan, the same obliging friend; always ready to do anything for anybody, even if it were only to go around and look at Hervey Ward's picture in order to raise that youth to a fine frenzy. How Horatio roomed with Grady Whitehead for two years and did not lose either his equanimity or his reason will always remain one of the mysteries of the sea, unless the adaptability of his cosmopolitan upbringing be considered sufficient cause.

Anyone who could live successfully with Ozark Reagan, Grady Whitehead and Canary Willis without having his sweet disposition spoiled must be pretty much of a man, and this is what Peirce has done. The best evidence of the regard in which the fellows hold him is that although he has a Boston accent, he is never reproached for it.





## Warren Jennison Willis

Jonesville, Minnesota

"Canary"

*"Describe him who can."*—GOLD-  
SMITH.

Lacrosse Numerals

**A** RARE bird building his nest in the Fourth Dimension, and having a talent for digging up unwarranted worms of wisdom. Note him carefully at the hops or on a stroll—for there's a harmony in his comings and goings, every movement synchronizes. He wears a perpetual smile that reflects the eternal good-nature within.

In the good old days of the first company, he became a right royal member and performed prodigies—chief among which was the rolling of "Bull-skags" whose graceful proportions excited the envy of all.

Has always made it a point to answer all the "Get lots of mail" advertisements, so that he might without fail have some unpronounceable name to spring on the boys.

Of late, under George's baneful influence, he has become a fusser of parts, winning the hearts of all save Lady Alice, who by nature was unresponsive.

We like him for many reasons, but chiefly because he is a "Canary."

"Now, Canary, don't put the lighted end in your mouth."





## Benjamin Perlman

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania

"Benny"

*"The mind will in its worst despair,  
Still ponder o'er the past,  
On moments of delight that were  
Too beautiful to last."*

—BALFE.

IN his search for "dope" on this quiet, unobtrusive man, the writer called to mind with the idea of striking a similarity to the Sphinx. But on deeper study, it develops that his reluctance to smile is due to the fact that his mirth resembles in sound the extracting of a nail from a dry pine board. But don't for one instant think that he restrains his laughter out of regard for his friends. No, he realizes that such riotous conduct would greatly assail his pose of statuesque calm and unruffled dignity. In athletics even, there is no unbending—hence he wears no letter or numerals to show for his faithful work.

There are some rumors of Berlin telling of caution thrown to the winds; but we will not let any will-o'-the-wisp mar the picture we hold of him—the man of cold, impressive dignity.





## Louis Peter Wenzell

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania

"Louie" "Dutch"

Three Stripes. Basketball N.  
Football Numerals. Baseball  
Numerals.  
Captain Basketball Team (1)  
Manager Rifle Team (1)  
Masqueraders (4)  
Farewell Ball Committee (2)

THE "Dutchman" entered when a little over the age limit and honestly registered that fact; he would have been a 1911 man had it not been for a clerical error in the Department at Washington. He made the basketball team pebe year, helped to raise the team to a mighty high all-Southern standard, became a star at it, and now basketball and his team are his hobbies. He is particularly good at knocking when rhino—wondering "why they don't do things a little differently, *this* way, for instance." For three years he has been a star comedian, using any section room or Duke's boudoir for a stage, and he has made Dangerous Dan famous. In October he always has a hard time reducing weight, and he invariably adds several new chapters for our edification to the biographies of Sully and Smitty. Lou is liked by everyone, and certainly possesses a fine sense of humor. He may turn out to be a family man.

"Now, when you get on board ship——"  
"A-a-a-ah, Villber!" "A-a-a-ah, Ventzell!"  
"Why doand you get acqu'vainted?"





## Baylis Frank Poe

Greenville, South Carolina

*" 'Tis well for us to imitate,  
The virtues of the wise and great."*

—ANON.

Buzzard

A SERIOUS minded fellow from the state where everybody believes that what the governor of North Carolina says to the governor of South Carolina is just about right. Has an accomplished method of rhinoing that would surprise even old Shoffenhauer himself. Bones by spells, at other times distinguishes himself by flights of imagination about the daily lesson on which the prof. generally gives him a good mark for his ingenuity.

But as for fussing,—the art seems to be deep-rooted, and his idea of queens is of the best.

Did London and Berlin at a pace that caused the natives to wake up in time to see his trail of dust. However, one cannot expect a man from North Carolina to know that it's customary to register at the hotel when intending to stay awhile.





## Richard Swearingin Robertson

Corpus Christi, Texas

"Liz" "Dick"

*"What cracker is this same, that  
deafs our ears  
With this abundance of superflu-  
ous breath?"*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Buzzard

**A** GOOD-HEARTED, cheerful lad who has been handicapped by poor eyes during the entire course. Never touge himself, he can put up with it in others. One of the boys only when it comes to studies. Liz seems to exude the very spirit of cheerfulness, but don't let him hang anything on you, for he never forgets.

He scintillates on Froggy's tennis squad—every Thursday.

Liz is a frequent attendant at the hops, but has never been known to drag. He prefers the petite and young, under fifteen if possible.

Often lives up to his middle name.

Robertson's chief fault is talking too much. He simply can't resist telling everyone how much better they do things in Texas.

"Corpus Christi forever!"





## John K. Richards

Cincinnati, Ohio

"Fat" "Jack"

*"My thoughts, like birds, who,  
frightened from their nest,  
Around the place where all was  
hushed before,  
Flutter and hardly nestle any  
more."*

—OTWAY.

**Y**"OUNG" Richards, a charter member of the class baby-roll and "Walley" Vernon's awkward squad, through the hand of Providence, has been preserved to our class.

At present, he holds the Academy record for number of demerits received, up to first class year, and during this year has actually stopped listening when "Mammy" reads out the ree-ports.

Jack entered the "Navy Castle" with the Class of 1911, but collected so many demerits his first plebe year, that, after counting up some 800 odd black marks, the authorities accepted his resignation and breathed a sigh of relief. But "Fat" was bound to be an Admiral, and hustled back with our class the following year, and has been sticking around ever since.

Studies have always been to Fat like some of the folks we met in Berlin—you can get them by merely looking at them! A look at his bookshelves would lead one to believe that the only time he ever pulled out a text-book was to put a new novel in its place. A good novel, a bull skag, and a table on which to put his feet, and "Richards" is satisfied with himself and life.

His attempt at a brace has been the despair of the class and the officers also—as shown by a birdless sleeve; but Jack fooled 'em all first class year by having his appendix removed, thereby having a permanent and satisfactory excuse.







## John Wilbur

Springfield, Massachusetts

"Gus" "Jawn"

*"His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Four Stripes. Masqueraders  
(4, 3). Choir (432)  
Cheer Leader (1)

TEN side—boys, full guard and the band playing, "Angel Eyes"—for here is little "Gussie" Wilbur, the whitest, best liked man in the class and in the Academy! Pretty strong language to use on an ordinary midshipman—you say—but his manner, his "I'm mighty glad to see you" smile, added to his wise old head containing 40 per cent. brains, 40 per cent. Navy wit, and 20 per cent. good humor keeps him in strong everywhere.

During these earlier days, "Gussie" entranced the eyes and ears of U. S. N. A. theatergoers by his graceful and masterful interpretations of the fairer sex in the various Masquerader performances—not to mention holding down the "skey" tenor in the class quartette.

With the big stripes, he developed a sirenesse baritone voice, and can certainly handle the Second Battalion when Allen Buchanan hands over the wheel—and how he do enjoy it!!!

Here's to Gussie—happy, fun-loving, manly little 18-kt. prince and always Gussie.  
"Ah-h-h-h!"

"Say something, Whiting, say something."





## Albert Charles Roberts

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"Algy" "Hydrophobia" "Cyclone"

*"Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but  
the wind."*

—BYRON.

*"Whose every look and gesture  
was a joke."*

—BLAIR.

Buzzard

**T**HIS were a man that Dickens would joy in describing, and only a Dickens could do him justice. A swash-buckling buccaneer with a dash of

the cowboy, to which have been added the instincts of a diplomat, the ambition of a politician, and the tastes of a pampered son of millions—all thoroughly mixed, and bottled in that gay, fast city, Philadelphia.

This is Roberts, our own Algernon Chesterfield—not to mention other more intimate cognomen.

"Cy" (nothing like having a repertoire of names) is master of the situation anywhere, whether it be on the quarter-deck showing bucolic visitors how the torpedoes are shot up the wardroom ventilator, or the section room where he accomplishes the impossible task of agreeing with a prof. before the latter has dislodged the word from his throat. Occasionally Cy fails in this task, but—that is another story. Have you never seen the profound bow, and graceful sweep of the arm, and the sweetly dignified words, "And I, sir, am Roberts of Philadelphia." One can almost see the plumed hat, the long cloak, and the graceful usages of an age long past.

"Now, bel-i-e-e-ve me, I ain't takin' no chances under the present re-e-gime. You're down for a chance!"

"Fellows, it was lacrosse versus cigarettes. Lacrosse won."





## Randolph Jackson Weeks

Trinity, North Carolina

"Sleepy" "Slumbering" "R. J."

*"He thinks too much; such men  
are dangerous."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

**A** LONG, lanky, languorous native of the Sunny South, who seems to have absorbed a great deal of the *"dolce far niente"* spirit of the dear Tucson. Has about him an air of calm dignity, which, along with his ability as a hot-air merchant, has bluffed many a prof. Speaks Spanish like a native, and in the English Department he is a star.

A man of sterling integrity and steadfastness, Sleepy is sure to make good wherever he goes. A slave to "my Lady Nicotine" from his plebe days, he has always been willing to respond to the slogan of the old 8th Company:

"Come on, bo'; les' ketch one."





## Edgar Allyn Russell

Lincoln, Nebraska

"Tubby"

*"You were wont to feast full often."*—WALLER.

Three Stripes      Sharpshooter  
Gymnasium GNT

**T**HIS healthy specimen came East from "Red Dog," and has been coming along ever since. Immediately upon his arrival, he took much interest in gym work and in putting away government grub—but, contrary to all rules of nature, he made his

GNT, although possessed of more embonpoint than any one man on the team. "Tubby" has always had the strength of his convictions, and no amount of bull-dozing, even from his best friends, can make him change his mind, if once he believes he's right. This trait has been a wonderful aid (sometimes!) in his studies—usually, the bewildered professor will give him a fat mark just to escape an argument. This same convincing manner procured for its owner the possession of three stripes of First Class Cruise, notwithstanding the fact his Nav book had a daily error of not less than 10 miles (nautical).

For four long years he has acted as a gyro gear for "Skinny" Wick, and has steadied that bird's erratic course to a great extent. Like most humans, he is not above rhinoing, and when his goat finally does appear, it is generally for a prolonged stay.

Always falls for a pretty face that flits around the Yard, but when interviewed privately, will confess that the "real noise" has been praying for the Ensign Bill to pass for the last five years. As she lives on the West Coast, we will wish "Tubby" the best article of luck as one of "brightest young officers" in the Pacific Fleet.





## Homer Chapin Wick

Cleveland, Ohio

"Pick" "Skinny" "Wickie"

*"Get place and wealth, if possible,  
with grace,  
If not, by any means get wealth  
and place."* —POPE.

Two Stripes Baseball Numerals  
Football Numerals Basketball  
Numerals Choir (4321)  
Masqueraders (4321)  
Class Crest Committee  
Christmas Card Committee  
Class Ring Committee  
Lucky Bag Staff

**G**IRLS, you have all read your favorite book and dreamt of the fine, handsome young fellow who was the hero of it. You've wished way down in your hearts that you could have a chance to see a man like that—to have him to l— Well, here you are! Homer Wick, a real, live hero, and a handsome one, you'll grant me.

But you must not think for one minute that he could be your hero, and yours alone. Alas! my dear friends, he holds the strings to a hundred hearts, all as eager as your own. He may be taking you to a hop, or he may be taking some one else—you're not sure. Neither is he, nor does he care, as long as he takes *some* girl.

Yes, he is grafting on you, just as he has grafted on everything else here, from the sick list and choir up to the Masqueraders. He'd sit up all night thinking up a graft whereby he could get out of reveille inspection.

He is charming, Homer is; men like him were put on earth to fuss girls and give them something to rave about. "Wickie—Wickie, dear!" Ah, what in life is there to compare with those sweet words?





## Roscoe Ernest Schuirmann

Chenoa, Illinois

"Pinky"

*"He mouths a sentence as curs  
mouth a bone."*

Buzzard

**I** WANT to see Pinkey. What do you suppose I came to Annapolis for? Doesn't Pinkey ever go to the Hops?"

And repeatedly we have to tell the fair one "No!"—that Pinkey

has never spoken to a girl at the Academy except once—maybe twice—when made to by brute force. Oh, yes; and once when the German Midshipmen were here he had to take them to a tea at the "Court of St. John." But on the cruises it's a different story. Three letters a week from his Irish "Nelly!" And he blushes when you speak of his flirtation in a Marseilles cafe with a French Admiral's wife. Apparently his attentions were ignored; for a few hours later he nearly broke up a bull fight by crying.

No party is quite complete without "Pinkey," for who could give such a speech on temperance and give it at just the crucial moment? And who knows better than he the latest newspaper scandal, or any other "dope"—so long as it isn't studies? These he spurns, although every Sunday he makes resolutions to start boning and "stand under a hundred." But Monday morning, five minutes before recitation, it's the same old story—"Say, Savvy, what's the lesson?"

"I'll call you. Whatchagot?"





## Shirley Atwood Wilson

Manchester, New Hampshire

"Shirley"

*"He can, I know, but doubt to think he will."*—MILTON.

One Stripe      Star (432)  
 Lacrosse Numerals      Chair-  
 man Class Ring Committee  
 Chairman Christmas Card  
 Committee      Class Crest Com-  
 mittee      Lucky Bag Staff

**I**S this a midshipman? Yes, my child, I think it is. Why does this midshipman look so studious? Because he has to supply all the brains for the first company.

And why does he have to do that? Because the first company hasn't any.

And why does he look so sad? Because he can't let the Christmas card girl wear his overcoat any longer!

And is he a real man, too? Yes, my child; he is a business man, a lazy man, a savvy man, and altogether a very curious man. He is the poor man we read about, who must sit up forty-seven nights and spend seventy days in the smoking room before he can inherit his grand estates.

The man, you remember, who stayed in his house most of the time and read books. And when the people of the city wanted anything done, they came to this wise man and he did it for them. He was a very good man, my child, for they could always depend upon him, and he worked on for years and years without grumbling. Yes, it is grand to be a man like that!

"Well, now, I oughtn't look serious; I haven't a care in the world!"





## Warren Allen Shaw

Bar Harbor, Maine

"Bah Hahbah"

"Shad"

*"And let men so conduct themselves in life,  
As to be always strangers to defeat."  
—YOUNG.*

Buzzard      Football N2nd  
Baseball Numerals      Light-  
weight Boxing Champion (4)  
Welterweight (3)

**A** LITTLE tangle of muscle and grit, Shaw is given plenty of gangway even through the biggest crowd.

Best known as captain and quarter-back of the Hustlers for the last two years, and in that position gained the admiration and respect of the Varsity and the Brigade. Was picked to wear an N after the last Army game, but luck broke against him. In boxing, there is a different story. "Shad" is the right change when it comes to putting the boys to sleep, and *never* fights unless the man is a head taller and twenty pounds heavier than himself.

Without a peer as a consistent "bone artist," and although he complains of low marks, always manages to stand high enough to squeeze out of exams. Roomed four years with B. Magoffin Thompson — that's why the Shad claims good looks!

If Bah Hahbah ever puts up his dukes and sticks out his jaw at you, it's time to fleet aft, for he means business and business is always rushing with him!

"Hi! Assistant! W-w-w-what's the uniform!"







## Beriah Magoffin Thompson

Cheyenne, Wyoming

"Tommy"

"Boriah"

*"Great brains (like lightest glass)  
crack straight, while those  
Of stone or wood hold out and fear  
not blow."* —EARLE.

Buzzard                  Sharpshooter  
Lacrosse Squad

**P**RIDE of the Prairies—sixteen hands high, sound as a plugged dollar, and possessed of smooth but massive features, "Tommy" stands ready to floor anybody—if his good looks do not register a knock-out, then one of his satirical jokes is all that is needed to finish things.

At a casual glance "Boriah" would appear to be a fair example of a full-blooded "gloom," but just as you were making up your mind to go over and kick him in the — to wake him up, he would open his ruby lips and enunciate, "If a rattlesnake sheds once a month, how often does the gun-shed?" or something equally as bad.

Loves to argue—when the other person won't say anything contrary to his ideas, "and if he do," why, Tommy just sails in and beats him at his own game.

At athletics he performs with his customary nonchalant grace and dexterity—watch him some time.

While Tommy was in the old eleventh company he spent most of the time going to recitations in arguing with Scofield as to who was the biggest bonehead, and has never entirely recovered from the shock caused by the news that "Sco" had annexed one stripe on First Class Cruise.

On the slightest provocation he will shift into "cits" to make an especially big liberty—"just because it feels better, and *not* because he ain't stuck on de outfit."





## Abraham Cuyler TenEyck

Albany, New York

"Tyke"

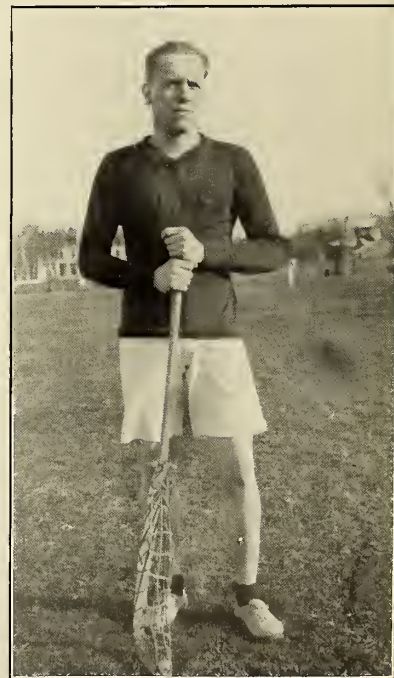
*"To-morrow do thy worst, for I  
have lived to-day."*—DRYDEN.

Buzzard Lacrosse LNT  
Manager of Basketball Team (1)

"**A**BE, T'Eyck, Coach, Dutch, Cuy, Rheinhardt"—these are but a few of the appellations that this sturdy son of Albany has carried with him during his career at the Academy. Few have been more famed.

This one-jawed descendant of old one-legged "Pete" Stuyvesant has been thumping around and kicking as did the old gent in Amsterdam, except that his particular enemy has been the Academic Departments. Ever since the time that Cuyler divided 1,000 by 10 and did it by long division, the ghosts have been after him; unless we are mistaken they are haunting him still.

The state of his internal affairs not even the Secret Service Department of the "Lucky Bag" could find out. It is thought that there is a girl in New York State—nobody knows, but she can well be proud of her "Tyke."





## Josiah Gillespie Venter

Albany, New York

"Josh"

*"He wears the marks of many  
years well spent,  
Of virtue well tried."*

Buzzard

**A** DREAMY - EYED, dark-haired cavalier, with a winning smile, who looks as though he had jumped out of a Van Dyke canvas into everyday life, and didn't know quite what to make of it. Is quiet and reserved, and seeks to know only a

very few in the class. Has a variation of the Boston all his own, and seldom misses a chance to drag. Is an all-round fusser, and seems to be irresistible with the girls. If his efforts were unconfined it is only fair to believe that there would be many broken hearts. But fortunately for the general welfare his attentions have been more or less concentrated during the past two years. It looks like a clear ease of Coast Artillery for him. Does not care much for academic subjects, and gives little attention to boning. Is possessed of an artistic temperament, and prefers books to ballistics and music to mechanisms. Spends a large part of his time on that sort of thing, and accordingly stands rather low on the ladder. Was celebrated on all three cruises for the unfailing regularity of his trips to the rail in heavy weather. Gained honorable mention second class year by his able exposition of the manner in which horses eat oranges. Get him to tell you about it some time. Taken all in all, "Josh" is the most kindly and amiable man in the class. If he stays with us, we feel sure that he will make good: if he leaves us, our best wishes go with him.





## William Calvin Waddell

Peoria, Illinois

"Rube"

"Shorty"

*"Thou sparkling bowl! Thou  
sparkling bowl!*

*I will not touch thee, for there  
clings*

*A serpent to thy side that stings."*

—PIERPONT.

Buzzard Gymnasium GNT

**T**HE little midshipman—there were several sections of him left out when he was put together, and no one has been able to find them since. Leader of "de gang" back in his native burg, and a rough-houser of the most furious type. Still retains enough

of his old-time bravado and sufficient punch to lick any man three times his size.

Not finding a "gang" to lead at Uncle Sam's Finishing School for Young Men, Shorty has discontinued the use of his punch, but his bravado bluffs on forever. Always ready to take part in any sort of a smash-up, always there to bump into you when you're coming around the corner, and always ready to knock your cap down four flights of stairs—that's Rube.

Takes advantage of the fact that he isn't very big, and manages to keep on the lee side of the femme he is fussing. This accounts for the fact that he has dragged to every Hop the last three years and nobody knows it. And—and—Sh-h! The same young lady! Who would have thought it? *Some* distraction, you would say. Yes, but Shorty has brains enough and then some to carry him along. No one ever has to worry about his troubles—he minds his own business and does it well.

Blessings on thee, little man!





# “UNACCOUNTED FOR”

ALLISON, JOSEPH WEBSTER.....“Jo” .....	Texas
AMIDON, FRED TYLER.....	Massachusetts
ARD, LIGON BRIGGS.....	Alabama
ARONSTAM, LOUIS.....“Louie” .....	New York
BLACK, LEON HENRY.....“Pinkie” .....	New York
CAMPBELL, WILLIAM ENGLISH.....“Heck” .....	South Carolina
CARSON, ROY.....“Ducky” .....	Michigan
COHEN, CARL LEWIS.....“Dutch” .....	Georgia
COWLES, FRANCIS WALTER.....	—
CROKER, EDWARD FRANKLIN, Jr.....“Dick” .....	New York
DANIEL, LUCIEN HAWTHORNE.....“Dan” .....	Nebraska
DAWSON, HENRY BARTON.....“Red” .....	New York
DICK, HASELL HUTCHISON.....“Jerry” .....	South Carolina
DICKINS, RANDOLPH.....“Dick” .....	Missouri
DILL, JAMES ARCHIE.....“Pickle” .....	Maine
DOWNES, OLIVER LEE.....“Pug” .....	Delaware
DOXEY, WILLIAM PENNINGTON.....	Arkansas
DUNN, ARTHUR WALLACE.....“Wadgy” .....	Washington, D. C.
EBERLE, EDWARD RANDOLPH.....	Washington, D. C.
FALLIGANT, LOUIS ALEXANDER.....“Plug” .....	Georgia
GAY, BYRON S.....“B. S.” .....	Pennsylvania
GENTRY, ROY IRWIN.....“Boss” .....	Kansas
GIBBS, TUCKER CARRINGTON.....“Tucker” .....	Florida
GILL, EDWARD DWIGHT.....“Tubby” ..	Kansas



# LUCKY BAG

GRAY, JOHN ALEXANDER.....	"Jack"	Maryland
GRAY, LLOYD ROBERT.....	"Mouse"	California
GRAYSON, ROBERT HOUSTON.....	"Bobby"	Alabama
GRUBE, FREDERICK WILLIAM.....	"Dutch"	Wisconsin
HENRY, PERCY CHANDLER.....	"Percy"	Arkansas
HINTZE, KARL ERHARD.....	"Karl"	California
HOLTZENDORFF, JOHN DILWORTH.....	"Baron"	Georgia
HUDSON, MICHAEL.....	"Mike"	North Carolina
HURLBERT, WILLIAM GRISWOLD.....	"Goose"	Ohio
INGRAHAM, CHARLES NELSON.....	"Jonas"	Ohio
JOHNSON, DAVID WILLIAM.....		Iowa
KEMP, THREEET ISAAC.....	"Denis"	Texas
LEAHY, EARL FRANK.....	"Jocko"	Wisconsin
LEE, JEROME ADDISON.....	"Jakey"	Minnesota
LOTT, JAMES MOORE.....	"Howson"	Georgia
MCDONALD, HARRY JAMES.....	"Mac"	Kentucky
McILVAINE, HENRY CLAY, Jr.....	"Mc"—"Harry"	Pennsylvania
MacLACHLAN, HAROLD DOUGLAS.....	"Mac"	New Jersey
MARMION, PAUL CHOUTEAU.....	"Simple Paul"	Washington, D. C.
MAURY, ROBERT HENRY.....	"Jingle"	Virginia
MEYER, ERNEST JOHN.....	"Ernie"	Nebraska
MILLER, HENRY GEORGE.....	"Heine"	Illinois
OAKLEY, GRADY POINDEXTER.....	"Moke"	Alabama
PALMER, JOHN RAY.....	"Jack"	Missouri
PENDLETON, ARVID.....	"Ah Vid"	New York
PEYTON, THOMAS GREEN.....	"Tom"	Virginia
PFUFF, ROY.....	"Dutch"	Oklahoma



PIERCE, HAROLD CLIFTON....."Beans" ..... Massachusetts  
PRINCE, JOHN COLEMAN....."Jack" ..... Connecticut  
PRYOR, JOHN PORTER....."Jack" ..... Texas  
QUINN, MURTHA PHILIP....."Murt" ..... Pennsylvania  
REAGAN, FANCHER DARNELL....."Ozark" ..... Arkansas  
REEVES, JEROME TYDA..... North Carolina  
REGAN, FRANCIS PATRICK....."Pat" ..... Wisconsin  
REILLY, LOUIS JAMES....."Mike" ..... Connecticut  
RENNER, ROBERT SAMUEL....."Bobby" ..... New York  
REYNAUD, CLAUDE FARROT....."Monk" ..... Louisiana  
ROBERTS, SEACORD....."Hungry" ..... Illinois  
ROSEBOROUGH, ROBERT GARROT....."Rosie" ..... Mississippi  
RUSSELL, WILLIAM JENNINGS..... Pennsylvania  
SANFORD, ROBERT....."Sandy" ..... Connecticut  
SAVAGE, MORTON LaVERNE....."Happy Hooligan"—"Thoisday" ..... Illinois  
SENN, THOMAS COURTNEY....."Tommy" ..... Alabama  
SLADE, JOHN RODES....."Johnnie" ..... Georgia  
SMITH, CALVERT ROWE....."Cal" ..... Pennsylvania  
SMOOT, HAROLD KENNETH....."Dippy" ..... New York  
SPENCER, HAROLD SHERWOOD....."Hal" ..... Wisconsin  
SPENCER, ROGER WAYLAND....."Roger" ..... Minnesota  
TAYLOR, JOHN HENRY....."John Henry" ..... Missouri  
THOMPSON, HAROLD....."Tommy" ..... Washington  
VAILL, RALPH....."Wally" ..... Montana  
WALTON, ARTHUR STUART....."Savvy" ..... California  
WHITE, CHARLES SEARS....."Admiral" ..... New York

IN MEMORY OF  
OUR  
BELOVED CLASSMATES

T. G. ROBINSON

T. L. KEMP





A band of youth we came—our hopes were bright—  
    Gay visions of the future beckoned here.  
We knew not gloom, had ne'er beheld the night  
    Of vanished dreams, nor dropped bereavement's tear.

A band of men we go—our hopes still burn—  
    But dear, departed comrades, thoughts of you  
Make us to pause and reverently turn  
    The few brief pages of your lives anew.

Such hallowed thoughts must have their sacred shrine,  
    Dear classmates whom we lost at youthful age.  
We therefore bless and set apart as thine,  
    In loving memory dedicate, this page.

# CLASS HISTORY



ALL sorts and conditions of men make up a world; all sorts and conditions of ideas make up an administration. Multiply this number of ideas by the number of administrations for four years and we have the number of experiments that have been tried on the Class of 1912. Whether or not these experiments were successful, we leave to the judgment of our friends. The opinions of our enemies, being pre-

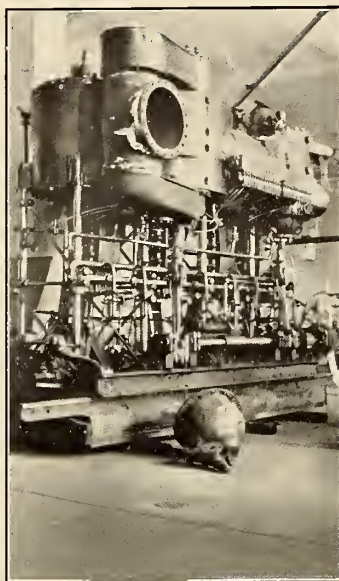
sumably adverse, are hereby barred from the competition.

To begin with, as I believe somebody said once before, there was Plebe Summer, not exactly an experiment, but a departure from the procedure of the year before in giving up a try at comparative independence without the unsympathetic surveillance of upper-classmen. After that brief taste of happiness came the horrors of Academic Plebe Year, which has been so aptly characterized by General Sherman, or Archie Butt, or some other great military hero.



SOMETIMES WE HAVE BAD DREAMS.

# LUCKY BAG



STEAM! YE GODS!

And it was a year of experiments; Pop Brown's new trigonometry was one: an attempt to see how many plebes could be bilged by one semi-anns. was another. These are but examples; suffice it to say that they greatly depleted our ranks. Youngster cruise brought a reminder that the old Navy still struggled for survival, even under such blows as were given it by abolishing sail drill on the Severn. The Crab Cruise! Those sea-going coasters! That Black Maria! We all have a warm spot in our hearts for them. The practice cruise brought us halcyon days of pleasure—its practical value is open to question. At least, there was nothing experimental about it.

But the Fall term brought a new Discipline Department and a sunrise of new ideas.



# LUCKY BAG



FINSE, NORWAY, JULY 20TH

classy experiment. A sea-going cruise for everybody—real battleships, foreign countries, shove 'em ashore and all that sort of thing. Gee, it listened good! And we got it all right, did we not? From one till five-thirty. Come, blessed oblivion!

And that Academic year! Ever hear of a mechanic's exam. where the marks had to be raised three times for anybody to pass, and the only fellow who did pass unaided resigned in disgust? That was it, or us, or ours, just as you please to call it.



SENOR CHASE AND SENORITA

The inaptitude experiment proved the undoing of many. Even rubber heels were advocated for a time, but never attained much favor; and, finally, the behavior of eight hundred midshipmen, completely deprived of liberty, got a two months' trial.

Ah, second class year brought the real,

of Nav. P-works in the second term. How we loved our practical work! Turn the wheel, Bill; turn the wheel!

At last, the June ball, and liberty to smoke unhindered. Best of all, thou pleasant surprise, an enjoyable foreign cruise. And some were there with bells

## LUCKY BAG

on, and they got the stripes; and some were just there, and they got the buzzards, though they may not have them now; and some were not there at all, and they didn't get anything. But they all enjoyed it.

Back at the Academy again the



new idea was for concentration. Eight big companies, instead of twelve little ones; smoking together, instead of smoking separately; socially uplifting the low-brows to the level of the high-brows; making two demerits grow where only one grew before. And



OUR GERMAN FRIENDS

# LUCKY BAG



so the new things come and the old things go, but it's the same old way of counting the days and the same old "Out of the Wilderness." We miss more than a hundred of the faces that were once familiar. We have been experimented with, upon, and out; but through it all the class has stuck together; comrades and friends have been tried and found true; the impulsive, happy-go-lucky, friendly spirit of 1912 has come uninjured through it all; and if their last experiment is to see how "Ensign, U. S. N" sounds after a graduate's name, we cry content.





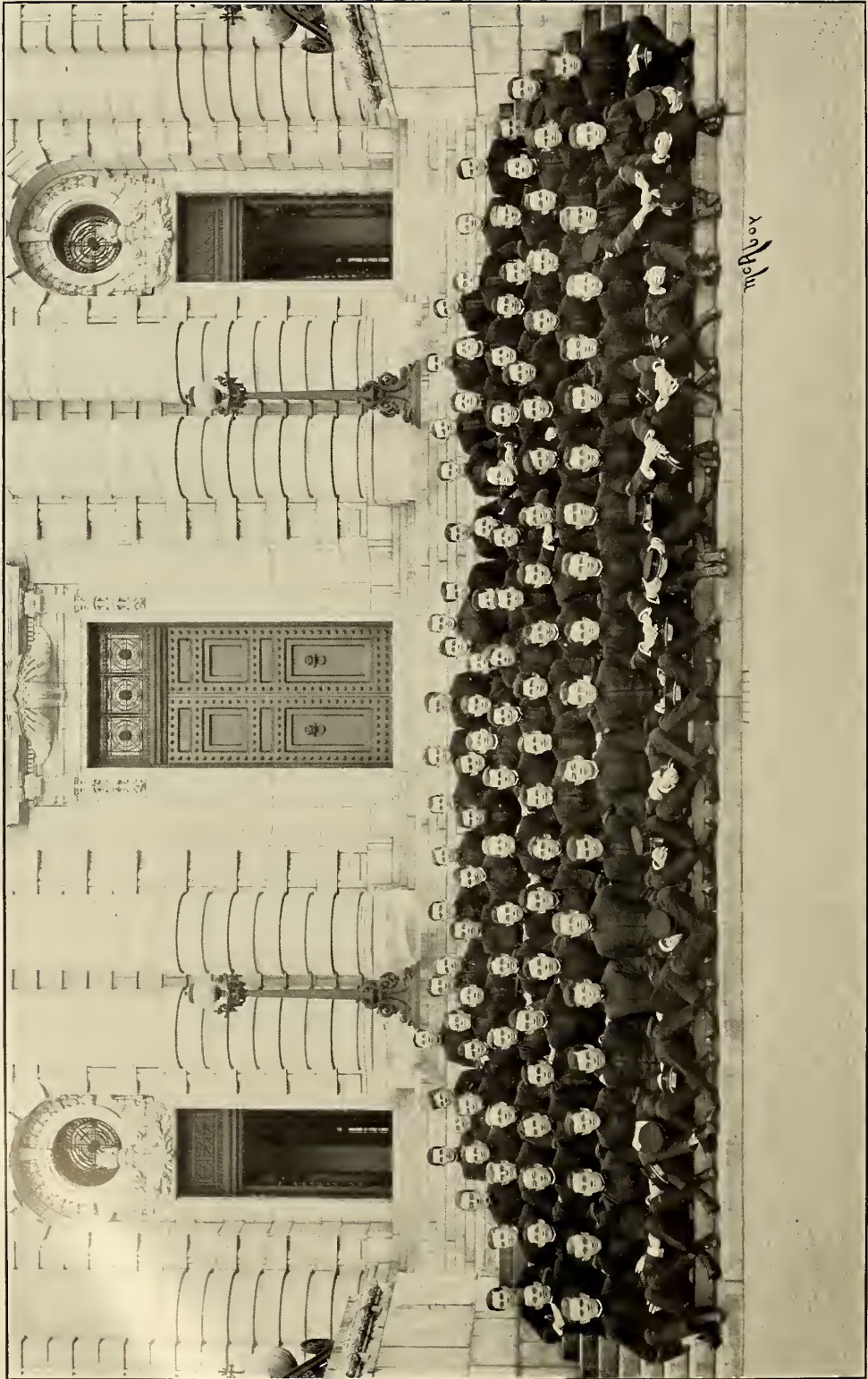
STRIPERS.



NUMERALS.

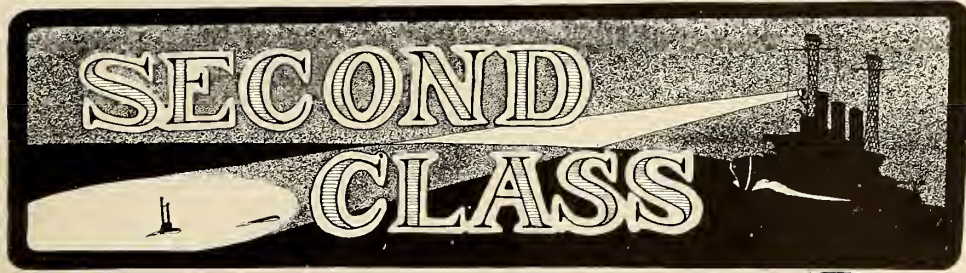


N2D'S.



CLASS OF 1913.





CLASS OFFICERS.

1913.

- CHARLES LEWIS FOUTZ, President  
 WALTER SEIBERT, Secretary  
 CHARLES LINNELL AUSTIN, Athletic Representative  
 HERBERT SLAYDEN CLARKSON, Hop Committee  
 HERBERT KEENEY FENN, Hop Committee  
 HARRY GEORGE SKINNER, Jr., Hop Committee  
 GEORGE ANGELL ANDREWS, Editor Lucky Bag  
 HERMAN EDWARD KEISKER, Business Manager Lucky Bag

CLASS ROLL.

- |  |                                      |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| ABBOTT, H. L.....Concord, Mass.        | CLARKE, L. W.....Utica, N. Y.        |
| AGRELL, L. R.....Superior, Wis.        | CLARKSON, H. S.....San Antonio, Tex. |
| ANDREWS, G. A.....Grand Haven, Mich.   | COCHRAN, W.....Houston, Tex.         |
| ARD, L. B.....Ozark, Ala.              | COCHRAN, W. T.....Madison, Ind.      |
| ARNOLD, J. B.....St. Albans, Vt.       | CRAVEN, T. A. M.....Baltimore, Md.   |
| ASSERSON, R.....Brooklyn, N. Y.        | CRISP, F. G.....Baltimore, Md.       |
| AUSTIN, C. L.....Philadelphia, Pa.     | DALE, G. S.....Rushville, Neb.       |
| BABBITT, L. L.....Houghton, N. Y.      | DAUGHTRY, R. B.....Jackson, Ga.      |
| BERRIEN, T. G.....El Paso, Tex.        | DAVIS, E.....Hartford, Conn.         |
| BLANDY, W. H. P.....East Orange, N. J. | DAVIS, H. C.....Lubec, Me.           |
| BRAY, S. E.....St. Louis, Mo.          | DAVIS, G. B.....Norwalk, O.          |
| BRENNER, J. E.....Rensselaer, Ind.     | DILLINGHAM, F. W.....Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| BRIGGS, H. M.....Neosho, Mo.           | DONAHUE, A. H.....Burlington, Vt.    |
| BROWNELL, J. A.....Providence, R. I.   | DOUGLAS, D. W.....New York, N. Y.    |
| BRYAN, H. V.....San Francisco, Cal.    | DOWNES, O. L.....Dover, Del.         |
| BRYANT, S. F.....St. Paul, Minn.       | DOYLE, W. E.....Cheyenne, Wyo.       |
| CASSARD, P.....Prince Frederick, Md.   | DU BOSE, L. T.....Washington, D. C.  |
| CAUSEY, W. I., Jr.....Liberty, Miss.   | DUDLEY, R.....Penacock, N. H.        |



CLASS OF 1913.

DUNBAR, P. H., Jr.....	Springfield, Mass.	JONES, J. C., Jr.....	Huntsville, Ala.
DUNN, A. W., Jr.....	Washington, D. C.	JONES, J. D.....	Cleveland, O.
EDDINS, A. H.....	Stringer, Miss.	JULIAN, C. C.....	Thomasville, N. C.
ENRIGHT, E. F.....	McCook, Neb.	JUNKIN, G. B.....	Sterling, Kan.
FENN, H. K.....	Portland, Me.	JUPP, W. B.....	Detroit, Mich.
FLOYD, H. F.....	Lockesburg, Ark.	KATES, J. M.....	Claremore, Okla.
FOUTZ, C. L.....	Granville, O.	KEISKER, H. E.....	Louisville, Ky.
GAYHART, E. L.....	Toledo, O.	KIRKPATRICK, R. D.....	San Angelo, Tex.
GEER, S. H.....	Bilton, S. C.	KNIGHT, R. H.....	Annapolis, Md.
GEISENHOF, N. H.....	Oneida, N. Y.	LEE, D. R.....	Danville, Ky.
GELLERSTEDT, H. R.....	Troy, Ala.	LEE, J. A.....	Rush City, Minn.
GILLETTE, N. C.....	Chicago, Ill.	LEIGHTON, B. G.....	Tunkhannock, Pa.
GRAY, L. R.....	Eureka, Cal.	LINGO, B. H.....	Holloway, O.
GRAYSON, R. H.....	Selma, Ala.	McCAWLEY, E. S.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
GREENE, G. L., Jr.....	Providence, R. I.	McFEATERS, C. P.....	Greensburg, Pa.
HAAS, A. L.....	Ashland, Pa.	McGUIRE, T. W.....	McMinnville, Tenn.
HALL, J. L.....	Williamsburg, Va.	McKEE, F. W.....	New Castle, Pa.
HATCH, W. G. B.....	New York, N. Y.	MARCUS, A.....	Mill Valley, Col.
HAZELTINE, C. B.....	Belfast, Me.	MASEK, W.....	Chicago, Ill.
HELMICK, C. G.....	Chicago, Ill.	MATHEWS, J. T.....	Florence, S. C.
HENDERSON, J. R.....	Flemingsburg, Ky.	MAYER, J. L.....	York, Pa.
HENDREN, P.....	Chadbourne, N. C.	MEEK, W. W.....	Knoxville, Tenn.
HENRY, W. O.....	Waco, Tex.	MILLER, J. McC.....	Youcalla, Ore.
HILL, J. L.....	Centerburg, O.	MOORE, S. N.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
HINTZE, K. E.....	Modesto, Cal.	O'KEEFE, E. J.....	New Haven, Conn.
HOARD, C. E.....	Seattle, Wash.	O'NEAL, K.....	Florence, Ala.
HOFFMAN, J. H.....	Nulheim, Pa.	PAGE, H. B.....	Sand Point, Idaho
HUDSON, M.....	Munroe, N. C.	PALMER, J. R.....	Troy, Mo.
HULL, C. T.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.	PARMELEE, H. P.....	San Diego, Cal.
HULL, G. D.....	Kansas City, Mo.	PARRISH, C. J.....	Lynchburg, Va.
HUNT, B. T.....	Albion, N. Y.	PEARSE, C. J.....	Hampton, Ia.
HUTCHINS, G.....	Newburg, N. Y.	PENDLETON, A.....	New York, N. Y.
INGRAHAM, C. N.....	Findlay, O.	PFAFF, R.....	Anadseko, Okla.
JOHNSTON, F. L.....	St. Louis, Mo.	PICKERING, L. D.....	Westerly, R. I.



CLASS OF 1913.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| PICKHARDT, A. Von S.....New York, N. Y.    | THURSTON, S. S.....Meadville, Pa.        |
| PILLSBURY, H. W.....Dairy, N. H.           | TIMBERLAKE, J. B.....Raleigh, N. C.      |
| POWELL, P. P.....Woodview, Va.             | TISDALE, G. M.....Annapolis, Md.         |
| QUINLAN, E. H.....Olathe, Col.             | TODD, C. C. Jr.....Lexington, Ky.        |
| RANSOM, P. C.....Woodstock, Vt.            | VAILL, R.....Seattle, Wash.              |
| REINIGER, G. G.....Orange City, Ia.        | VALENTINE, R. J.....Brooklyn, N. Y.      |
| ROBINSON, A. G.....New York, N. Y.         | VANDERKLOOT, E. L.....Chicago, Ill.      |
| ROTH, L. J.....Cedar Rapids, Ia.           | VAN VALZAH, H. C.....Bloomington, Ind.   |
| RUBLE, W. J.....Laton, Cal.                | VENABLE, R. S. H.....San Francisco, Cal. |
| SEARLES, P. J.....Indianapolis, Ind.       | WALLACE, K. R. R.....La Grange, Ill.     |
| SEARLES, T. M.....Vicksburg, Miss.         | WALTON, A. S.....San Francisco, Cal.     |
| SEIBERT, W.....Marlette, Mich.             | WANT, C. H.....Bloomington, Ill.         |
| SEILLER, H. A.....Buffalo, N. Y.           | WEBB, J. R.....Washington, D. C.         |
| SHINE, T.....Newport, Ky.                  | WHITE, H. L.....Burning Spring, Ky.      |
| SHOCK, T. M.....York, Pa.                  | WILD, L.....Wilber, Neb.                 |
| SKINNER, H. G., Jr.....Mt. Washington, Md. | WILSON, R. J.....Guntown, Miss.          |
| SLEEPER, P. DeV.....Palmyra, N. J.         | WITHERS, C.....New York, N. Y.           |
| SMITH, JESSE H.....Hinton, W. Va.          | WOLF, G. W.....Pittsburg, Pa.            |
| STEVENS, P. A.....Wilmington, Del.         | WOOD, V.....St. Louis, Mo.               |
| STRONG, J. H.....Westfield, Mass.          | WOODSIDE, E. L.....St. Joseph, Mo.       |
| THEBAUD, L. H.....New York, N. Y.          | WRIGHT, W. L.....Pittsfield, Mass.       |
| THOMPSON, T. B.....Detroit, Mich.          | ZEMKE, E. F.....Milwaukee, Wis.          |



# The Fighting Chance

Between times, 1912.

Well, Jack, old man:

It does my heart good to call to mind your beaming face, now long lost to us, and to take an opportunity to rob Johnny Gow and Silvanus Thompson of a few spare moments, while we discuss past times and present tendencies. (By the way, the present tendency is nil, and as Assistant O. C.'s are abroad in the land, I must refrain from giving this reminiscence a nicotine perfume.)

When you left this reservation for the outer darkness you little knew what you were missing. Our gentle amblings through the rudiments of two plebe and youngster years didn't give us a glimpse of the high science which was to be our lot in this eventful Academic session. Mechanics and mechanisms have made the Christmas tree look like the class roll, and with the semi-anns open to all comers it is not surprising that you should receive daily inquiries as to good jobs on the outside. But though depleted, we are not down-hearted—first class year looms big in the near future, and oh, you Ensign Bill!

I'm really sorry that you couldn't have taken the second class cruise with us, for it was a hundred per cent. better than our youngster experience. It seems good to get aboard ship, knowing the ropes and the rates, without having the responsibilities that burden the first class, nor the worries that fall to the lot of the "past plebes."

We landed in some good ports and had adventures many and thrilling—that is, some of us did. You may have seen press notices of "Lost in the Mountains, or How we left the Navy." Aboard ship there were some merry times. You would have thoroughly enjoyed the Rhinoceros Song Service, which became an institution on the port veranda of the "Massachusetts."



Of course, September was the big month of the year for us all.

You were fortunate in getting to Washington for the Class Supper—more fortunate than many of the fellows, who found their amount available insufficient for leave and supper both. The half-way

# LUCKY BAG

mark was fittingly celebrated under the auspices of Tubby Leighton and his committee.

In November we had a brief taste of authority, taking charge of the brigade while the first class visited the gun factory at Washington; and again in assisting the unfortunates



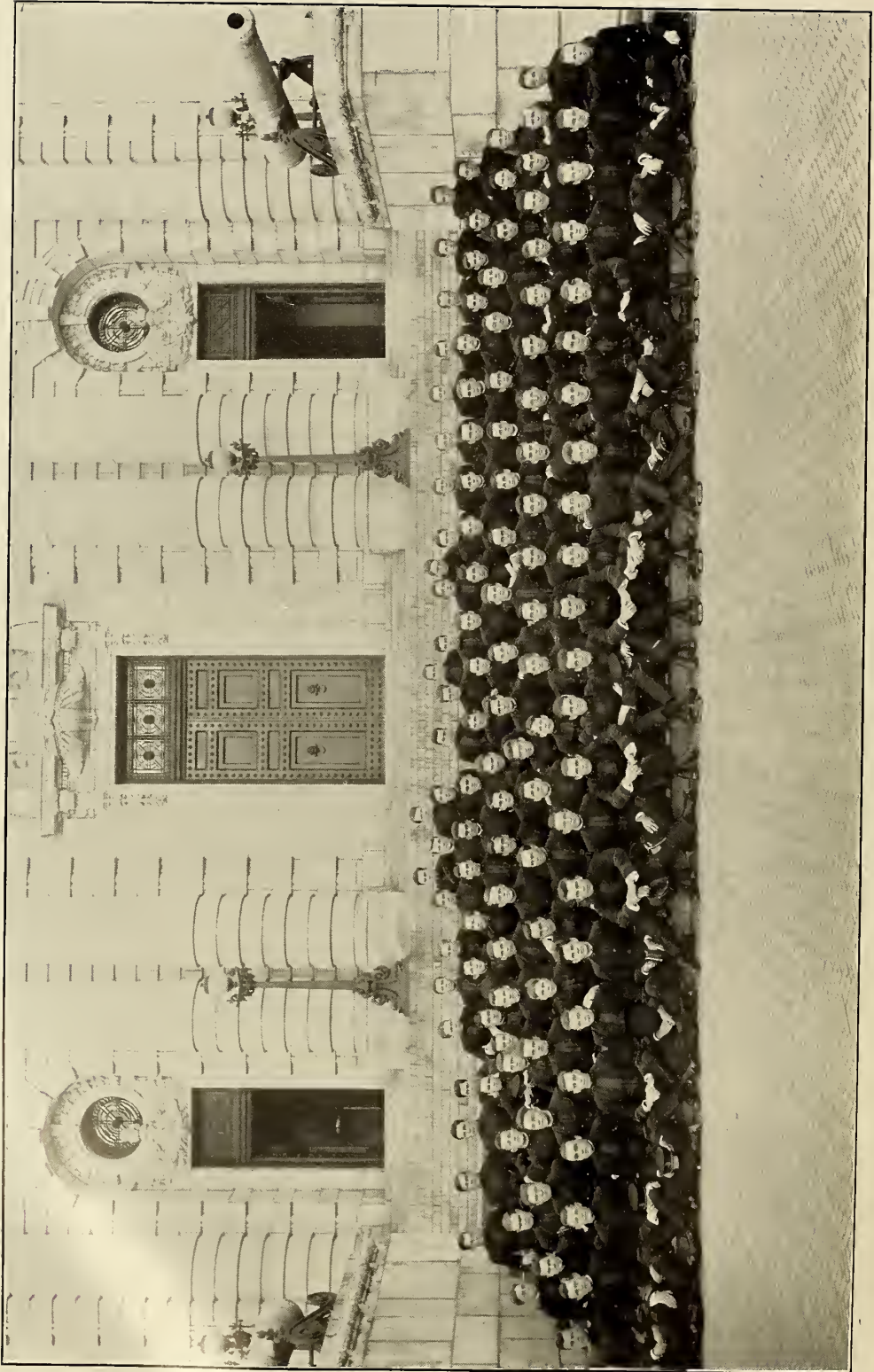
who were left behind when 1912 went on Christmas leave. Then there was the joyful experience of being plebes once more for the ragtime formation Christmas morning, according to the good old custom.

The boys often speak of you, Jack, and wonder how things look when you take a glance in from the outside. Make it convenient to come to Crabtown some fine day, and we'll have a visit for the sake of "auld lang syne" and 1913.

Ever your classmate,

TOM.





CLASS OF 1914.



**THIRD CLASS OFFICERS.**

1914.

- RALPH OTIS DAVIS, President  
 EDWIN THOMAS SHORT, Secretary  
 K. P. GILCHRIST, Athletic Representative  
 FRANCIS KENDALL O'BRIEN, Hop Committee  
 GEORGE BARRY WILSON, Hop Committee  
 CHARLES FRANKLIN MARTIN, Editor Lucky Bag  
 OLIVER OWEN KESSING, Business Manager

**THIRD CLASS ROLL.**

ADDOMS, A. H.....Missouri	BEARD, W. K.....Florida
ALFORD, L. O.....Louisiana	BERRY, A. G., Jr.....New York
ANGEL, C. F.....New York	BLACK, J. D.....Ohio
ARNOLD, J. C.....Pennsylvania	BLADES, L. J. K.....Maryland
ARNOLD, M. B.....Missouri	BOAK, J. E.....Pennsylvania
ARVIN, G. S.....Virginia	BOWER, T. T.....Pennsylvania
ASHBROOK, A. W.....Kentucky	BROWN, J. H., Jr.....Pennsylvania
AUSTIN, W. D.....Kentucky	BRYANT, C. F.....Maine
BAKER, W. D.....Michigan	BUCHANAN, J. H.....Texas
BALSLEY, A. H.....North Carolina	BUMPUS, F. C.....Massachusetts
BAYLEY, W. W.....District of Columbia	BUNGERT, W. D.....New Jersey



CLASS OF 1914

BURGY, W. C.....Ohio	HALE, J. I.....Oregon
BURROUGH, E. W.....New York	HANS, R. F.....Nebraska
CALLAHAN, M. W.....Tennessee	HARRILL, W. K.....Tennessee
CAREY, C. B. C.....Maryland	HART, W. J., Jr.....New York
CARY, R. W., Jr.....Missouri	HATCH, R. S.....Wisconsin
CHRISTIAN, K. C.....Louisiana	HAYLER, R. W.....Indiana
CLARK, B. F.....Wyoming	HEARD, W. A.....Texas
CLARKE, V. A.....Pennsylvania	HOWE, G. T.....Michigan
COCHRANE, E. L.....Pennsylvania	HOYT, H. W.....Florida
COHEN, M. Y.....New Jersey	INGRAM, H. L.....Indiana
COLLINS, C.....Louisiana	JALBERT, H. H.....Rhode Island
CONOLLY, R. L.....Illinois	JONES, C. H.....Alabama
CORN, W. A.....Utah	KELLER, C. L.....Ohio
CREIGHTON, J. M.....Pennsylvania	KESSING, O. C.....Indiana
CUNNEEN, F. J.....New Jersey	KILLMASTER, B. S.....Michigan
DAVIS, NOEL.....Utah	KING, C. A. E.....New York
DAVIS, R. O.....Illinois	LAHODNY, W. J.....Minnesota
DEMING, R. A.....Connecticut	LARSON, W. J.....Michigan
DICKINS, R.....Virginia	LATIMORE, T. C., Jr.....Tennessee
DICKINSON, H. T.....Kentucky	LAYCOCK, J. N.....Massachusetts
DOMBROWSKI, B. L.....Illinois	LEONARD, H. R.....Pennsylvania
DORTCH, W. B.....Alabama	LOWE, F. L.....Arkansas
DOWNEY, T. F.....Massachusetts	LUKER, R. P.....Illinois
DOYLE, T. J.....Nebraska	LYNOTT, G. H.....Missouri
DUGGER, G. W., Jr.....Alabama	McCLURE, C. I.....Kansas
DYER, R. A., 3rd.....New York	McCOWN, J. A.....Texas
EARLE, F. M.....Vermont	McDONALD, L. H.....Ohio
EARLY, A. R.....Maryland	McGUIGAN, J. L.....Oklahoma
ELLSBERG, E.....Colorado	McREAVY, C. J.....Washington
ENGLE, A. D.....Ohio	MACGOWAN, C. A.....Maine
FERRELL, R. W.....Virginia	MALLOY, W. E.....Texas
FITZSIMONS, P., Jr.....District of Columbia	MANNING, G. C.....District of Columbia
FLETCHER, P. W.....Rhode Island	MARRON, A. R.....Colorado
FOX, W. V.....Pennsylvania	MARTIN, C. F.....South Carolina
FRY, C. D.....Illinois	MARVELL, G.....Maryland
GEARING, W.....Maryland	MAURY, R. H.....Virginia
GILCHRIST, K. P.....Missouri	MAURY, S. F.....New Jersey
GLADDEN, C. T. S.....Maryland	MEACHAM, R. T.....Kentucky
GRIFFIN, M.....Massachusetts	MECUM, C. H.....New Jersey





CLASS OF 1914

MITTENDORF, H. C.....	Ohio	RUDDOCK, T. D.....	South Carolina
MOLONEY, J. F.....	New York	SAMSON, H. P.....	New York
MOORE, S. G.....	Texas	SHEARS, K. R.....	New York
MOSS, J. M.....	Mississippi	SHORT, E. T.....	Hawaii
MOYER, J. G.....	Indiana	SLINGLUFF, T. C.....	Maryland
NASH, T. L.....	Virginia	SPANAGEL, H. A.....	Ohio
NEILEY, G. F.....	Massachusetts	STARKEY, R. C.....	Illinois
NELSON, G. W.....	New York	STECHER, L. J.....	Nebraska
NELSON, H. J.....	North Dakota	STEECE, D. M.....	Minnesota
NICHOLLS, W. M.....	South Carolina	STENGEL, S. C.....	Wisconsin
O'BRIEN, F. K.....	District of Columbia	STERLING, T. W.....	Missouri
OFFLEY, A. N.....	District of Columbia	SWAIN, C. D.....	Massachusetts
PAGE, B. H.....	Idaho	TAWRESEY, A. P. H.....	Pennsylvania
PALMER, E. C.....	Iowa	TEASLEY, W. A.....	Georgia
PECK, E. D.....	Wisconsin	THOMAS, F. P.....	Tennessee
PELTON, F. E.....	Colorado	TRIPPE, G.....	Pennsylvania
PENNOYER, R. G.....	Missouri	TRUEDELL, S. D.....	Oklahoma
PERCIVAL, F. G.....	Iowa	VAIDEN, J. L.....	Alabama
PERRY, R. E.....	New Hampshire	VAUGHAN, R. L.....	Texas
POPHAM, W. S.....	New Jersey	VINSON, T. N.....	California
PORTER, W. H., Jr.....	Kentucky	WALKER, A. W.....	Kentucky
POWERS, F. D.....	Iowa	WALLER, J. B. W.....	Virginia
QUARLES, S. H.....	Alabama	WASHBURN, D. F.....	New York
RABE, W. H.....	Ohio	WEAVER, P. R.....	Rhode Island
RALLS, O. B.....	Alabama	WESTFALL, T. D.....	Illinois
RALSTON, B. B.....	Ohio	WICKS, Z. W.....	New York
RAY, H. J.....	Tennessee	WILLS, A. E.....	Indiana
REDMAN, J. R.....	Nevada	WILSON, G. B.....	Virginia
REYNOLDS, B.....	Virginia	WILSON, S. L.....	Arizona
RICHE, S.....	Illinois	WILTSE, L. J.....	South Dakota
RODES, P. P.....	Kentucky	WINSLOW, J. S.....	Ohio
ROEHL, W. F.....	Washington	WOLF, J. M.....	Kansas
ROOKS, A. H.....	Washington	WORRELL, M. L.....	Virginia
ROSENDAHL, C. E.....	Texas	WYMAN, R. S.....	Maine
ROYCE, D.....	Michigan	YEATMAN, P. W.....	Virginia

# Letters from a selfmade Youngster to his father

2nd Day of June, A. D. 1911,  
My Room.

*My own dear Pa:*

Your very affectionate and highly appreciated note duly received and contents gently noted. But let me tell you right away that when Julius Cæsar kissed Cleopatra the first time on the left cheek, he didn't feel one-tenth as good as I do now. Why? Because "taint no more plebe." Savvy? Oh, so you want your doughty son to tell you all about the work of the 1914 crew. All right, dad, being as you sent me the 25, here goes!

You remember, I told you some time ago that we had a peach of an eight. Well, when the Pennsy Freshies came down to bet their red undershirts that they would ease one over on us, we gave them good grub to eat at night and in the morning a good breakfast; that afternoon, however, we showed them up completely. We just simply rowed parabolas around 'em. Of course, they naturally wanted to get revenge, and so invited us up to take part in the Henley races at Philly. Other contestants, Columbia, Yale and Harvard, would be there! We gave the matter a thought or two and then decided to run up to the Quaker town just for the excitement of the thing. Well, to make a tadpole a frog, "Scotty" Wyman, "Pie" Nelson, "Simple" Latimore, and the other trusties are now drinking their hot-chocolate out of gold-lined silver cups. Say, how're all the folks?

Your obedient boy,

OTZ.

*P. S.* And here's what the papers say: "The Middies' oarsmen greatly impressed the crowd by their easy style of rowing." (Latimore was especially cute.) "Their victory was quite popular with the spectators, who gave them a great hand at the finish." In parting Dick whispered: "Boys, keep well, I'll need you next spring."

O—.

August 26th, 1911.  
U. S. Hell Ship "Massy,"  
Solomon's Island,  
On Top of Spuds Locker No. 2

FROM: *Me.*

TO: *Mi querido viejo hombre.*

SUBJECT: The "furrin" cruise.

I'm damn glad that the "furrin" cruise is over. Yes, your darling boy has been hard at work ever since the 3rd of June, running races with the signal halliards, scrubbing clothes,



# LUCKY BAG

and mining coal. And I'm good at them all. Why, alongside your namesake the fleet Phidippides looks like a soft shell constipated terrapin; the Gold Dust twins have the appearance of a pair of consumptive grasshoppers in the winter time; and the biggest coal passer in the African Navy thinks he is using a tooth pick instead of a steel shovel. All of this doesn't mean that when I get home in the Ides of September, you are at liberty to discharge the laundress and the blacksmith. Instead, you want to hire a half dozen more cooks. I'm nearly dead for something to eat. Just take a glance at our daily bill-of-fare:

Breakfast—Baked beans, fried spuds, and brown bread.

Dinner—Bean soup, boiled spuds, and white bread.

Supper—Beans, spuds and bread.

But you want some foreign news, eh? Berlin is a great town. Girls, pretty and accommodating, grow there. And they make a point of showing you a good time, too. However, it wouldn't do for you to go to the Deutsche Capital. Bergen is something on the order of Philadelphia. I saw two 3.1 girls there. But "Gib" is the place to invest nine cents in a bargain. Of course, we saw a true, true bull fight. Pretty tame, though; not half as interesting as a "co-ed" basketball game. Well, so long. I'll be seeing you all in a day or two.

J. J. OOTZ.

P. S. Oh, dad, that receiving-money-from-home regulation is completely out of date, as obsolete as "Wait till the Sun Shines, Nelly." Any officer in the yard would be given a general court-martial for trying to rag me for getting the V. Make it 20, hear?

January 5, 1911.

Top of my radiator.

Dearest Father,

Take off your cap to "Pennooks", "Sam White", Slingluff, "Willie" Borry Wilson, "Scrappy" Kessing, "E-tea" Short, and so forth, of the '14 football squad. They surely did the deed, in fine shape, too; captured the inter-class prolate spheroid rag.

But, I tell you, papa, look out for me on the 15th of February; you can send the mule and buggy down to meet the first express. I'm getting plumb tired of this place. Golly, they've got our whole class smelling around for a 2.5 in "eal." Why, in November, a 2.48 put a guy in the savvy section; out of 170 on the roll, the last man "sat" stood 98.

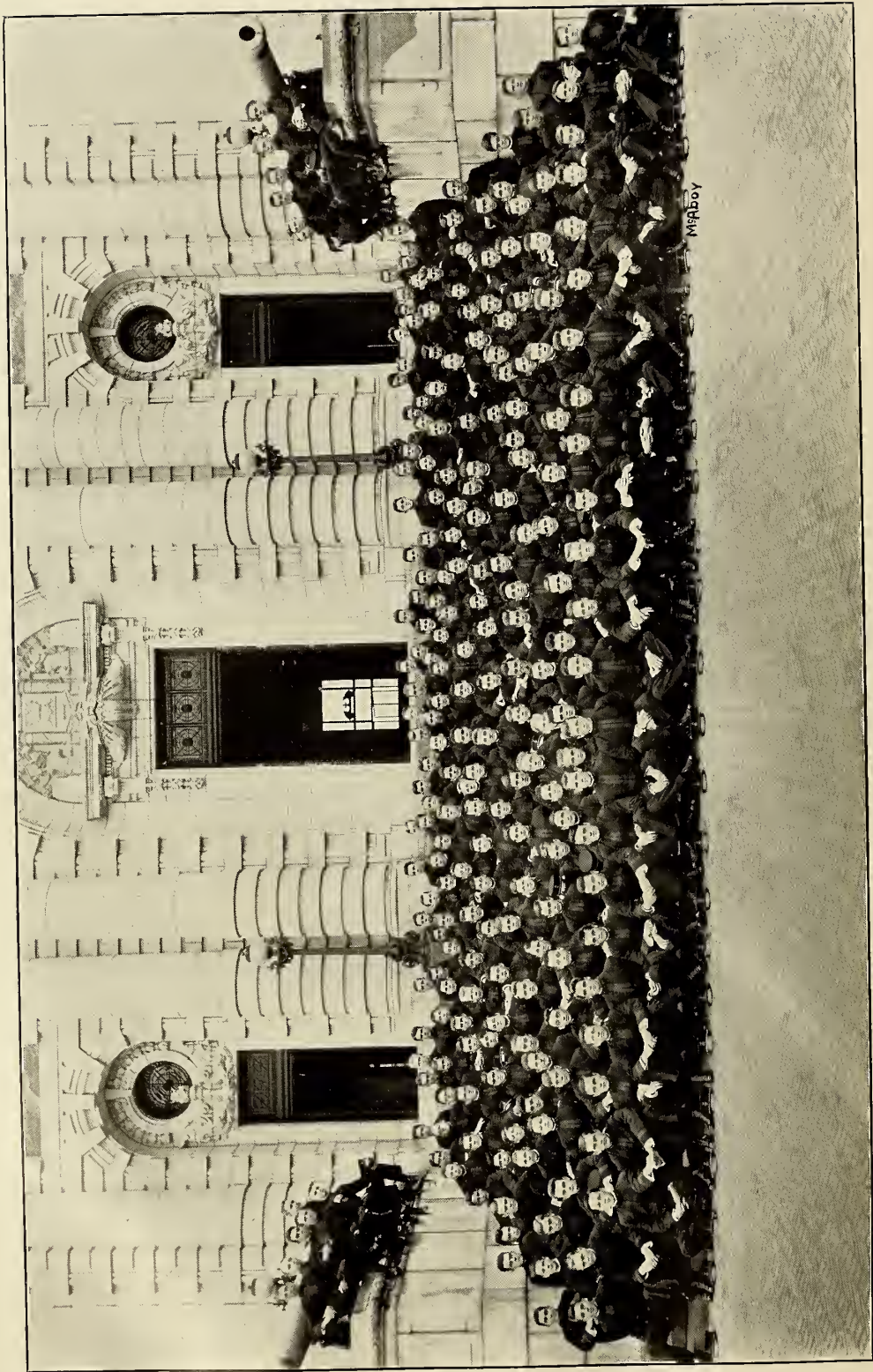
That reminds me, I'd better get down to "boning." Dad, really, I'll have to cut out writing home so much. Don't shed any tears; I'm not going to kill myself at the study table.

Write when you can, kiss mamma for me, and remember me to Jane.

Semper fidelis,

OOTZIE.





CLASS OF 1915.



### CLASS OFFICERS.

1915.

DAVID McLERNON COLLINS, Athletic Representative

### CLASS ROLL

ADAMS, R. R.  
 ALEXANDER, W. D.  
 APPLETON, D. S.  
 ARMSTRONG, D. W.  
 ARMSTRONG, L. V.  
 ARNOLD, E. G.  
 BAKER, R. N. S.  
 BARNETT, A.  
 BARTON, H. D.  
 BATES, J. F., Jr.  
 BATES, R. W.  
 BLAIR, R. H.  
 BLOOD, W. E.  
 BODFISH, H.  
 BOURNE, L. M.  
 BOWMAN, W. H.  
 BREED, E.  
 BROWN, J. P.  
 BROWN, T. G.  
 BURFOOT, N., Jr.  
 BURHEN, R.  
 BURNETT, H. P.  
 BURSTAN, R. M.  
 BURWELL, R. O. B.  
 CALVERT, N. G.  
 CAMPMAN, J. H.  
 CAUDILL, S. F.  
 CHADWICK, J. H.  
 CHAMBERS, I. R.  
 CHANDLER, T. E.  
 CHENOWETH, H. H.  
 CHILDS, E. W. F.

CHIPPENDALE, B. W.  
 CHRISTIE, R. W.  
 CLARK, C. G.  
 CLARK, H. S., Jr.  
 CLARK, R. W.  
 CLARK, S. B.  
 CLARKE, H. D.  
 COCHRANE, E. F.  
 COLLINS, D. M.  
 CONFER, W. J.  
 COOK, J. C.  
 COOPER, M. C.  
 CRAIG, C.  
 CULBERT, F. P.  
 DALTON, D. M.  
 DARROW, R. T.  
 DAVIS, A. C.  
 DAVIS, J. T.  
 DEAN, R. L.  
 DE BOER, J. W.  
 DEETS, S. R.  
 DELPINO, J. C.  
 DEL VALLE, P. A.  
 DE ROODE, L. R.  
 DES CHAMPS, C. E.  
 DOBYNS, G. B.  
 DOLLARHIDE, E. S.  
 DUKE, W. E.  
 DUNBAR, J. B.  
 DUPRE, D. D.  
 DYER, P. L.  
 EASTON, G. H.

ELDREDGE, H. G.  
 EVANS, C. E.  
 FARNSWORTH, J. S.  
 FARRAR, R. M.  
 FIELD, J. M., Jr.  
 FISHER, H. A.  
 FITCH, D. B.  
 FLYNN, C. W.  
 FORTSON, R. M.  
 FRENCH, F. G.  
 FRIEND, T. H. H.  
 GAERTNER, E. C.  
 GAMBLE, M. G., Jr.  
 GLANN, A. E.  
 GLENNON, P. T.  
 GLOVER, R. O.  
 GODFREY, V. H.  
 GRAF, H. W.  
 GRAHAM, I. M.  
 GRANAT, W.  
 GRIMM, H. F., Jr.  
 GROVE, G. W.  
 HACTOR, W. S.  
 HALL, F. F.  
 HALPINE, C. G.  
 HARRISON, H. H.  
 HATCH, A. G.  
 HAWLEY, A. H.  
 HAZLETT, E. E., Jr.  
 HENNING, E. R.  
 HICKS, W. A.  
 HILL, G. C.



HILL, I. B.  
HILTON, H. H.  
HOOPS, L. B.  
HORN, R. de S.  
HOUGH, E. B.  
HOWARD, A. F.  
HUNTER, H. O'D.  
HUNTOON, F. C.  
HUTCHINSON, M. W., Jr.  
ISAACS, E. V. M.  
JACOBSEN, A. W.  
JENKINS, S. P.  
JONDREAU, R. J.  
KALK, S. F.  
KELL, C. O.  
KIELY, R.  
KING, A. E., Jr.  
KINNE, M. T.  
KIRBY, L., Jr.  
KIRTLAND, F. D.  
KIRTLAND, S. W.  
KNEIP, J. B.  
KRINER, G. C.  
KYLE, J. R., Jr.  
LAFERTY, P. G.  
LAMONT, G. P.  
LAMOTTE, R. S.  
LANDIS, A.  
LEIN, C. L.  
LEONARD, N. J.  
LEWIS, C. E.  
LEWIS, J. M.  
LEWIS, L. S.  
LIBENOW, F. K.  
LONERGAN, S. J.  
LORENZ, W. J.  
LOVELESS, B. F.  
LOW, F. S.  
LUBY, T. M.  
LUSK, J. C.  
McCAFFREY, F. A.  
McCOACH, E. S.  
McCORMICK, L. D.  
McCREA, J. L.  
MACDONALD, W. J. A.  
MAHER, J. E.  
MAHER, S. A.  
MAHONEY, J. J.  
MAIL, F. M., Jr.  
MANLY, J. McC.

MARSHALL, P.  
MATTESON, S. H.  
MEREDITH, H. R.  
MEYERS, H. M.  
MILLER, M. C.  
MINNIS, J. A.  
MITCHELL, R. J.  
MOORE, L. R.  
MORGAN, P. C.  
MORRIS, W. Y.  
MYERS, W. H.  
NEFF, L. G.  
NELMS, M. B.  
NELSON, R. M., Jr.  
NELSON, W.  
NEVILLE, R. C.  
NIMITZ, OTTO  
NORTHERN, P. L., Jr.  
NUNNALLY, W. J., Jr.  
O'NEILL, O. E.  
OSBORN, C. F.  
OULTON, G.  
OVERESCH, H. E.  
PADDOCK, H. E.  
PARKINSON, R. M.  
PARTELLO, M. C.  
PECK, DE WITT  
PENNOYER, F. W., Jr.  
FERRY, B. F.  
PEYTON, T. G.  
PIGMAN, N. M.  
PIKE, W. H. A., Jr.  
PORTZ, W. P.  
POWERS, M. W.  
PREAS, R. A.  
PRESTON, K.  
PRICE, W. R.  
QUYNN, A. G.  
RAMSEY, H. C.  
RAY, J. S.  
REED, J. D., Jr.  
RHEA, P. M.  
RICHARDS, F. G.  
RICHARDSON, C. G.  
RING, M. L.  
RITCHIE, O. H.  
ROCKWELL, J. H.  
ROCKWELL, S. G.  
ROGERS, A. C.

ROUGH, J., Jr.  
ROYAL, F. B.  
SACKET, G. W.  
SCHLOSSBACH, I.  
SCHOTT, W. W.  
SCOTT, L. B.  
SHELLEY, T.  
SHOEMAKER, J. M.  
SHOFNER, W. J.  
SHUMAKER, S. R.  
SMALL, J. D.  
SMITH, A. E.  
SMITH, F. B.  
SNELLING, W. M.  
SPERRY, M. L., Jr.  
SPRAGUE, J. H.  
SPRIGGS, M. H.  
STEDMAN, L. L.  
STEPHAN, A. R.  
STRUBLE, A. D.  
THOMA, C. G.  
THOMAS, A. C.  
THOMAS, W. D.  
THOMPSON, W. M.  
TIGAN, W. J.  
TILDSLEY, J. M.  
TISDALE, R. D.  
TOVEY, H. O.  
UMSTED, S.  
VICKERY, H. L.  
VICKREY, C. C.  
WAGNER, E. G.  
WAGNER, F. D.  
WAHL, E. A.  
WALKER, M. J.  
WATKINS, K. N.  
WATSON, D. C.  
WEDDERBURN, C. F.  
WELCH, W. L.  
WILEY, H. V.  
WINSLOW, W.  
WITHERS, N.  
WOOD, G. H.  
WOOD, L.  
WOODWARD, H. E.  
WOTHERSPOON, A. S.  
WRIGHT, R. R.  
WURTELE, A. R.  
WYNNE, W. M. A.

# Poole's Dad Boy

## IN THE NAVAL ACADEMY

Dear bill,

this is new Years day and i dontt have enny work to doo so i thot i would rite you becuz i aint rote you. well i'm in the navy now end it aint enny round of pleashure sence i cum in heer plebe summer we thot we were wurking hard but gosh, we no now that we were having a gud time becuz we have been reely wurking sence Octobr furst. We studdy most of the time and about wun fourth of us is unsat. we drill a good deel too.

and a plebe dont git much fun we cant go to hops nor out of town ezsept on big hollidays we feel like a bunch of convicks. honest Bill when there is lots of visitors looking at us i feel like growling like a lion in a Menagerie. then its a social Error to leen on thee table or against the chair back or stare at ennyone.

theres lots of things we dontt do like other people doo one thing we can do is to allways get a front seat at chapell so as we can heer good. there aint no other place on earth like this most places is pleasanter but gosh i hope i can pull up that 1.6 in english i got cuz i dont want to bilge plebe yeer becuz i want to stay long enuf to heer somebuddy else tell what the dezert is its only 158 days untill graduashun. well Bill this is all i can rite now this is my last day out in town untill Washington's birthday and i got to make use of it allso you cant appreciate being a plebe without trying it yourself

yours truly

Hank



PRINCETON GAME



# ATHLETICS





## Midshipmen's Athletic Association

### CAPTAINS

Football.....	J. P. DALTON, '12
Baseball.....	J. L. ABBOT, '12
Crew.....	W. A. GREENMAN, '12
Basketball.....	L. P. WENZELL, '12
Track Team.....	J. P. DALTON, '12
Fencing.....	M. W. LARIMER, '12
Lacrosse.....	G. W. LA MOUNTAIN, '12
Gymnasium.....	R. E. BYRD, '12
Rifle Team.....	H. E. SAUNDERS, '12
Wrestling.....	F. K. ELDER, '12
Tennis.....	GARLAND FULTON, '12

### MANAGERS

Football.....	H. H. GOOD, '12
Baseball.....	W. A. CORLEY, '12
Crew.....	R. A. HALL, '12
Basketball.....	A. C. TEN EYCK, '12
Track Team.....	R. R. THOMPSON, '12
Fencing.....	R. L. MARTIN, '12
Lacrosse.....	A. W. LODER, '12
Gymnasium.....	R. R. THOMPSON, '12
Hop Committee.....	R. E. BYRD, '12
Wrestling.....	R. R. THOMPSON, '12

D. C. RAMSEY, '12  
President

E. L. GAYHART, '13  
Secretary

L. W. CLARKE, '13  
Treasurer

## Athletic Representatives

RICHARD EVELYN BYRD, JR.....	Class 1912
CHARLES LINNELL AUSTIN .....	Class 1913
K. P. GILCHRIST .....	Class 1914
DAVID McLERNON COLLINS .....	Class 1915

# LUCKY BAG

**T**HE yellow "N" and N with appropriate letters are awarded by the Athletic Association to midshipmen taking part in the following games. An N\* is awarded to those playing in a winning game with West Point.

N—Football: Playing in Army-Navy game.

N—Baseball: Playing in Army-Navy game.

N—Fencing: Taking part in Intercollegiate Contest.

N—Crew: Rowing in a majority of the Varsity races, or in the Poughkeepsie race.

N—Track: Breaking or equaling an Academy record, or winning sixty per cent. of possible points in any event held in all dual meets of the season.

N—Basketball: Playing in two-thirds of season's games.

rNT—Rifle Team: Shooting in majority of season's matches.

N—Rifle Team: Shooting in National Match.

LNT—Lacrosse: Playing in two-thirds of season's games.

GNT—Gymnasium: Winning first place in any event for majority of meets.

wNT—Wrestling: Winning first place in any event for majority of meets.

tNT—Tennis: Playing in two-thirds of season's games.

1912—Numerals: To those taking part in two or more inter-class games, rowing in a class crew against an outside institution, or winning a place in an inter-class track meet.



FIRST CLASS "Ns"

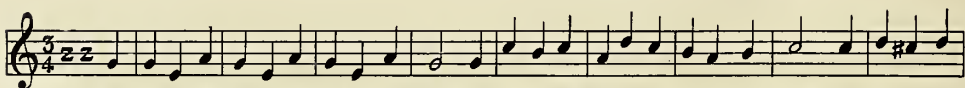


Tune—"Anchors Aweigh"

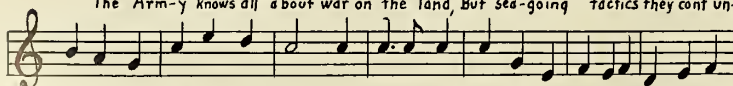
Stand Navy down the field,  
Sail Set to the sky;  
We'll never change our course,  
So Army you steer shy-y-y-y.  
Roll up the score, Navy  
Anchors aweigh;  
Sail, Navy, down the field  
And sink the Army,  
Sink the Army Gray

Tune—"All Alone"

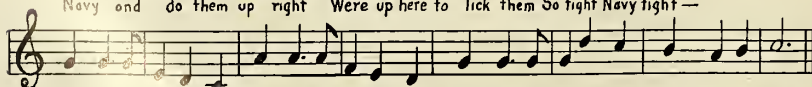
Navy Team—Navy Team,  
Fight for the Navy's name—fight, fight,  
fight.  
Every inch you gain  
Will bring the Navy fame,  
So get down, team, and fight—FIGHT!  
Underway—every play,  
Navy, it's up to you.  
So fight to win to-day  
And make the Army Gray  
GO DOWN BEFORE THE GOOD  
OLD NAVY BLUE.



We're all for the Na-vy, She's got the right team, She's got the right spirit, She's got the right steam She's got the right  
The poor Army mule, He will ne-ver say die, But look out for the goat with the blood in his eye, He's not-ed for  
The Arm-y knows all about war on the land, But sea-going tactics they can't un-der stand, So in-to it



coaches, She's got the right men, She's got to make good for the Navy again - So-o  
quit and he'll fight to the end WHOA MULE! step aside or he'll get you a-gain -  
Navy and do them up right We're up here to lick them So fight Navy fight -



rip up the Army team Tear up the Army team Smash up the Army team, Fight, Navy FIGHT!



**SIREN YELL**

Hoo-oo-oo-Rah!  
 Hoo-oo-oo-Rah!  
 Hoo-oo-oo-Rah!  
 N-A-V-Y!

**FOUR "N" YELL**

Navy! Navy! Navy!  
 N-N-N-N  
 A-A-A-A  
 V-V-V-V  
 Y-Y-Y-Y  
 Navy! Navy! Navy!

**HOORAY YELL**

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!  
 U. S. N. A.!  
 Navy! Navy! Navy!

**YEA TEAM YELL**

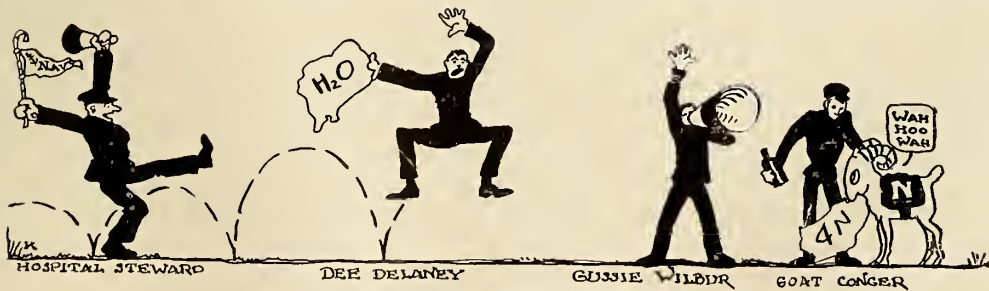
N-a-v-y! N-a-v-y!  
 Hoo-Rah, Hoo-Ray!  
 U-S-N-A  
 RAH!  
 Y-e-a-a, Y-e-a-a, Yea-Team!

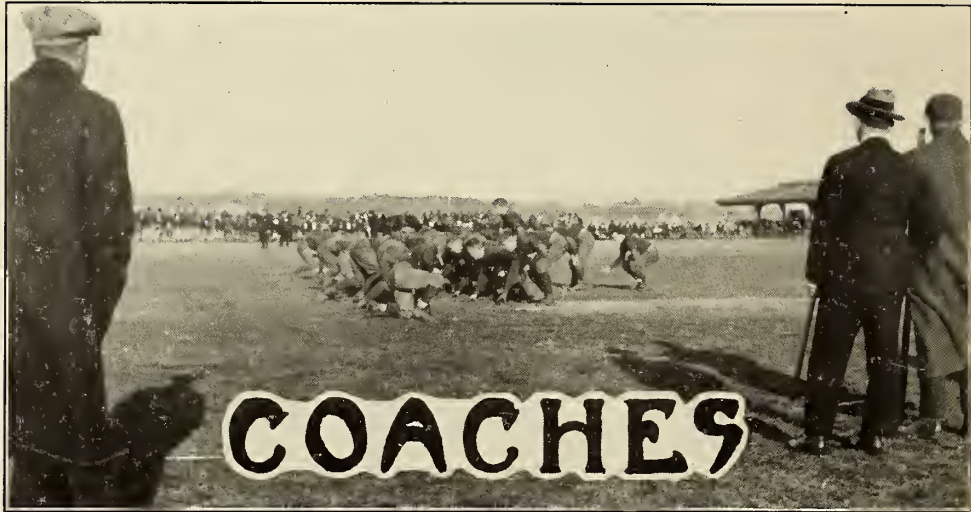
**H<sub>2</sub>O**

R-a-y, R-a-y, R-a-y,  
 Hoo-oo Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah!  
 Boom Ray-Ray, Ray, Ray, Ray!  
 Boom Rah-Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah!  
 Hoo-oo RAH!  
 Navy-Navy-Navy!

**CHEER LEADERS**

JOHN WILBUR..... <i>Cheer Leader</i>	H. C. WICK,	} <i>Assistant Cheer Leaders</i>
F. B. CONGER..... <i>Keeper of the Goat</i>	W. S. DELANY	





**T**HIS body (the coaches) consists of graduates of the Academy, assigned for special duty,—one or two college men who are in touch with the outside collegiate football situation, and last but not best of all, Paul Dashiell, who is the most conservative and the best adviser I have ever known. To my mind he has no superior in scientific football knowledge.”

—C. A. WEYMOUTH.

Although Naval Academy teams enter into the same sports as other colleges—and more of them, by the way, than most colleges—the methods of coaching for these teams are, and must be, radically different from those outside. This is especially true in Football and Baseball,—the major sports in which we meet the Army, and in order that the work of our teams may not be wholly misunderstood, it may be well to give here some opinions of the coaches themselves. If they can develop a method whereby we win an Army-Navy game, that method is the one; for what profiteth it a team, if they shall win all their games, and lose to the Army?

What do we gain if we beat the strongest teams in the country and then lose to the Army? Not a thing. We are nothing; we don't amount to a row of pins. This was shown in 1908 when our team was composed of the best individual players the Academy has ever produced, and its record for an unusually heavy schedule was brilliant. We wound up the



D. L. HOWARD



FRANK WHEATON



J. H. INGRAM

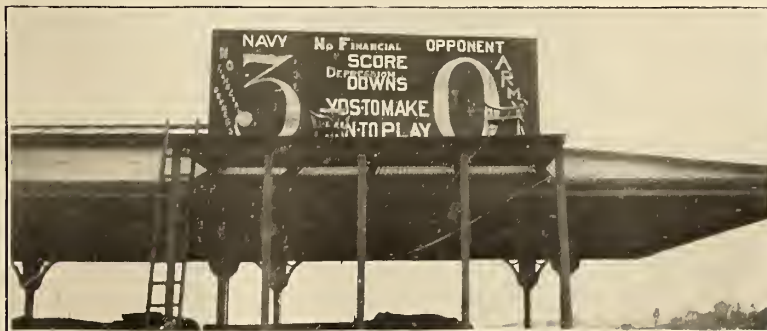


season by losing to the Army's dark-horse team, and the lightning struck us. Our several candidates for the All-American sank into oblivion; in the Intercollegiate standing we were not even on the horizon; and when football was mentioned after that we changed the conversation.

We scratched our heads a bit and decided on a different system. We figured that, if the Army game is our big game, we had better look on it as such, and win that game. And right there you have the point of it all,—the keynote of the whole situation, the answer to every question.

We play to beat the Army. Never lose sight of that fact. People look over the season's record and say, "Why, shucks! The Navy's nothing. Little Siwash held them to two touchdowns, and Kokomo played them to a scoreless tie. Why, they would have been ducksoup for a real team!" If you hear someone rambling like that, point to the bottom of the list where he may see the 3 and the 0, and give him to understand that they represent the entire football season for us.

Every man must get the perspective, the two month's long road, with an Army defeat at the end of it, and must realize that the weekly games, instead of being obstacles to keep us from reaching our goal, are actually stepping stones to help us over the rough places. He must give his support and give it freely; not in a tone implying "You may win but I don't think you will," but rather in a way to let the team understand that it has the confidence of the Brigade.



IT'S THE SCORE THAT TELLS THE TALE







CAPT. DALTON

# FOOT BALL



TEAM does well in these days of new football to go through two consecutive seasons without defeat; our record is doubly creditable in view of the fact that the team was restricted to four or five plays in all games except those against the Army. In other words, we were sufficiently strong to employ an offense so simple that our opponents knew almost exactly what to expect, and yet to prevent teams with a varied and strong attack from beating us.

To Jack Dalton, more than to any one man, belongs the credit for our success. Men who have followed football closely declare him the best player they have ever seen, and it is not remarkable that they should. One of the strongest offensive backs of the year, he was of even greater value to the team as a defensive player than on the offense. His kicks from placement won the past two Army games. As if this were not enough, his punting was the greatest single asset of the team; he was at least as good a kicker as any of the famous punters of the past. His work in any one department of play was enough to win him consideration; his all-round excellence shows how worthy he was of the praise showered upon him.

We must not let our admiration of Dalton's play, good as it was, blind us to the strength of the other members of the team. In point of fact, the team did as much for Jack as Jack did for the team. Every man did his work in every play; it took the whole eleven to carry the ball down the field at Philadelphia and put the ball through the goal-posts when Navy finally got in position. As for the rest of the squad, it is almost a truism that without a good Hustler team—such a team as we had last year—a winning first team is impossible.

For all the good men whom we had, it is more than doubtful whether we could have beaten the Army without the efficient direction of the coaching staff. Lieut. Howard, head coach, Mr. Wheaton, field coach, and their advisers and assistants, Prof.



# LUCKY BAG



"UNNECESSARY INTERFERENCE IN THE NEUTRAL ZONE"

Dashiell, Lieuts. Ingram, Farley, Decker, and Soule, Passed Midshipmen Wright and Clay, and Messrs. Weymouth and Olcott—all these men had their share in the victory over the Point. The Brigade takes this opportunity of extending to the coaches its thanks for the wise manner in which they directed the development of the team, for the thorough way in which

**NAVY, 27**  
**JOHNS HOPKINS, 5**

they taught the men the game, and for the fighting, winning spirit they helped instil in players and rooters alike.

The first game, against Johns Hopkins, was somewhat of a disappointment in that we were scored upon for the first time in two years. The team was crude, of course, but gave promise of power on both offense and defense.



DROP-KICK FOR GOAL

**NAVY, 22**  
**ST. JOHNS, 0**

On the following Wednesday, we had little trouble in beating St. John's. As usual, the "Johnnies" put up a plucky game, and frequently tore up our still rather rough formations, but we were too heavy and strong for them.

**NAVY, 16**  
**W. & J., 0**



MIDSHIPMEN'S STAND

The Washington and Jefferson game, the last to be played on old Oklahoma, showed us that the team was developing satisfactorily. The offense was somewhat smoother, and the defense seemed decidedly stronger than in either of the two games before.

# LUCKY BAG

Princeton came down on October 21 to play the first game on the new field. On paper, it looked like a Princeton victory, for they were reputed to have a fast, strong team. Our defense, however, was too much for them; they never got a fair start. We played a purely defensive game for the first three quarters, relying on Dalton's kicking to keep the goal out of danger. In the fourth, Howe got a fumble for us on the 40-yard line, and for the rest of the game we threatened the Princeton goal. We were unable to gain consistently, however, and an attempted field goal fell short. Princeton outrushed us, on the whole, but Dalton's kicking made up for any superiority in offensive tactics which they may have possessed.



DICK BYRD HAS HIS FACE WASHED SO AS TO BE ABLE TO SEE THE BALL

NAVY, 0  
PRINCETON, 0



ST. JOHN'S GAME

The game against A. & M. of North Carolina was even less satisfactory than the Western Reserve game. In the second period, by a combination of delayed passes and forward passes, A. & M. carried the ball ninety yards for a touchdown; it was a brilliant piece of offensive work, but hardly satisfactory for us. As a result we saw the first half end with the score against us—the first time in two seasons. In the second half, Navy got fighting mad—two touchdowns and goals.

In the West Virginia game a decided improvement was obvious. Offensively and defensively the



COLLINS KICKS

The Western Reserve game marked the beginning of the mid-season slump. Two or three men had been hurt in the Princeton game, and we were over-confident. Although the team played well in flashes, it was unable to gain when in striking distance of the Reserve goal.

NAVY, 0  
WESTERN RESERVE, 0

NAVY, 17  
A. & M., 6

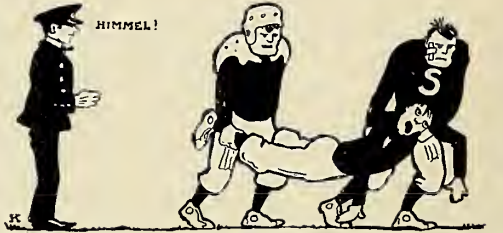
NAVY, 32  
WEST VA., 0

# LUCKY BAG

game was the most satisfactory of the season up to that time. The best point about it was the work of Gilchrist, who played quarter on the offense—he put all kinds of fight into the team.

The Penn. State game was by all odds the best of the preliminary games. State was considered the best team in the East, and, with the Army game only a week off, we had to use practically a Hustler team. But those Hustlers did us proud. Despite the pretty runs of Miller, quarterback for State, Navy fought off our opponent's attack throughout the game, and worked

NAVY, 0  
PENN STATE, 0

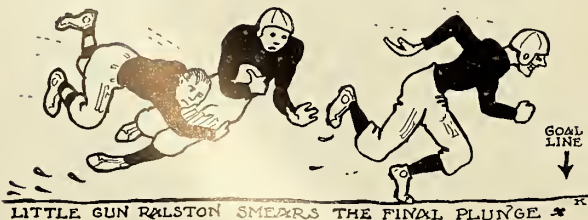


OUR GERMAN VISITORS THOUGHT IT A BRUTAL SPORT



PENN STATE HAS ONE CHANCE—AND LOSES

down into the danger zone more than once. It was a good omen for the next Saturday to see those Hustlers get out there and by sheer spirit and fight tie such a team as Penn State. From "Little-Gun" Ralston on, every man did his work; even the next Saturday at Philadelphia was no better example of the right kind of spirit.





## The Teams

### FIRST TEAM

HAMILTON,	'12	152.....
BROWN,	'14	216.....
WAKEMAN,	'12	176.....
ELMER,	'12	195.....
WEEMS,	'12	165.....
INGRAM,	'14	178.....
HOWE,	'14	198.....
REDMAN,	'14	180.....
RALSTON,	'14	165.....
McREAVY,	'14	180.....
GILCHRIST,	'14	169.....
DALTON,	'12	174.....
NICHOLLS,	'14	154.....
RODES,	'14	169.....

### SECOND TEAM

L. E. ....	OVERESCH
L. T. ....	VAUGHN
L. G. ....	LATIMORE
Center .....	AUSTIN
R. G. ....	HALL, J. L.
R. T. ....	HALL, R. A.
R. E. ....	WHITING
Q. B. { .....	SHAW
{ .....	SOWELL
L. H. B. ....	COCHRAN
R. H. B. ....	BYRD, BATES
F. B. ....	COLLINS

### HUSTLERS

Scofield, Riche, deRoode, Cassard, Dickins, Davis, Wick, Cook.

Average weight of team .....	176.5
“ “ “ line .....	180.5
“ “ “ backs.....	166.5

Captain.....JOHN PATRICK DALTON  
 Manager.....HOWARD HARRISON GOOD



MANAGER GOOD

# DALTON, REPEATS HIS PE

## CAPTAIN OF THE NAVY ELEVEN

HEROES OF NAVY'S VICTORY



### NAVY DEFEAT CAPTAIN DALTON KICKS THAT WINS FOR MID

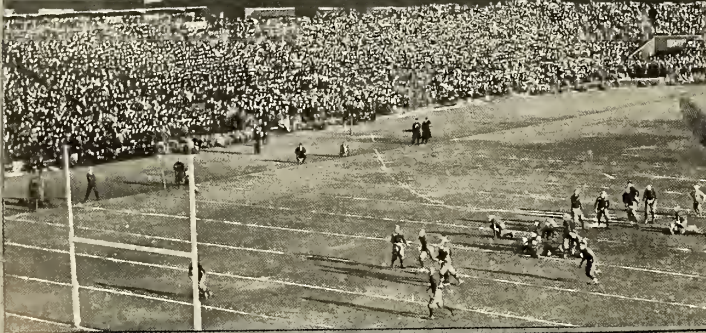
Great Throng Fills Streets

Fashionable and Official Soci  
of Three Cities See the Middies Win

Uniforms of Army and Navy Men and Fur Costumes of Women Make Brilliant Scene on  
Franklin Field—Streets Are Thronged and Luncheons and Dinner  
Parties Crowd Hotels of City.

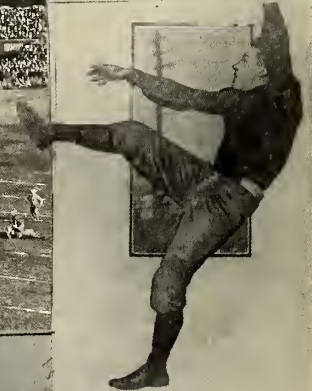
### MIDDIES TRIUMPH OVER ARMY'S TEAM WITH FIELD GOAL

## DALTON KICKS FIELD GOAL THAT GIVES NAVY 3-0 VICTORY DUPLICATING HIS SUCCESS AGAINST THE ARMY ONE YEAR AGO



CAPTAIN DALTON, OF THE NAVY, KICKING GOAL FROM THE FIELD THAT WON GAME FOR THEM

MIDDIES' VICTORY OVER ARMY IS SAME OLD STORY  
IN SAME OLD WAY DALTON, KICKING GOAL FROM



CAPTAIN DALTON

## NIGHT LETTER

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO. WASHINGTON, D. C. NOVEMBER 25, 1911

RECEIVED AT

J. A. DALTON

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS, MD.

YOUR LETTER RECEIVED. HOPE YOU HAVE LUCK HAVE TRIED ON MY  
KING AND SURELY PROVED TO HAVE AN IDEA TO BRING UPON YOU  
TO HELP ME OUT. PLEASE DO YOUR BEST AND I WILL BE RIGHT  
THANKS TO YOU. THIS SERVICE ALSO HELPS TO NAVY MAY YOU  
SEE

332.0.

RECEIVED AT

DALTON, U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.

AM GOING TO BE IN PHILADELPHIA ON THE DAY OF OUR ARMY-NAVY  
GAME AND AM VERY ANXIOUS TO SEE IT IF YOU CAN GIVE ME A COUPLET  
OF TICKETS OR ONE OF A COUPLE FROM SOME OF THE PLAYERS I CERTAINLY  
WILL APPRECIATE IT. DON'T KNOW WHETHER YOU REMEMBER ME OR NOT I WAS  
IN THE CLASS OF 1909 IF SOMEONE IS THERE ASK HIM IF HE CAN HELP ME  
DON'T FORGET YOU TWO MUST BE LIKE THIS FOR AN OLD

171111

### CAPT DALTON'S GOAL FROM FIELD BEATS WEST POINT CADETS

Navy Leader Kicks From 30-yard Line Sausage Over  
Bar in Second Quarter of Desperately Fought Con-  
test on Franklin Field—Military and Civic Cele-  
bration View the Game and Brilliant Array of Uni-  
forms Present Striking Scene.

GAME TO BE PLAYED BY THE  
AND ANNAPOLIS  
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA  
AT FRANKLIN FIELD  
PHILADELPHIA NOVEMBER 25<sup>TH</sup> 10:11 2 P.M.  
SERVED SEAT

North Stand  
S  
Sec  
19  
Row  
28  
No.  
Nov. 25, 1911



WE all know what N-A-V-Y spells! A small word of four letters, which, when instilled into a Navy team, means sure death or a shut-out to the Army. On the big day, the Navy played a gritty game against one of the best Army elevens ever sent down from the Point, and the result was a repetition of last year—3 to 0! In succinet terms, the Navy had the stuff!

And noise! Well, the Brigade was there with twice as much noise as the fans made when Baker knocked his home run in the World's Series! This noise—and especially the Navy noise—continued throughout the light signal practice and some "sighting" punts of Dolly's—then it quieted down while a coin was flipped. Navy won the toss—our stands began to cheer and never stopped until time was called at the end of the last quarter!

Navy received the kick-off—Wood to McReavy, who was tackled in his



DALTON TO HYATT—74 YARDS.

# LUCKY BAG



ARMY CHORUS: WHERE'S THE BALL?

tracks. Dalton immediately punted to Keyes, who brought it back fifteen yards, and then the Army worked the ball back to midfield. Another exchange of punts, and the ball was on the Army's 50-yard line, where Army was caught holding, and it was our ball. After one exchange of punts, Dolly booted a long one to the Army's 10-yard line. Keyes then punted to McReavy, who fumbled, Wood recovering. Now came the Army's spurt—Keyes and Browne stabbed



NICHOLS AROUND RIGHT END

the Navy line with consummate ease, until the ball was on our 25-yard line. Here the Army was penalized fifteen yards; then they punted to Dalton, who brought it back to our 25-yard line, when the quarter ended. This was obviously the Army's period—their offensive and defensive work was really perfect, and was only offset by Dalton's magnificent punting in the second period. After a desultory punting duel, the Army started off with a rush—Keyes and Hyatt making two first downs and bringing the ball up to our 20-yard line. Here Keyes dropped back for a dropkick, but the attempt lacked proper deflection. Dolly punted out, then the Army punted—then we punted once more—this with a 15-yard penalty made it our ball on our own 30-yard line.

Now came the finest exhibition of the Navy fighting spirit that was seen



STOPPING 'EM



# LUCKY BAG



K  
FORMATION B!! LEFT  
HALF ON THE LINE!!  
HEP!!!!!!

during the game. Nicholls made 5 yards off tackle; Dolly made 10 yards around Cook's end, and followed this by a smashing, crashing 25-yard run around the other end. Nicholls slipped by left end for 8 yards, and "Gilly" took the ball the rest of the way to the Army's 23-yard line. The Navy team shifted quickly to a kick formation, with Gilchrist kneeling on the 30-yard line. The pass was perfect, the line did its work well, and Dolly's good right leg booted the ball on a long, hard drive fairly between the goal posts and up into the end bleachers!



K  
HOWE LEAVES HIS HEAD-  
GUARD AS A MEMENTO.

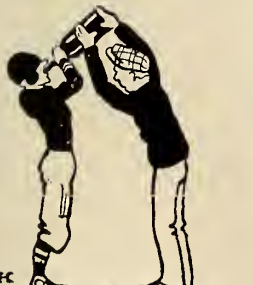
Everybody (on the North stand) went plumb crazy—no 40 per cent. show about it; every middy was 100 per cent. loco—and a very satisfying "3" appeared on the score board under NAVY!

The remainder of the game was scoreless—but not featureless. Keyes, of the Army, had another chance for a drop-kick, and once more failed—but his individual work kept our stand in constant apprehension. The Navy team worked as an invincible unit, which, backed up with Captain Jack's superb 55-yard punts, kept the Army well clear. Score: Navy, 3; Army, 0.



For the second time in two years the Brigade enjoyed the exquisite and gratifying pleasure of the Snake Dance on Franklin Field!

John P. Dalton, captain and half-back of the Navy eleven and incidentally of the All-American eleven, comes in for a big slice of the honors. His punts—one for 72 yards—were marvels for speed and distance. Then Gilchrist, who was crippled in the second quarter, stuck out the game and directed the Navy attack with clear-headed judgment and decision. The line did its best work in the second half, after getting the hang of the Army play—Weenus, the old reliable, was up to his best



K  
THE BIG BLACK ARMY  
BOTTLE



K  
PETE GETS TACKLED

# LUCKY BAG



K  
HALF'S OVER.

form on passing and defensive work; Wakeman and Howe were equally fast on smearing plays, and making Formation B go; while Brown, Redman, and "Little-Gun" Ralston were demons for work on both defense and offense. Our ends, Hamilton and McReavy, covered Dalton's punts with speed and dispatch—and in view of the fact that the game was a kicking game and that they wore out the Army ends, they came in for their share. "Pete" Rodes, the sea-going veteran, played a consistent plucky game at full-back and worked well with "Monty" Nicholls, who broke away for a timely sprint when we most needed it.

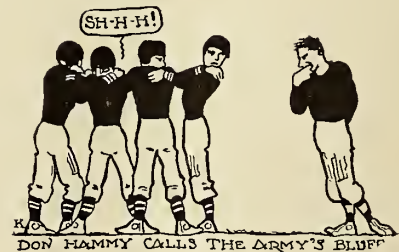
Everybody did well, the team, the Brigade, and our hard working little



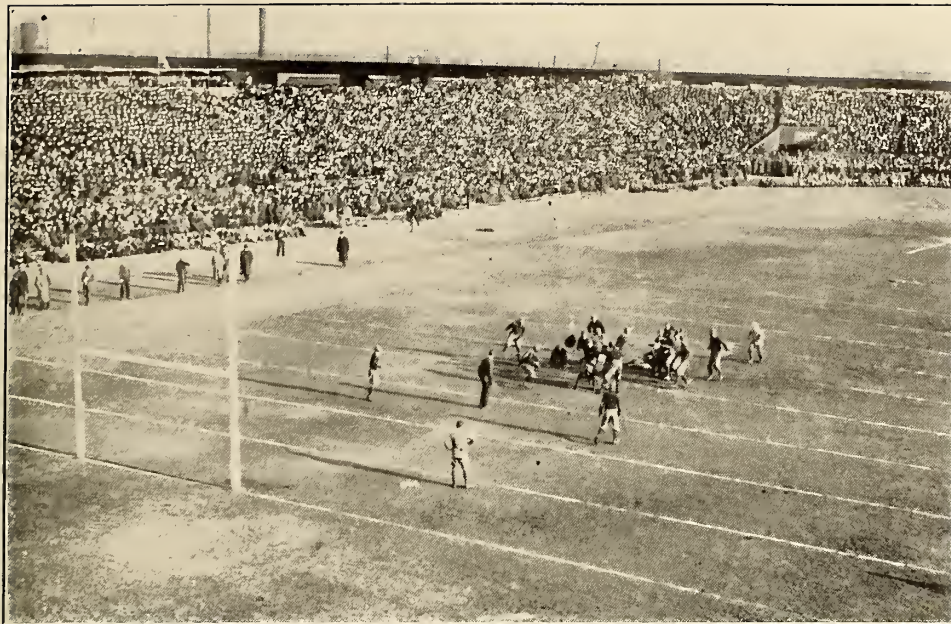
WEST POINT KICKS

cheer leader—Gussie Wilbur. And we must confess—speaking collectively—that it is a very satisfying feeling to see

*"The Army Gray go down before the Good Old Navy Blue."*

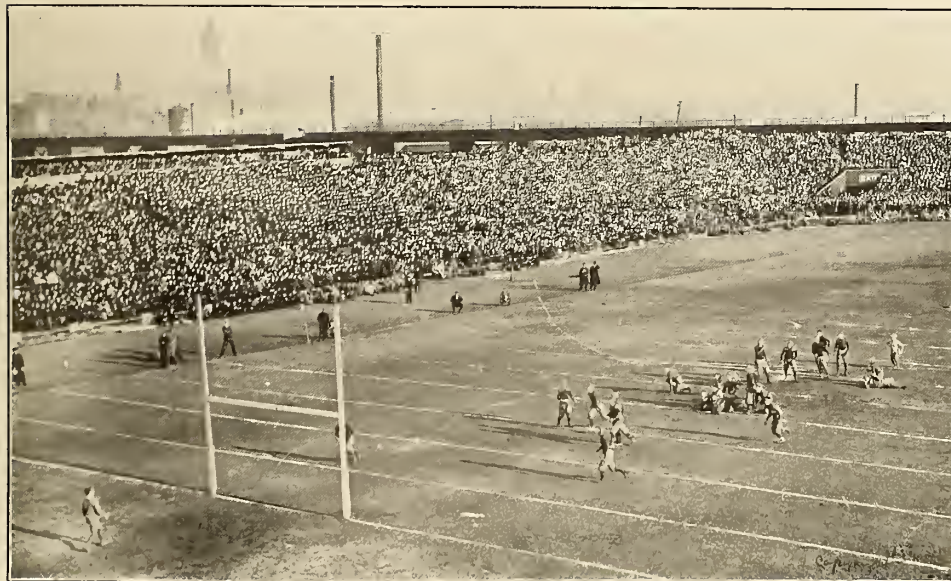


DON HAMMY CALLS THE ARMY'S BLUFF

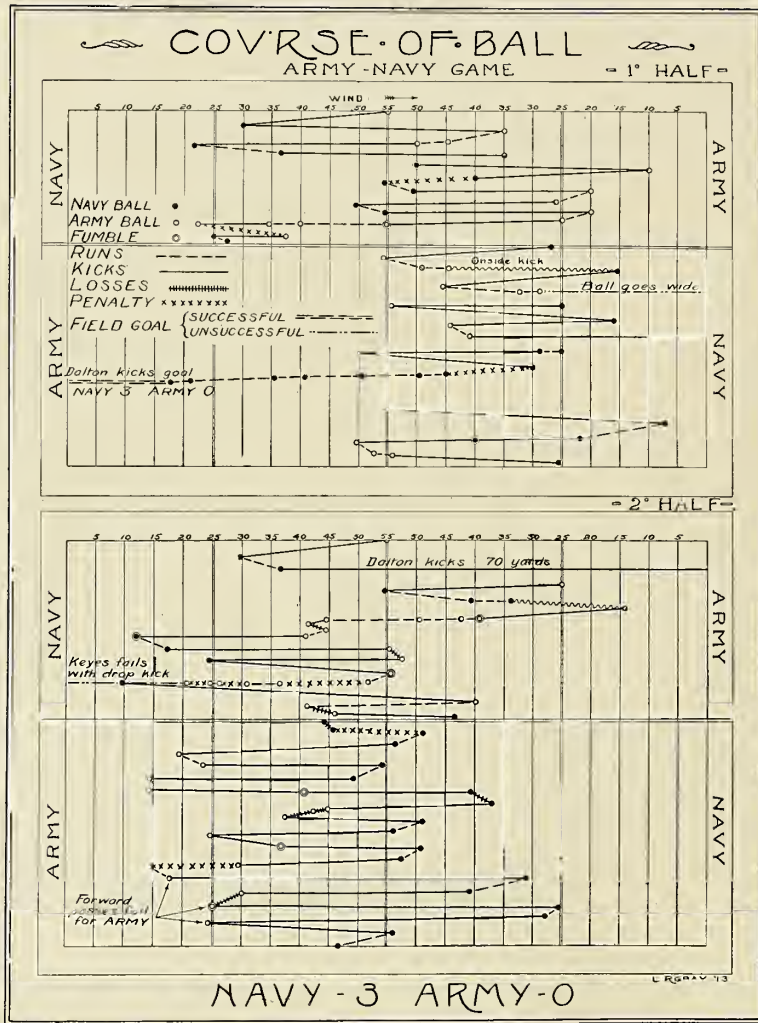


The upper picture shows the Navy team stopped on the Army 22-yard line, after having brought the ball down the field 60 yards without a stop. This was the Navy's one chance to score and Dalton took full opportunity of it by kicking a beautiful field goal from the 30-yard line.

These two pictures represent the crucial point in the Army-Navy game. The end of the 60-yard march of the Navy team, with the ball on the 22-yard line, and Capt. Dalton's successful place kick from the 30-yard line. The ball is shown passing between the posts for the only score of the game.



*Copyright 1911 by C. J. Reily, Phil*



"The superb punting of John Patrick Dalton, captain and left halfback of the Annapolis team, gave Navy a victory over the Army here to-day in one of the finest exhibitions of new football seen in the East this season. The score was, Navy 3; Army 0, the score being made in the second period after the Navy, using Dalton persistently, had rushed the ball from her own 25-yard line to the Army's 23-yard line, a distance of sixty-two yards."

—New York World.





### Army and Navy Lined Up

R. H. B.  
McDonald  
153

○

R. E.  
Cook  
169

○

+

Hamilton  
152  
L. E.

+

Dalton  
174  
L. H. B.

R. T.  
Littlejohn  
185

○

+

Brown  
216  
L. T.

R. G.  
Walmsley  
176

○

+

Wakeman  
176  
L. G.

#### ARMY

F. B.  
Keyes  
157

○

Q. B.  
Hyatt  
165

○

C.  
Sibert  
163

○

+

Weems  
165  
C.

+

Gilchrist  
169  
Q. B.

+

Rodes  
169  
F. B.

#### NAVY

L. H. B.  
Browne  
161

○

L. E.  
Wood  
172

○

+

McReavy  
180  
R. E.

+

Nicholls  
154  
R. H. B.

Average of lines—Army, 178  
Navy, 181

Averages ages—Army, 22 5-11; Navy, 22 5-11

Average heights—Army, 5 feet 10 6-11 inches; Navy, 5 feet 10 4-11 inches

Substitutes for Army—Gillespie for Wood, Hoge for Cook, Wood for Gillespie for Wood, Cook for Hoge, Gillespie for Wood, Rolley for Gillespie, Huston for Walmsley, Dean for Browne and Merrill for Cook

Substitutes for Navy—Ralston for Brown and Brown for Redman.

Officials: Referee—Mike Thompson, Georgetown. Umpire—Al. Sharpe, Yale. Field Judge—Carl Marshall, Havard. Linesman—Andy Smith, Pennsylvania. Time of game—Four periods of fifteen minutes each.





CAPT. ABBOT

# BASEBALL

A DEFEAT by the Army means an unsuccessful season; to that degree, our baseball team was a failure last year. The preliminary season, was, on the whole, very fair; the team, although it was defeated badly twice, and did not always play in best form, won thirteen out of the twenty preliminary games, and tied one of the others; furthermore, it succeeded in beating several of our old rivals, notably Amherst, Catholic University, and Harvard. We won from Maryland Athletic Club for the first time in several years, and other games, notably that against Georgetown, were lost by the narrowest of margins.

It was a good team to watch and to follow. The best feature of the play was the base-running; game after game was won by our superiority in this department. As is usually the case with college teams, the batting was none too good, but the fighting spirit displayed at all times by the men was enough to cover a multitude of sins. In Wakeman, Vinson, and Anderson

we had a strong pitching staff, although they were considerably hampered by the loss of our old catcher, Callaghan, who had been elected captain for the year. One of the hardest problems of the year was to find a substitute for Callaghan. Cochran, formerly an outfielder, was finally put behind the bat. Despite this and several other smaller handicaps, the preliminary season was successful.

## THE WEST POINT GAME

It was evident early in the season that our game against the Army was to be a hard struggle. The Army had a veteran team—every man of the teams of 1910 and 1911 was back in the Academy, and the reports throughout the season showed they were playing tip-top ball. Our team, too, as has been seen, though composed mostly of new men, was working well, and we went up there feeling sure that the Cadets would have to play the game to beat us. For the first three innings—but, unfortunately for us, there were six more to come.

The first inning certainly looked good. With one out, Jack Byers drove one clean out to the score-board—our first and only run. As if to prove it was no fluke, Bunny Abbot met the ball squarely, but Sadtler's circus catch robbed him of what seemed the cleanest sort of hit. From then on, the gods frowned on us. We hit the ball often and hard but the splendid fielding of the West Point team, notably that of Harrison



# LUCKY BAG

in left field, kept our people from making them good. We succeeded in working men around to third three times with two out, but, after Byers' run, we were unable to score.



AUTOMATIC SCORE BOARD

around the bases, with our infield playing short all the time and dinky little grounders slipping through the holes—when the dust finally cleared away, West Point had a safe lead of six runs.

The Army played the better game—that tells the whole story. We really hit Hyatt much harder than they hit Vinson, but their fielders, especially Harrison, covered ground in a marvellous fashion. In addition, they seemed to have a greater faculty for "hitting 'em where they ain't." Wakeman, who relieved Vinson, was very effective while he was in. Both men, in fact, showed the ability to hold the Army down with things breaking well. After all is said, and done, however, Army deserved the game, and deserved it by as much as the score indicates.

The one thing that made the greatest impression upon us up there was the manner in which the Corps treated us. In everything, from carrying us off to their tables at meals and doing all in their power for us there to seeing that we got all our dances at the hop—and, incidentally, that we were again properly fed—no cadet failed in anything which would add to the enjoyment of our stay. The final touch came when they had early reveille Sunday morning in order

The real trouble started in the fourth, Whiteside being the culprit. To this man, more than to any one else, belongs the credit for the game. He was hit in the eye by a bad bounce in the practice before the game, and it seemed certain he could not play; much to our subsequent grief, he did, for, after being fixed up by a surgeon, he went in and got two hits, stole three bases, and scored three runs. In the fourth, Whiteside singled, stole second, went to third when the throw hit him and rolled out into right field, and scored on Davenport's sacrifice fly. He scored again in the sixth in almost the same manner. Then, in the seventh, the bottom fell out. A long Army procession



MANAGER CORLEY

LIEUT. POTEET



# LUCKY BAG

to escort us down to the train and cheer us as we left. One thing is certain: No wise man will ever willingly miss a visit to a place where he is entertained as we were.



### RECORD FOR SEASON OF 1911.

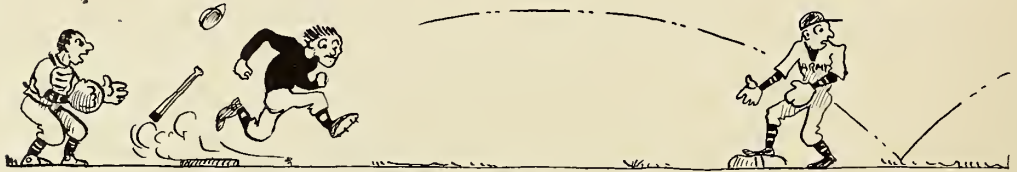
Navy, 4	.....St. John's,	3
Navy, 3	.....U. of Penn.,	18
Navy, 5	.....Amherst,	3
Navy, 1	.....Md. Agricultural,	1
Navy, 1	.....Penn. State,	9
Navy, 10	.....Rutgers,	0
Navy, 2	.....Bucknell,	0
Navy, 5	.....Harvard,	4
Navy, 1	.....St. John's,	0
Navy, 3	.....U. of W. Va.,	6

### FROM WEST POINT

Navy, 4	.....Catholic Univ.,	3
Navy, 3	.....Mt. St. Joseph,	2
Navy, 6	.....Swarthmore,	0
Navy, 2	.....St. John's,	1
Navy, 4	.....Md. Ath. Club,	2
Navy, 2	.....Dickinson,	0
Navy, 3	.....Md. Ath. Club,	8
Navy, 4	.....Mt. St. Joseph,	2
Navy, 4	.....Georgetown,	5
Navy, 1	.....L'Hirondelle A. C.,	3
Navy, 1	.....Army,	7



TO ANNAPOLIS



JACK BYERS SLAMS OUT A —

## Schedule for 1912

Mar. 20—University of Maryland  
Mar. 23—University of Pennsylvania  
Mar. 27—St. John's  
Mar. 30—Georgetown  
April 3—Columbia  
April 6—Amherst  
April 10—Fordham  
April 13—University of Western Mary-  
land  
April 18—Harvard  
April 20—University of North Carolina

April 24—Johns Hopkins  
April 27—University of Georgia  
May 1—University of West Virginia  
May 4—New York University  
May 8—St. John's.  
May 11—Bucknell  
May 15—Washington and Lee  
May 18—Catholic University  
May 25—Maryland Athletic Club  
June 1—U. S. Military Academy





## The Score

### ARMY.

	A.B.	R.	IB.	P.O.	A.	E.
Lyman, r.f. ....	5	1	3	1	0	0
Harrison, l.f. ....	5	1	1	7	0	0
Whiteside, 3b. ....	4	3	2	1	2	0
Cook, 1b. ....	2	0	2	9	0	0
Davenport, c. ....	2	0	1	3	2	0
Sadtler, ss. ....	4	0	0	2	1	0
Ulloa, c.f. ....	4	0	1	1	0	0
Hyatt, p. ....	4	1	1	1	3	1
Milliken, 2b. ....	4	1	1	2	2	0

34 7 12 27 10 1

### NAVY.

	A.B.	R.	IB.	P.O.	A.	E.
Osborne, c.f. ....	3	0	0	3	0	1
Byers, c.f. ....	4	1	1	0	0	0
Strickland, r.f. ....	4	0	0	1	1	0
Abbot, 2b. ....	4	0	0	2	2	1
Ridgely, ss. ....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Cochran, c. ....	3	0	1	7	3	3
Vaiden, 3b. ....	2	0	0	3	3	0
Seibert, 1b. ....	1	0	0	6	1	1
Vinson, p. ....	2	0	0	1	3	1
Wakeman, p. ....	0	0	0	0	1	0
Nichols (a) ....	1	0	1	0	0	0
Callaghan (b) ....	1	0	0	0	0	0

28 1 3 24 14 7

(a) Batted for Ridgely in the ninth.

(b) Batted for Cochran in the ninth.

The summary—Earned runs: Navy, 1; Army, 4. Home run: Byers. Two-base hits: Harrison, Cook. Left on bases: Army, 7; Navy, 6. Stolen bases: Whiteside (3), Lyman (2), Davenport (2), Cook, Hyatt, Milliken, Seibert. Sacrifice hits: Cook, Davenport, Vaiden. Struck out: By Hyatt, 3; by Vinson, 5; by Wakeman, 1. First base on balls: Off Hyatt, 3; off Vinson, 2. Hit by pitcher, Osborne. Wild pitch: Vinson. Umpires: Brennan and Emslie.







CAPT. GREENMAN

## CREW

THE crew season was a most satisfactory one in most respects; and although we were beaten by Columbia's crew, it took the best crew ever turned out at that institution to turn the trick—a crew that only lost the Poughkeepsie race through the faulty judgment of their coxswain.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology was simply outclassed, as it was their first appearance in rowing circles, but the Pennsylvania race two weeks later was, from the spectator's viewpoint, at least, one of the best ever pulled on the Severn. Pennsylvania kept well ahead for the first mile and three-quarters, and it was only in the closing moments that the Navy crew regained its distance and won by a scant four feet in a spectacular finish.

These waiting tactics did not make such a good showing against Columbia, as the visitors had just as much left at the finish as we did, and came out nearly two lengths to the good.

In the race with Syracuse the Varsity crew profited by their experience with Columbia, and never let the up-Staters get near enough to be dangerous, winning handily by about four boat lengths.

For the first time since Jonas Ingram's Poughkeepsie experience we were allowed to leave the Academy for a race, and entered three crews in the American Henley, the Philadelphia regatta of the American Rowing Association, on May 26th. A list of the events in which we rowed and their results is given later on.

One first and two seconds at a first appearance is not a bad record, and we hope for more tries at it and a greater proportion of successes each year.

In this connection it would not be fair to omit mention of the phenomenal Plebe crew, which demonstrated its title to



READY ALL!

# LUCKY BAG

the championship of the United States by decisively defeating the winner of the Poughkeepsie race for freshmen at the American Henley; while on the same day the Harvard Freshmen were worsted by a crew which subsequently came out second at Poughkeepsie. The Plebes had easily beaten the Pennsylvania Freshmen earlier in the season, and because of their brilliant showing in the Henley the Athletic Association granted 1914 "crossed oar" numerals. This plebe eight should furnish good Varsity material for several seasons, and if they give rowing the conscientious work it demands they will be heard from.



SECOND CREW

Whatever they have in them will be developed to its full extent by the able coaching of "Dick" Glendon, than whom we believe there to be no greater coach in the country.

And the Lucky Bag wishes a long and prosperous career at the Naval Academy to the clean and sportsmanlike art of rowing.



MR. GLENDON



MANAGER HALL

# LUCKY BAG



PENN FRESHMAN CREW



THE MANLEY

## SCHEDULE AND WINNER

- April 22—Plebes vs. Central High School of Philadelphia. Navy.
- April 29—First Crew vs. Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Navy.
- May 6—First Crew vs. Pennsylvania. Navy.
- May 13—First Crew vs. Columbia. Columbia.
- May 20—First Crew vs. Syracuse. Navy.

1912—Captain, William Garrett Greenman  
 Manager, Robert Archibald Hall



"TOMMIE"



DAVIS



THE afternoon of the race found everything perfect—a warm, sailing day and light airs rippling down the course. The Schuylkill course is ideal from a spectator's point of view. Philadelphia realizes this and a truly immense crowd turned out. The race for Freshmen crews was the first race of importance. The plebes got the jump on the Columbia and Pennsylvania freshmen crews at the start and were never headed. Under the even and powerful stroking of Nelson, they held the race well in hand at all times. When the finish line was reached after a race of one mile, five hundred and fifty yards, the plebes had a good length of open water on Columbia.

The freshman race served to whet everybody's appetite for that for second crews. There was a splendid entry list. Harvard, Yale, Penn, Courtney's Cornell bunch that—well, you know what kind of crews Courtney puts on the water—and our own second crew that had more than pushed the first crew hard all season.



At the gun, Cornell and the Navy jumped to the lead, and it was soon evident that the race lay between these two. For a mile it was neck and neck, and then the Navy spurted to a half-length lead. The last hundred yards was the fiercest kind of a struggle, and to those who saw it, will never be forgotten. Nip and tuck the two crews came with the shouts of people and the shriek of whistles making a frenzy of noise. When the finish was reached, it looked to most like a dead heat between Cornell and the Navy, but Cornell had won by inches.

After more minor events the crowds settled back in their places with that look that comes only when they are ready for the supreme event of the day—the race for varsity eights. The entries were the Columbia and Navy first crews and the Wahnetas. The rowing men picked the Wahneta crew to win, but the general public, perhaps through sentiment, banked either on Columbia or the Navy. The story of the race is soon told. The Wahneta's crew was





never a factor. For a mile Columbia and the Navy rowed nip and tuck. At this point Columbia spurted, and gained nearly a length. The Navy fought harder than ever, fought only as Navy crews can, but the finish found Columbia leading by a length. The better crew had won.

Taken altogether the results, while they could have been more satisfying, were not bad. The plebes demonstrated that they were the best freshman crew in the East; the second crew lost a race by inches, and the first crew fought with every ounce in them. For a first invasion of foreign waters the Navy did pretty well, good enough to try again this Spring.



#### AMERICAN HENLEY AT PHILADELPHIA

First Crew vs. Columbia Boat Club  
Union Boat Club

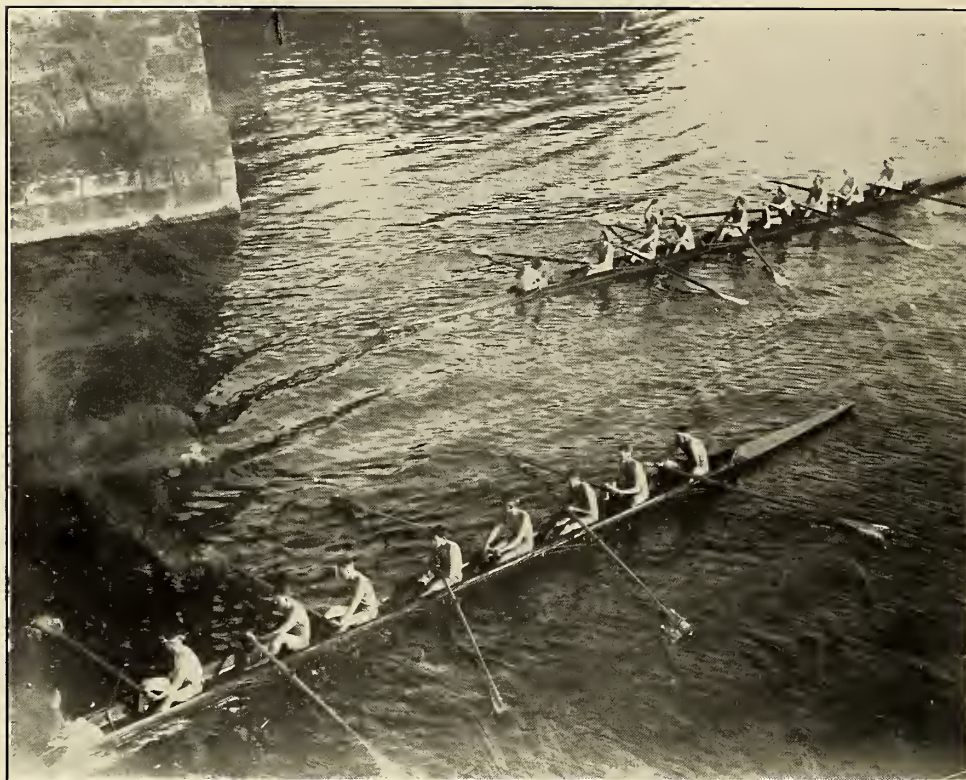
Course—Two statute miles. Won by Columbia;  
Navy second.

Second Crew vs. Pennsylvania  
Harvard  
Cornell  
Yale

Won by Cornell; Navy second.

Plebe Crew vs. Columbia  
Pennsylvania

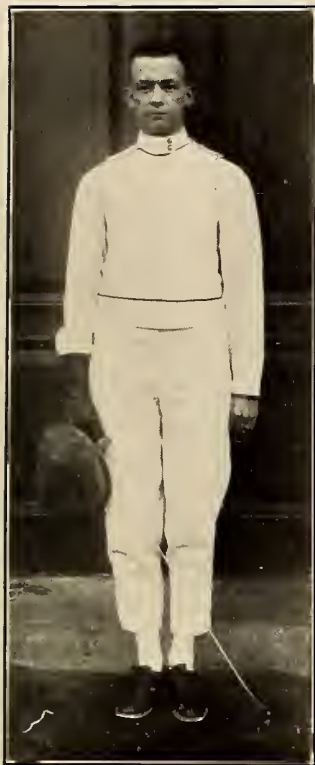
Won by Navy.



“The Navy fought harder than ever, fought only as Navy crews can, but the finish found Columbia leading by a length. The better crew had won.”



CORNELL WINS BY INCHES



CAPT. LARIMER

# FENCING

The squad started out this year just as it has in many past years, to develop a team to beat the Army and win the Intercollegiates. The problem of picking men to fill the places of the graduates on last year's team was also the same,—except that we had a veteran captain. He succeeded in getting rid of physical obstacles, practiced faithfully, and worked hard for his team. Dodd and Broadbent made good and these three with Dunn and Bishop for first and second substitutes have won all our meets with college teams.

In our first meet with the veterans from the Washington Fencers' Club we did remarkably well, considering that they had an ex-amateur champion of the country on their team. Then came Harvard for a good meet, score 5 to 4 in our favor; Pennsylvania, Columbia, and Yale followed. The meets with the older club teams were very good, too, and even if we were beaten we showed plenty of strength and constant improvement.

The quadrangular meet was the best of all because it roused the team to do their best and to show their form. They won 26 of their 27 bouts.

The schedule has been the longest in years and the experience gained in the meets has been excellent preparation for the finals in New York.





THE TEAM

The sabre team has had three meets this year,—enough to put it fairly on a sound footing. Osgood, Hibbs, and Hans won the first meet from a team of Cavalry officers from the Washington Fencers' Club by a score of 5 to 4, and the meets with the New York Turn Verein and the Baltimore Fencers' Club were also very satisfactory, although no decisions were given.

SCHEDULE 1912



MANAGER MARTIN

	Opponents	Navy.												
Washington Fencers' Club.....	6	3												
Harvard University .....	4	5												
New York Turn Verein.....	No decisions													
University of Pennsylvania.....	2	7												
Columbia University .....	2	7												
New York Fencers' Club.....	6	3												
Yale University .....	1	8												
Baltimore Fencers' Club.....	7	2												
Quadrangular Meet	<table border="0" style="margin-left: 20px;"> <tr> <td style="font-size: 2em;">}</td> <td>Navy .....</td> <td style="text-align: right;">26</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td>Pennsylvania .....</td> <td style="text-align: right;">15</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td>Columbia .....</td> <td style="text-align: right;">8</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td>Princeton .....</td> <td style="text-align: right;">5</td> </tr> </table>		}	Navy .....	26		Pennsylvania .....	15		Columbia .....	8		Princeton .....	5
}	Navy .....	26												
	Pennsylvania .....	15												
	Columbia .....	8												
	Princeton .....	5												



As said before, the team went to New York with the determination to win the Intereollegiate meet. Captain Larimer, Dodd and Broadbent fought with all there was in them and put up a splendid fight. The fact that they didn't win is due simply to this—that the Army had a better team. It was sad for us, but we acknowledge it and immediately resolve to turn the tables next year. The following is the final standing and score:

First—Army	41
Second—Navy	29
Third—Cornell	28
Fourth—Harvard	17
Fifth—Columbia	11
Sixth—Pennsylvania	9

Cornell gave us a big run Friday afternoon when they got a lead over us of three bouts but we evened things Saturday afternoon in true Navy spirit and in the evening we gained our lead and obtained second place in the meet. The bout between Rayner of West Point and Larimer was most exciting; it resulted in a tie at first, required two extra periods to decide it and in the second Rayner finished with one more touch than our captain, thereby securing himself in the Intereollegiate championship.

Too much credit cannot be given to Prof. Fournon, head coach of the fencing team, for his untiring patience, ever buoyant spirit, and unexcelled skill in preparing the team for this meet. He got out the best there was in it.

Prof. Morrison has given invaluable service and support to the team and they wish to thank him; also Lieutenant Oakley who has been faithful in practicing with the squad throughout the season.



M=Abay

# BASKET BALL



CAPT. WENZELL.

THE basketball team of 1911-1912 sustained the high standard of Navy teams of the past—no greater praise is necessary. Out of the nine games played, the team won eight, losing only to Swarthmore, which was undoubtedly the best college team of the East, if not of the country. With three men of last year's team, a forward, center, and a guard, gone, Jacobs, coach, and Wenzell, captain, turned out a team in no way inferior to the teams of the past.

Wenzell and Ertz were the stars of the team—no college team of the year had better men in their particular department than these. Although Wenzell rarely played throughout a game, he scored 47 baskets for the season. (N. B.—His famous basket in the N. Y. U. game is not counted in these.) His lowest number in any one game was two; he passed well, and rarely allowed his man a shot. Ertz was the backbone of the defense, more than once fighting off a score when he was alone against two opponents. He, too, passed well, and his fast, well-timed runs down the floor made it necessary for his man to watch him continuously. The other men—Smith and McKee at forward; McReavy, center; Byers, center and guard, and Wild, guard, were scarcely inferior. It was a team of good men, however, rather than a collection of stars.

The most interesting games of the season were those against St. John's of Brooklyn, and against Swarthmore. The St. John's game was the closest of the year; with the score 19—17 against them in the first half, our opponents took the lead half way through the second; a determined rally by Navy won the game finally, 32—28. The



Swarthmore game, the only one which we lost, was conceded to be for the Eastern championship. Swarthmore took the lead early in the game, and long shots, combined with Gilchrist's accuracy on



THE TEAM

fouls, gave them the victory, 27-19. Navy put up a hard fight, especially in the last part of the second half, but it was useless. They had not lost without a struggle.



MANAGER TEN EYCK

SCHEDULE

Opponents. Navy.

Baltimore Medical		
College .....	13	49
Yale .....	9	41
Catholic University..	15	72
St. John's (Brooklyn)	28	32
St. John's (Annapolis)	18	35
Dickinson .....	12	45
Swarthmore .....	27	19
New York University	19	28
Georgetown .....	19	40

CAPTAIN—Louis Peter Wenzell.

MANAGER—Abraham Cuyler Ten Eyck.

COACH—Jacobs, '11.



THE SWEDE



JACOBS





CAPT. DALTON

# TRACK

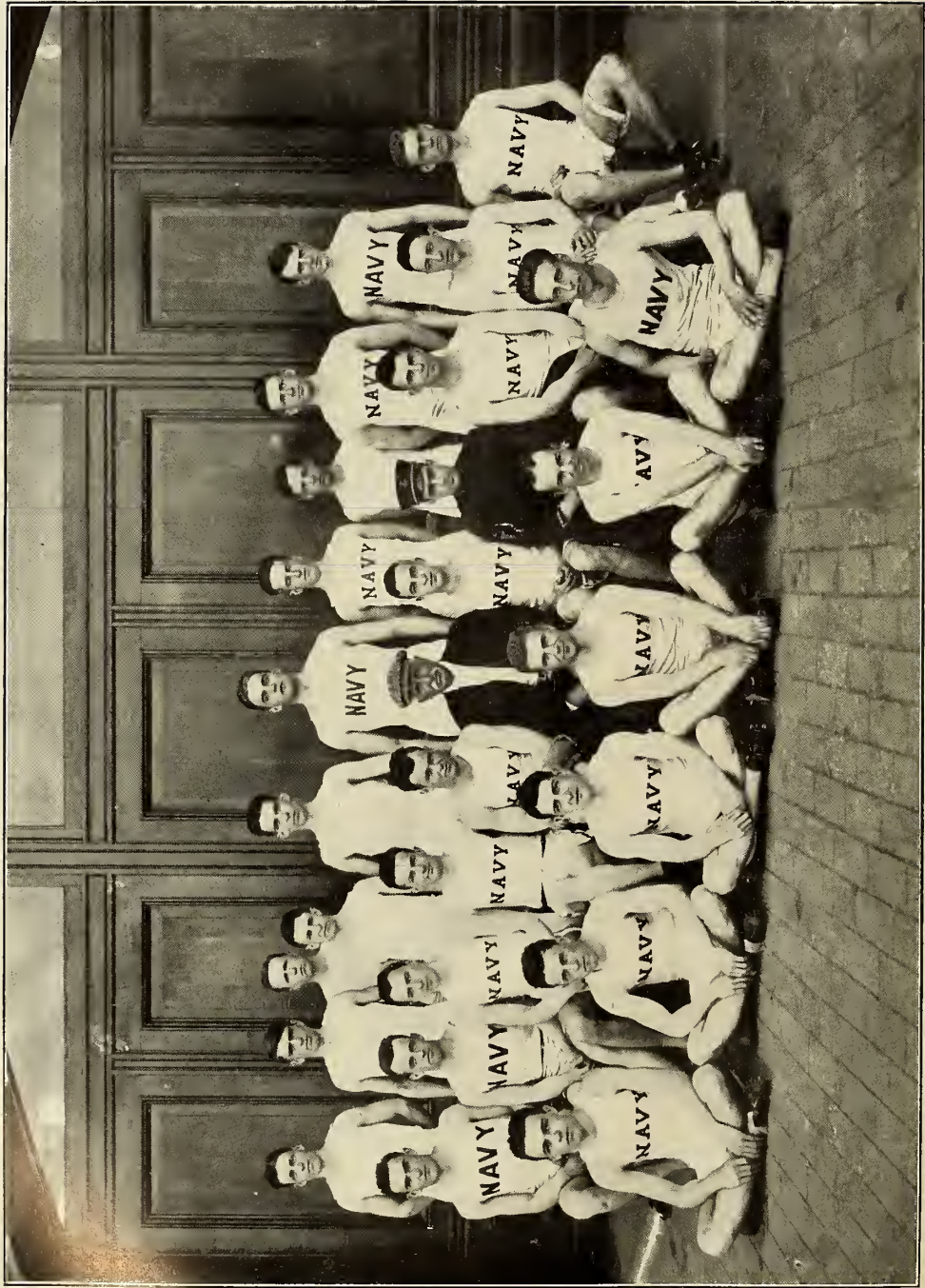
The season of 1911 was from a Navy standpoint a most successful one, even though we lost to our old rivals, the University of Pennsylvania. To start with there was plenty of good material on the squad and by Scotty's able training and painstaking coaching, a record-breaking team was developed.

The first dual meet of the season was held with the Atlantic Fleet team. The "old stars" came down for a week's preliminary practice, determined to take the young bloods into camp,

but they proved easy meat for their younger rivals. On account of a heavy rain on the day of the Harvard meet that contest was called off after the hundred had been run with a Navy victory. Records went by the board in nearly every meet. Carey in his usually spectacular manner tied his old record of 9 4-5 in the 100, and established a new one, 50 seconds, in the 440. "Dolly" clipped four-fifths of a second off the Academy record in the 220 hurdles and tied the old record of 16 seconds in the 120 hurdles. Geisenhoff and Hull lowered the half and two-mile records, and Hintze and Good added more to the hammer throw.

Capt. "Dolly" is already getting "dope" on the candidates for the present season and prospects are unusually bright for another victorious year. The creditable showing of the team is due principally to the energetic work and untiring efforts of the "Scotchman," and we all feel sure he will be rewarded with another successful team this coming Spring.





# LUCKY BAG



HIGH JUMP

### SCHEDULE, 1911

	Opponents.	Navy.
April 15—Atlantic Fleet Team .....	10	86
April 22—Harvard .....	1	8
May 6—Johns Hopkins .....	44	57
May 13—Pennsylvania .....	63	54

CAPTAIN—John Patrick Dalton.  
 MANAGER—Robert R. Thompson.





POLE VAULT

**ACADEMY TRACK RECORDS**

120-Yard Hurdle .....16 sec.	1-Mile Run .....4 m. 30 3/5 sec.
Decker, '06	Rankin, '08
Shafroth, '08	2-Mile Run .....9 m. 59 2/5 sec.
Dalton, '12	Hull, G. D., '13
220-Yard Hurdle .....25 sec.	Broad Jump .....22 ft. 7 1/2 in.
Dalton, '12	Donelson, '10
100-Yard Dash .....9 4/5 sec.	High Jump .....5 ft. 9 1/2 in.
Carey, '11	Lauman, '07
220-Yard Dash .....21 3/5 sec.	Pole Vault .....11 ft. 6 in.
Carey, '11	Armstrong, '15
440-Yard Dash .....50 sec.	Shot Put .....40 ft. 2 3/4 in.
Carey, '11	McConnell, '07
Half-Mile Run .....1 m. 59 4/5 sec.	Hammer Throw .....143 ft. 9 1/2 in.
Geisenhoff, '13	Hintze, '13

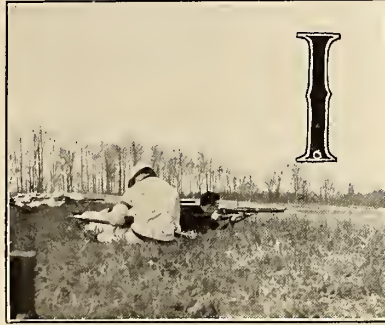


RIEFKOHLE



CAPT. SAUNDERS

# THE TEAM



It has often been said, by officers coaching the rifle team, and by others who have watched it closely, that shooting is not exactly what we might call a sport here at the Academy. The fact that the team, instead of meeting young men from other

colleges, meets men much older and more experienced than themselves,—men who may have been shooting for ten years or more,—makes the work of the Rifle Team almost what we might call professional.

Perhaps this accounts for the fact that so little real interest is taken in the work by midshipmen other than those actually on the squad. True enough, there is nothing very exciting or hair-raising about a rifle match—no action in it at all, and for this reason we say that it is hardly a branch of athletics at all.

But for those who think that there is no fun in it because it has not that one element—action; that there is no chance for a man to display his physical ability by simply holding a gun—let them try it for a while! Let them run a skirmish through the weeds with the sun  $125^{\circ}$  in the sand, and let them pump five shots into a little black man while he pops up for 20 seconds. Let them hang onto a rifle in a 30-mile gale while they shoot a string at the “million yards,” and they will be as contented with a rest as the team itself.

It is not surprising, however, that there was so little interest in the team last year, for the reason that we could not go to shoot in the National Match at Camp Perry.



RIFLE SQUAD

# LUCKY BAG



That match is the Army-Navy game for the rifle team, and the loss of it was regretted just as much as the big game two years ago.

Practice was carried on as usual, through the Spring, and it showed plainly in some of the excellent rapid-fire shooting done later in the matches. The first meet—that with a team from the U. S. S. Louisiana,

was shot in the mud and rain, and was won by a surprising rally at 200 rapid.

This strength the team was to need later on, for the meet with the 71st Regiment of New York was for the trophy awarded by the members of that Regiment. Each team had won two matches up to that time,—the trophy to go to the team winning three matches. With the old



Camp Perry team, that had broken world's records the year before, on the firing-line, we kept the lead on the right side of the board all the way through, and won our trophy handily.

This year a new system of firing is to be introduced in place of the old 200 slow and rapid. This latest rapid-fire novelty is known as "surprise fire."

# LUCKY BAG

Three seconds a shot is allowed for ten "pops" at the 200-yard target; but even at that, we have yet to see the Academy team that could not hold its own anywhere at rapid-fire.

Right here it might be well to give part of the report of the rifle team work at Camp Perry in 1909, which was submitted by "Capt. Jack" Williams, one of the most wonderful men that has ever coached an Academy team:



200 YARDS—OFF SHOULDER

"Rifle shooting is the only sport at the Academy, save boating, which has strictly professional value. I respectfully suggest that the Naval Academy be



200 YARDS—RAPID FIRE

made the first school for riflemen in the country; not alone for the value of the attainment, but because, in its pursuit, the midshipmen cultivate the same methods and determination, gather the same experience, and, in a word, acquire the very spirit that fits them to organize a successful battery on board ship."







CAPT. LAMOUNTAIN

# LACROSSE

Lacrosse players, unlike the participants of a great many other branches of athletics, have, almost to a man, developed themselves during their course at the Academy. Almost all of them have never before played lacrosse and a surprising number have never seen a lacrosse game at all.

Even with such green material, we have shown great advancement. A brief history of the game will make this plain. Four years ago the first team was organized, a few games scheduled and lost. There was no coaching the next year, except for having a man come down once a week—at that we won a game.

The third year, under the same system of coaching, we won a majority of the games—and those with some of the best teams in the United States. The game was gaining popularity by leaps and bounds, for its experimental stage was over. Finally, last year, through the good services of the Officer in Charge of Athletics, we secured the services of a professional player as coach. Great things were hoped for—we lost two games out of a schedule of seven, and those to Johns Hopkins and Harvard, each by a point.



OUR CAPTAIN KEEPING GOAL.

# LUCKY BAG

This year we have Mr. Finlayson again—the best coach in the country—a good captain, lots of material, and high hopes for a successful season.



SWARTHMORE GAME

### SCHEDULE

	Opponents, Navy.	
March 30—Johns Hopkins.....	2	1
April 6—Cornell .....	0	12
April 13—Lehigh .....	2	7
April 19—Harvard .....	4	2
April 27—Mt. Washington Club...	0	6
May 3—Swarthmore .....	1	7

### TEAMS

- LaMountain, '12..... Goal..... Spanagel
- Hamilton, '12..... Point..... Hitchcock
- Douglas, '13..... Cover Point..... Robinson
- Gilmore, '11..... First Defense..... Cunneen, Little
- Davidson, '11..... Second Defense..... Cohen, Thompson
- Hill, '11..... Third Defense..... Loder
- Wiltse, '14..... Center..... Ten Eyck
- McDonnell, '12..... Third Attack..... Montgomery
- Sanborn, '12..... Second Attack..... Moore
- Gray, '13..... First Attack..... Davis
- Ford, '11..... Outhome..... Rose
- McKee, '13..... Inhome..... Creighton

1912—Captain, George William LaMountain.  
 Manager, Alexander William Loder.  
 Coach, Mr. George Finlayson, Montreal, Canada.

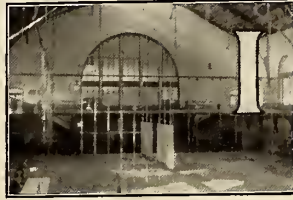


MANAGER LODER



CAPT. KIEFFER

# GYMNASIUM



IT'S a hard luck story, this history of the gym season; right through from the time Tubby Russell, forgetful of a bad knee, tried a new variety of hand-spring on the mat. Re-

sult, water on the knee—and Tubby retired to the horse for the rest of the season. Next, Dickie Byrd tried an unheard-of combination on the rings, failed to connect at the end of it, and went down to the deck with two fractures and a dislocated ankle. Without Dickie, prospects looked blue indeed. The team held a meeting and elected Heimie Kieffer captain in his place.

The first event of the season was the inter-company meet, held on January 20th. The fourth company won, with the championships as follows: Horizontal Bar, La Bombard; Rings, Hull; Parallel Bars, Landis; Side Horse, Zacharias; Tumbling, Gillette; All-round Champion, Kieffer.

The first meet, with Princeton, took place on February 10th. The team went in feeling that it had a bare chance of winning. Princeton had it over us in the first counts, but we pulled up toward the end and won by the close score of 25 to 20. We went into the next meet, with Columbia, feeling a little more confident, and although the team as a whole was not up to standard form, won by 28 to 17.

Tubby Russell, during the week before the next meet, tried a dismount from the high





MANAGER THOMPSON

bar, and his knee again took the count, putting him out for a couple of weeks. We defeated Pennsylvania by the score of 31 to 23, club-swinging being included for the first time during the season.

The last meet was the hardest of the season—with Yale. Everyone was adding the final brushes to his exercises when, two days before the meet, Spig La Bombard tore half the palm off his hand and Zach sprained his ankle. We went into the meet a team of cripples. Spig, with a young mattress strapped to his hand, surprised us by completing the second of his two snappy exercises. Zach and Tubby hobbled out to the horse and pulled down first and second places. And Cooper finished the meet by bringing in a first in the clubs. We had won by 32 to 22, and had brought the Eastern Championship home for the second time in three years.

\* \* \* \* \*

No, the team did not celebrate at Carvel this year.



CAPT. ELDER

# WRESTLING

J.C.M.

The wrestling team this year has kept up the enviable reputation which has been borne by this sport ever since the wrestling game was started at the Academy. In fact, the wrestling team may be said to be about the most successful team representing a minor sport in an institution where minor sports have always been notably successful.

Of the four college teams met last Winter, three, Princeton, Lehigh and Yale, were decisively beaten on straight falls, while the fourth opponent, Cornell, won by one fall and three decisions against three falls. When falls are given their proper preponderance over decisions, as is now advocated by most intercollegiate wrestling authorities, the Academy teams should be even more successful than in the past, as they are trained to work for this primary object in wrestling and to avoid stalling tactics. The schedule:



	Opponents.	Navy
Princeton .....	3	4
Lehigh .....	1	6
Cornell .....	4	3
Yale .....	1	6





CAPT. WHITING

# Swimming

The swimming team was regularly organized for the first time this year, there having been only one outside meet before. The team's inexperience was evident throughout the season, especially in the starts and turns; it was here that we lost most of our races. Whiting was by all odds the strongest man, making almost half our points; his best race was in the meet against Pennsylvania, when he forced his opponent to swim the 100 yards in 59.2-5 seconds to win. Despite the loss of Whiting and Elmer by graduation, this team can be expected to make a far better showing as the men learn the tricks of tank swimming.

## SCHEDULE—1912

Navy, 19.	Columbia, 25.
Navy, 8.	Univ. of Pennsylvania, 36.
Navy, 25.	Washington Y. M. C. A., 46.





CAPT. FULTON

# TENNIS

The tennis season last year was a most successful one. Out of eight matches played six were won easily and the other two—those with Virginia and Penna. State—were tied.

The Academy tournament attracted much attention from the Brigade; Fulton won the championship in singles and Parmelee and Popham that in the doubles. This year an excellent schedule has been arranged and the outlook is bright for another season as successful as last.

	SCORES, 1911	Navy.	Opponent.
April 29—	Gettysburg .....	4	2
May 3—	Johns Hopkins .....	4	3
May 6—	Pennsylvania State .....	2	2
May 13—	Virginia .....	3	3
May 17—	St. John's .....	4	0
May 18—	Swarthmore .....	4	2
May 20—	Dickinson .....	4	0
May 27—	Georgetown .....	6	0



# INTER-CLASS



1914  
Class  
Champion-  
ship  
Football  
Team



1912  
Football  
Team



Boxing  
Champions





# Wearers of the 'N'

## FOOTBALL

J. P. Dalton.....	N**	K. P. Gilchrist.....	N**
R. E. P. Elmer.....	N*	P. P. Rodes.....	N**
D. W. Hamilton.....	N**	J. R. Redman.....	N*
I. C. Sowell.....	N*	B. B. Ralston.....	N*
R. H. Wakeman.....	N*	G. T. Howe.....	N*
P. V. H. Weems.....	N**	W. M. Nicholls.....	N*
J. H. Brown, Jr.....	N**	C. J. McReavy.....	N*

## BASEBALL

J. L. Abbot.....	N	W. T. Cochran.....	N
J. A. Byers.....	N	W. M. Nicholls.....	N
C. K. Osborne.....	N	J. L. Vaiden.....	N
R. H. Wakeman.....	N	T. N. Vinson.....	N
W. Seibert.....	N		

## CREW

P. V. H. Weems.....	N	J. R. Palmer.....	N
V. Wood.....	N	L. R. Agrell.....	N

## FENCING

M. W. Larimer.....	N
--------------------	---

## BASKETBALL

L. P. Wenzell.....	N	L. P. Bischoff.....	BNB
H. Ertz.....	N	L. Wild.....	BNB
J. L. Abbot.....	BNB		

## TRACK

J. P. Dalton.....	N	G. D. Hull.....	N
H. H. Good.....	N	R. Asserson.....	N
C. A. Lockwood.....	N	N. H. Geisenhoff.....	N
K. E. Hintze.....	N	D. W. Armstrong.....	N

## RIFLE TEAM

H. E. Saunders.....	N	L. P. Bischoff.....	N
R. E. Kerr.....	N	E. H. Barber.....	N
S. J. Zeigler.....	N	E. L. Woodside.....	N
R. H. Hawkins.....	N	J. M. Kates.....	N
C. K. Martin.....	N	C. H. Want.....	RNT

## LACROSSE

G. W. LaMountain.....	LNT	D. W. Douglas.....	LNT
D. W. Hamilton.....	LNT	L. R. Gray.....	LNT
E. O. McDonnell.....	LNT	F. W. McKee.....	LNT
A. B. Sanborn.....	LNT	L. J. Wiltse.....	LNT
A. C. Ten Eyck.....	LNT		

## GYMNASIUM

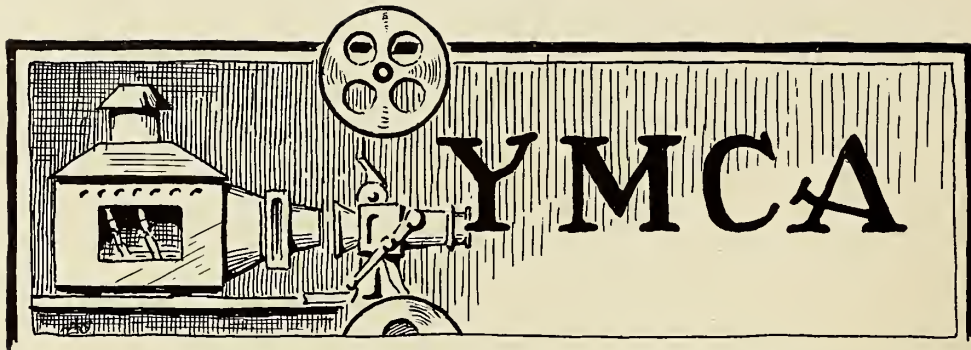
R. E. Byrd, Jr.....	GNT	J. C. Clark.....	GNT
H. M. Kieffer.....	GNT	W. C. Waddell.....	GNT
E. A. Russell.....	GNT	N. C. Gillette.....	GNT
E. M. Zacharias.....	GNT	C. T. Hull.....	GNT
H. V. La Bombard.....	GNT	H. G. Skinner.....	GNT

## WRESTLING

F. K. Elder.....	WNT	P. V. H. Weems.....	WNT
H. W. Scofield.....	WNT	L. L. Babbitt.....	WNT
I. C. Sowell.....	WNT	L. J. Stecher.....	WNT

## TENNIS

G. Fulton.....	TNT	W. S. Popham.....	TNT
H. P. Parmelee.....	TNT		



Directors

I. C. Sowell, '12.  
 F. K. Elder, '12.  
 C. G. Helmick, '13  
 B. B. Ralston, '14

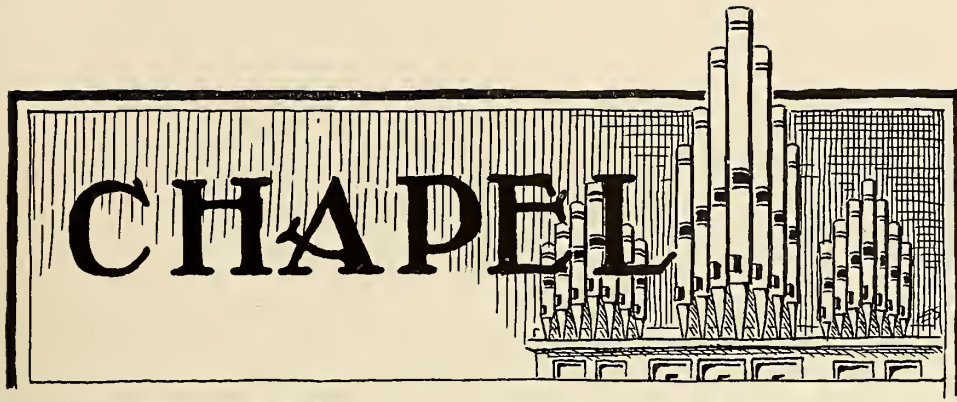
Officers

P. V. H. Weems, '12, President.  
 H. M. Kieffer, '12, Vice-President.  
 P. DeV. Sleeper, '13, Cor. Secretary.  
 E. L. Woodside, '13, Rec. Secretary.  
 F. M. Earle, '14, Treasurer.

The ideal of the Young Men's Christian Association is a well-rounded development of mind, body, and spirit. The development of mind and body is thoroughly taken care of by a zealous Academic Board, and an efficient Department of Physical Training. The Y. M. C. A. is free then to devote all its energy to the spirit. This it does by endeavoring to rouse an enthusiasm for right things by means of weekly meetings addressed by virile leaders in Christian work. It also attacks the problem in a less spectacular but probably more efficient manner by conducting Bible study classes. It is in these weekly meetings where fellows discuss the teachings of Jesus Christ, and attempt to apply them to the problems of daily living that the real work of the Association lies. The Y. M. C. A. also operates the reading room, and arranges entertainments, but the very essence of its existence is to present the teachings of Jesus Christ as a working theory of life.



# CHAPEL



Chaplain, Evan W. Scott

Organist, Prof. C. A. Zimmerman

It is to be hoped that sometime in the near future the interior of the chapel can be arranged so that all those present may get the benefit of what is going on. At present it is rather disconcerting, both to the chaplain and to the congregation, to feel that half of a perfectly good sermon is going to waste on the walls.

Furthermore, it is discouraging to the choir to know that after foregoing the pleasures of Friday drills and Sunday inspections in order to practice, they have to waste their well meaning energies on ears that show no appreciation whatever.

Our chapel is indeed a magnificent resting place for the brave John Paul Jones; as a church, it is hardly in keeping with the rest of our splendid buildings.





THE  
HOP  
COMMITTEE



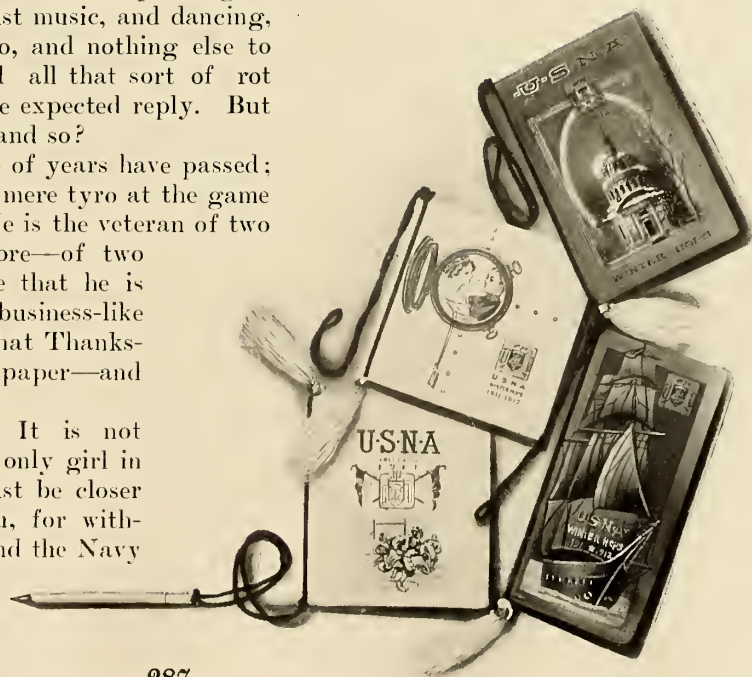
# HOOPS

Once there was a young man. It was his fortune, good or bad, to become a member of the U. S. Ex Scientia, et cetera. Having thus embarked on the fatal course, and thereby numbered himself with the rest of us, he proceeded to lose no time in becoming everything it has been possible to become in our midst. He identified himself with the forty-per-cent; he joined the fraternity of bluff artists; he incorporated himself in the society of the inapt; he was known as a devotee of Swedish movements; he adhered to the theories of the hot-air club; he attached himself most heartily to the subject of trees; he enrolled in the ranks of the fussers; he sported a prominent pink N—in fact he was associated with everything. Or more briefly and more definitely, he was the average mid. And being this, it was not long before he went to a hop. Curse the youth for his strange waywardness!—he liked it! And accordingly he went again, and yet again; and then indefinitely until the tendency rooted itself in the very heart of his second nature. But this was nothing; he very probably had six more untouched.

If he had been asked about these plunges into the social vortex he would have been at a loss to define the impulses governing his conduct. "Just music, and dancing, and a pretty face or two, and nothing else to do—dontcherknow," and all that sort of rot would have been the to be expected reply. But in good sooth, lieth the land so?

Assume that a couple of years have passed; our hero is no longer the mere tyro at the game that he formerly was. He is the veteran of two cruises, and what is more—of two leaves. It is presumable that he is up to snuff. Note the business-like way he now goes about that Thanksgiving hop. Pens, ink, paper—and the following results:

"Dearest Genevieve: It is not enough that you are the only girl in the world for me. I must be closer to you. I must see you, for without you life is hopeless and the Navy seems unbearable," etc., for ten pages, with



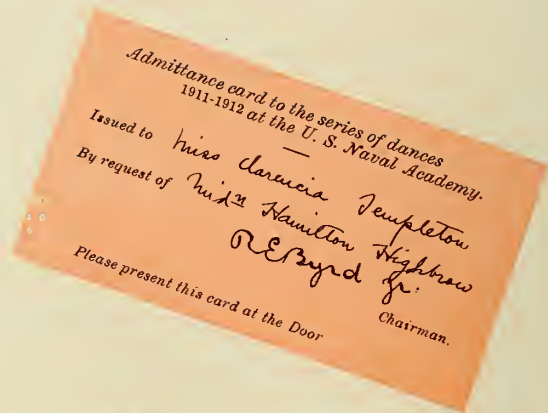


touching allusions to the Ensign bill, until at last—"It is settled, then, that you will come down for Thanksgiving. I simply cannot hear of any refusal, and surely you won't be so unkind as to turn me down when you know that you are all in all to me!—

"Eternally, devotedly, and soforthly yours, Richard Doe, 2nd Class."

In response to this communication he will receive for a month or so a series of pink, scented missives—forerunners of the great event—that are no less mysterious and delightful to the Assistants in charge of mail than they are to the recipient. Their contents are negligible, or virtually so. They aver that she will come, and that it is too perfectly, tremendously wonderful of him to ask her!

During this period of waiting he lives in a state of nervous anticipation manifested by pessimistic utterances and marked inattention to the inner beauties of steam and mechanics. But woe ends, and joy begins at that pleasureable instant when he assists the beloved one and chaperone to descend from the luxurious rolling-stock of the W. B. & A. From that moment the race is on, and it is for him to do or die. What an old story it is!



FORM 2273

**NIGHT LETTER**

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ROBERT C. CLOWAY, PRESIDENT BELVIDERE BRIDGES, GENERAL MANAGER

RECEIVER'S NO. TIME FILED CHECK

SEND the following NIGHT LETTER subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to WASHINGTON DC JANUARY 4 1912

To MIDSHIPMAN, ALLAN H. GUTHRIE, U. S. N. A. ANNAPOLIS MD.

AS LONG AS YOU ARE GOING TO BE IN TOWN TOMORROW CANT YOU

COME TO OUR TEA FROM FIVE TO SEVEN, IF YOU CAN BRING ALONG THE

WHOLE BRIGADE INCLUDING GEORGE FORT, OSGOOD, HENRY SWILLER, HARRY

LITTLE, MR. TRACHT AND JERIS.

THE GIRLS.

948P

117, 227, C. 43 PAID N. L. 281

**HOP COMMITTEE**

- RICHARD EVELYN BYRD, JR ..... Virginia
- AARON STANLEY MERRILL, JR ..... Mississippi
- DONALD WHEELER HAMILTON ..... New Mexico
- DONALD FLANNER PATTERSON ..... North Carolina
- JOHN PIERCE BOWDEN ..... California
- HERBERT KEENEY FENN ..... Maine
- HARRY GEORGE SKINNER, JR ..... Maryland
- HERBERT SLAYDEN CLARKSON ..... Texas
- FRANCIS KENDALL O'BRIEN ..... Washington, D. C.
- GEORGE BARRY WILSON ..... Virginia

THE  
MASQUERADERS.



# THE MASQUERADERS

## LORANIA

A Musical Comedy in two acts, entirely written within Bancroft Hall.  
Book by MEYER, V., '11

Lyrics by DODD, '12, HOWELL, '11, SMITH, G. A., '11, and MEYER, '11.

Music by HOWELL, DODD, and SMITH.

Business Manager, STONE, E. S., '11.

ADMIRAL BATEAU of the Royal Lorianan Navy.....	Capehart, '11
BARON BEERHEIM, Prime Minister of Loriaia.....	Smith, G. A., '11
DENTON FORBES, American Adviser to Crown of Loriaia.....	Meyer, '11
HEINE, Royal Chamberlain.....	Elmer, '12
CARRET, Secretary to Prime Minister.....	McCord, C. G., '11
Mrs. ROXIANA DEARBORN.....	Macomb, '11
MARGARET DEARBORN, her niece.....	Dodd, '12
SYLVIA, Princess of Loriaia.....	O'Brien, '14
LADY OF THE ROYAL WARDROBE.....	Larimer, '12
KID SULLIVAN.....	Hull, C. T., '13
OTHO, Prince of Wisteria.....	Ford, W. D., '11
BOWERY GIRLS.....	Dodd and Harlow, '12

### SCENES.

The scene is laid in the European Kingdom of Loriaia. Time, Present.

Act 1—Throne room of the palace.      Act 2—One Week later—Terrace of the palace.



JUNE WEEK SHOW



# LUCKY BAG

Just as the football team goes out to beat the Army, so the Masqueraders go out to beat their last year's record. So far they have an unbroken string of victories to their credit. Each June week it seems as if the turning point had been reached. No one believes that the Masqueraders can do better next year, and a great many do not hesitate to say so; but each year proves that the limit has not yet been reached, for every June Week Show is better than the one before it.

"Vince" Meyer, last year's Manager, deserves a great deal of credit. He conceived the plot, and wrote the book of "Lorania," the June Week Show. He also played the part of the hero, and played it well. In fact he was a stand-by whose loss will be keenly felt this year.

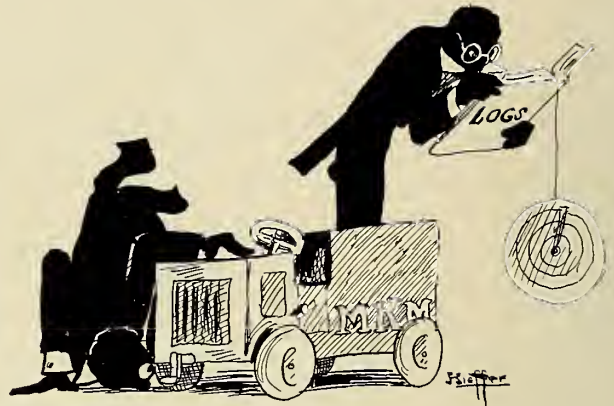
But the real secret of the success of "Lorania" lies in the two words "Charley Morgan." To those who do not know him well, Charley is merely Mr. C. S. Morgan, Graduate Manager of the Mask and Wig Club of the University of Pennsylvania, but to us he is always Charley. For two years now Charley has helped us with the June Week Show. He does more than help us, though; he makes the show and hands it to us. To Charley we owe all the dances, all the costumes, in short, the success of the show. But the best thing of all in connection with his coming is that it gives us a chance to meet the kind of a fellow you want for a friend.

In order to warm up for the June Week Show and bring out new material, it has been the custom to give a Minstrel Show at Christmas time. It is then that the Masqueraders get away with some wonderful things. However, up to date, the show has never been pinched. To be sure it had a narrow escape this year, but the long arm of censure fell just too late, and the show went off with flying colors.



CHRISTMAS MINSTREL SHOW

**LUCKY BAG**



**THE MINSTRELS**

Interlocutor—RAMSEY, D. C., '12

**ENDMEN**

Zacharias, '12  
Downes, '13

Kates, '13  
Wick, '12

Elmer, '13  
Hicks, '15

**PROGRAMME**

Opening Chorus .....	Entire Chorus
That Mysterious Rag .....	Zacharias and Chorus
Everybody's Doing It.....	Elmer and Chorus
You'll Do the Same Thing Over.....	Eldredge and Chorus
My Little Lovin' Honey Man.....	Downes and Chorus
The Girl of My Dreams.....	Bryant and Chorus
Oh, You Beautiful Doll.....	Wick and Chorus
Castles .....	Corn
I'm Going Crazy.....	Zacharias and Chorus
Finale .....	Entire Chorus





JUNE week! That strange, glad and happiest time in a midshipman's life, when hope and memory hand in hand on the threshold of a wider life hold their last reunion before the final severance—who can breathe of it, tell of it, write of it in the glowing terms it so imperatively demands?

The "anns" are over; the year is done; and there comes the lull before the storm. We contemplate with a certain serene and animal-like indifference the ravages of the Academic Board, not that we are unfeeling

for others, but because the peculiar charm of the June climate on the banks of the Severn, and the unwonted contentment which comes from having nothing to do—or the next thing to it—and perhaps, too, the natural laziness of our dispositions, incline us strongly against worry of any sort—even for ourselves.

For a charmed period of three days or so we live in a dream, lost to the world and to one another. We play a sleepy game of tennis; we paddle listlessly in a pink canoe on yet more listless waters; we pace the pensive



LOOKS FINE FROM THE OUTSIDE



THE BOARD OF VISITORS

country-side in "cross countries" of very moderate length; we idle away long hours on the shady bleachers in yet more idle discourse; we drift aimlessly about the yard in search of thrills that are not forthcoming; we sip insipid iced-tea three times a day until it's a wonder we don't drown in it; and lastly at nightfall we wander in pairs and groups of three up and down the seawall or Lover's Lane and languidly watch the gambols of a gibbous moon in the misty heavens, listening withal to strains of mild melody if it chances to be the fortunate occasion of a band concert. In such activities does this happy and all too brief moment of respite pass. Then it is that the world seems golden to all. If we are underclassmen, feet upon radiator, we smoke the forbidden pipe and ignore utterly the impending agonies of the cruise; if we are of the first class we lie in the bottom of a "half-rater," hat brim well down over eyes, recking little of graduation bills yet unpaid. Out upon such trifles! We put them from us; the heavens are grateful; the sun shines; the fleeting instant is our own—our very own—but not for long.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now for the very essence of it all, the June Ball—where the new dignitaries of the first, second, and third classes mingle for the last time with their departing friends. We are in the midst of it, its spell is upon us; soft and strange and many colored lights throw upon the whirling, throbbing masses of

# LUCKY BAG



humanity a wild radiance imbuing the scene with an almost barbaric splendor; bursts of melody re-echo through the dim immensity of the lofty Armory; silks and banners and flags flutter faintly in the murmurant airs; showers of roseate confetti descend upon the heads and shoulders of the laughing, careless dancers; the harmonious hum of thousands of voices waxes and wanes like the roaring of a distant waterfall: time flies on—the spectacle is at the very height of its confused beauty, when swiftly fall, one by one—sharply and clearly, the relentless strokes of midnight. And then as swiftly the glorious pageant melts away, and the music and revelry fade on the soft night air, leaving only silence and darkness as mute witnesses of the drama called June Week, which is now no more.



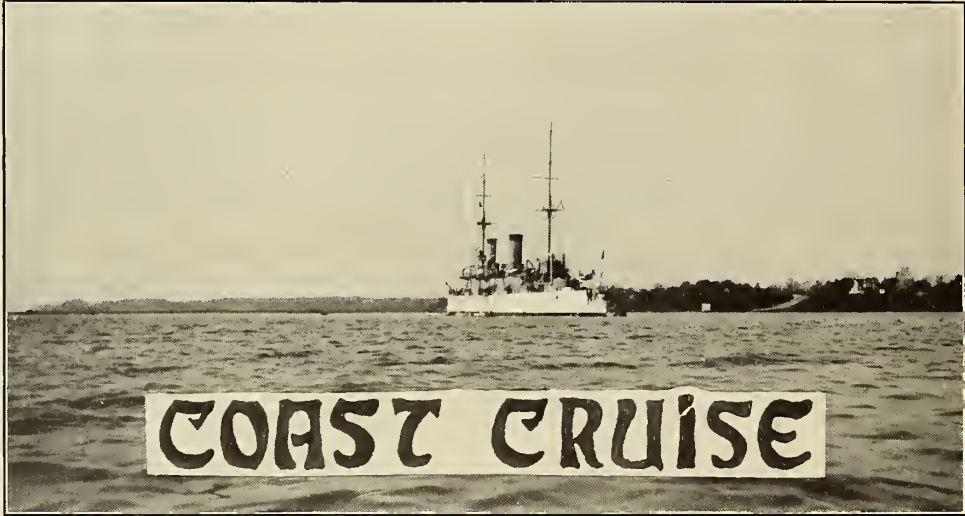


Heard on the Santee wharf the day of embarkation: "Come on, let's step out and get our stuff on first! No hurry, eh? You're crazy! Good night! My caps! Say, how's to pick them up for me? Gee, this laundry bag is some heavy, belie-e-eve me! No, beat it, boy; I'll carry these myself. Suffering showers of sunshine! I forgot my strong box and now I'll have to make one more trip just for that! Whew! but it's hot under this load! Holy smoke—think of my good service under all that junk! Hey, where do these bags go? On deck aft? You doggone mutt, why didn't you say so first? Hey, Jimmie, got your camera? Come on, Harry, break away from the girls. Good night! did you see that? The long farewell—o-o-ooH!!!"



# THE CRUISES.





THE boys still gather in Smoke Hall and tell tales of the old Crab Cruise—better known as “Charlie Gove’s yatching trip.” It was indeed the last cruise of the Old Navy, and although we can’t boast of having sailed to the Azores in a “windjammer,” we did set all sail in Gardiner’s Bay and use the engines only to come about. “There’s more than one way to tack the damn thing—*half speed ahead!*”

And we of the Hartford think with pride of the trip up the coast, when the “Black Maria” with steam and sail made nearly 12 knots, with the Tonopah

under forced draft dropping behind and wildly signaling for us to “douse sail” or stop our engines.

It was on later cruises that we forgot the long boat drills in Gardiner’s Bay, the never-ending hours that we scraped spars, the rainy nights when we turned out of our hammocks to haul up boats or house awnings, and the Sunday mornings when we dressed in our best suit of service only to shine brightwork or coil down gear. We remember only the boat trips ashore when lightly clad we played leap-frog and practiced esthetic dancing in the sand. We remember, too, that there were no clothes to scrub, that there was midnight liberty, and that there was good grub.

And New London was only a dismal prelude to the rest of the cruise. From Boston to

Bar Harbor it was a succession of all day liberties with only a few grand balls to mar the continual round of pleasure—and the Gloucester p’rade where a theatrical company showed us true hospitality by setting a keg of beer on the sidewalk and, between drinks, torturing the “immovable Kaydets” with remarks of: “Dont you want a drink, boys, for the parched throat?”

Nearly any one can tell of the glorious Midway of Bath Old Home Week, and the unprecedented





# GARDINER'S BAY



hospitality of Bar Harbor. There's certainly more truth than fiction in the old song:

"We are tired of foreign cruisin',  
And of all the 'lib' we're losin'—  
It's the old coast cruise for mine."

## PRACTICE CRUISE, 1909.

*U. S. Ships Olympia, Chicago, Hartford, and Tonopah.*

June 5—Midshipmen embarked.

June 7—Sailed from Annapolis.

June 10—Arrived at Hampton Roads.

June 16—Arrived at Gardiner's Bay.

June 25—Arrived at New London, Conn.

July 26—Arrived at Newport, R. I.

July 30—Arrived at Boston, Mass.

August 5—Arrived at Portsmouth, N. H.

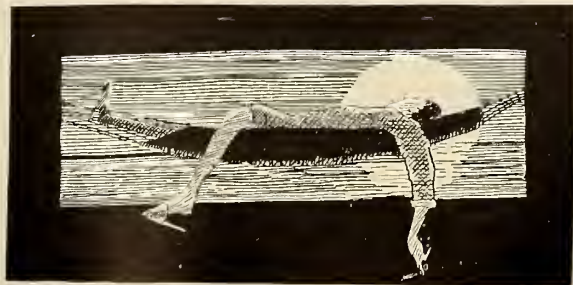
August 7—Arrived at Portland, Me.

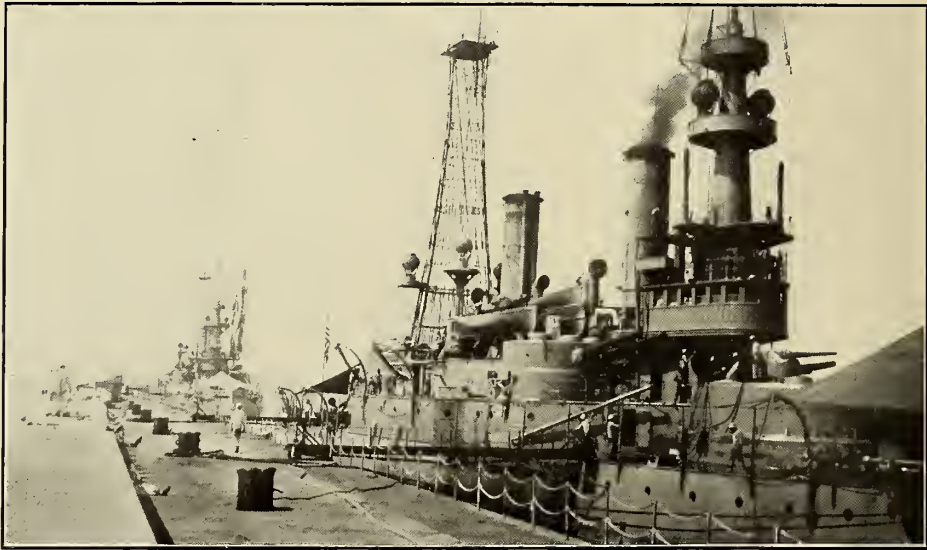
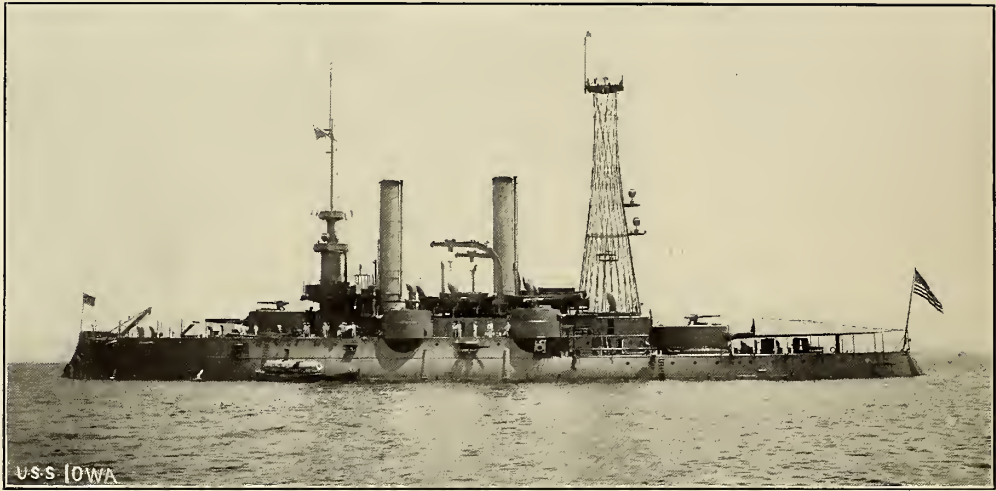
August 10—Arrived at Bath, Me.

August 16—Arrived at Bar Harbor, Me.

August 23—Sailed for Annapolis, Md.

August 28—Midshipmen disembarked.







HE dope got around as dope always has, and I suppose dope always will, with the able assistance of subscribers to "Town Topics," and of frequenters of Annapolis tea tables. We received it with varying degrees of unbelief; but when we saw the dull gray snubby form of the Massachusetts outlined against the opposite



THE HOE, PLYMOUTH



# PLYMOUTH

shore of the Severn, we knew we were to have a foreign cruise. We immediately fell to building rosy dreams, according to our natures—the fusser dreamed of foreign conquests, the Red Mike thought of a quiet little dinner or so at the Cheshire Cheese, and the rhino thought of scrubbing hammocks and the pleasure of a general mess.

We sailed early one dark Monday morning and dropped our mudhooks in the Roads that evening. The next day we coaled. Enough said. The following day we were “shoved ashore.” It was mighty good: that bath at the Chamberlin, dinner at Norfolk, and the fussing afterward. To be sure, we had to be aboard by half-past five, but that was a little oversight not much thought of in the happiness of liberty. Altogether the cruise had begun well.

The next afternoon we sailed in a driving rain. The Iowa, pushing out ahead, made a brave appearance with her band playing as she passed. It seemed as if we were in the Fleet. Then followed two weeks of work, with a bit of heat and rough weather. The run to Plymouth passed without incident except the mere matter of a hundred or so men on the Massachusetts coming down with ptomaine poisoning. We learned on this run just how long two weeks without sight of land can be.

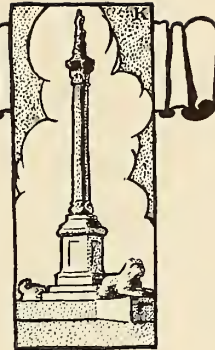


GUILD HALL, PLYMOUTH



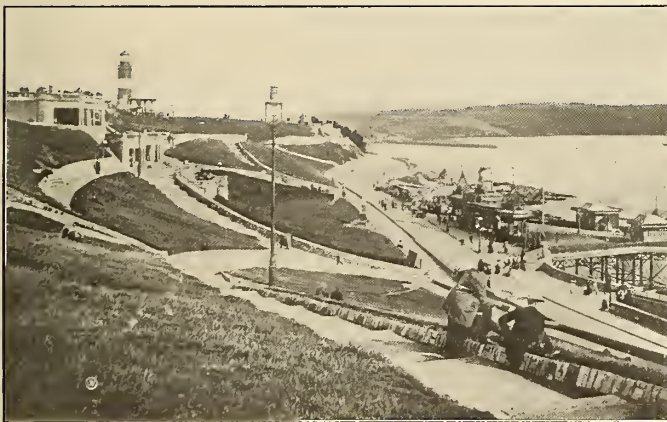
DEVONPORT DOCKYARD, PLYMOUTH

# LONDON



The green of England, somehow different to that of the homeland, was a sight for sore eyes. We were feasting on it, and noting with critical eyes the appearance of His Majesty's ships, when we heard that our promised trip to London was off. What a wail there was. We gathered together in groups and gave ourselves up to bitter rhinoing. That night, after our resentment had smoldered somewhat, we heard the word that we were to go to London after all. The joy was just as great as the gloom had been.

Our trip was perfect. Every man of us agreed that he had the time of his life. From the Tower to Leicester Square after dark, we saw it all, by bus, by taxi, and on foot.



On our return to Plymouth we settled into the routine of one to five-thirty liberties, and in spite of the limited time, saw much of the city.

On the run to the next port, Marseilles, we caught our first glimpse of Gib, rather a sinister sleepy giant basking in the misty sunshine.

Our stay in Marseilles will always remain a happy memory, for here it was we touched elbows with the French zouave from Algeria, with his swaggering air, the busy Greek, the Italian, the clean, blond Norwegian from his steamer, and with the touch came the thrill that



ST. PAUL'S

# MARSEILLE



one feels as he realizes for the first time he is a cosmopolitan, proud of his race and nation, but at the same time one in a motley crowd of chattering human beings.

We saw everything from the bizarre church of Notre Dame to the Château D'If, a small chunk of an island in a sapphire sea. We caught our first glimpse of the wonderful coloring of the Mediterranean. There was no blending of color there; the blue of the sky, the blue of the sea, the white rocky shores, each sharp, distinct, quivering with life. The time flew by, and then we put to sea again.

The run to Gibraltar was prolonged on account of an accident to the Indiana's engines. Finally we got in,



NOTRE DAME DE LA GARDE



CHATEAU DE LONGCHAMPS

and fell to coaling the next day. It was nasty work, tumbling up the dirty Welsh coal from the little rotten hulks that must have been ship-mates with Noah. It was slow work, too—we were at it eighteen hours. Liberty came after our work. Some went to

# MADEIRA



Tangier, and others went to Gibraltar and Algeciras. I suppose the experiences of that one day would fill a good-sized book, judging by the themes it has furnished for mess discussion. We trafficked through shops, sampled Speed and Saccone's smokes to our heart's content, and loaded up with junk. Gibraltar is always interesting. You see the white-helmeted officers and their serious faces tell you that theirs is a white

man's burden. But we had to sail, not regretfully, for the fever of September leave was getting in our veins.

In Madeira we climbed the mountain and coasted down, and that was about all we did except Spig Labombard. The latter tried to



roughhouse a Portuguese cop. You can imagine what a delightful affair it was. We journeyed on to the Azores. Gentle reader, if you can imagine a God-forsaken Arizona town dumped into the middle of the Atlantic, you have Fayal. Two hours ashore was



FUNCHAL, MADEIRA



# HORTA

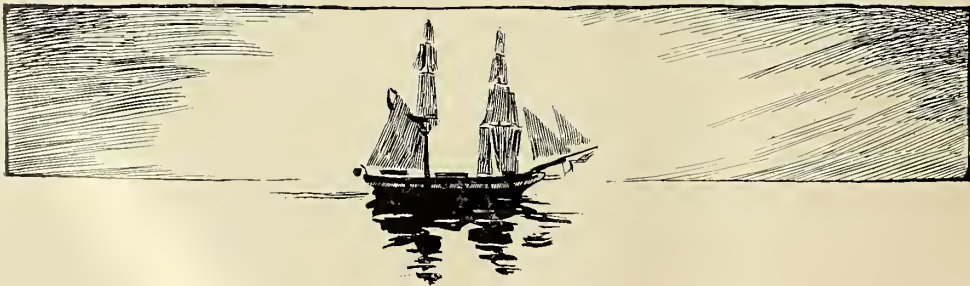
enough. We took on coal from a collier and counted the days to leave.

The run home was uneventful except for the death of Landy at sea. We finally sighted the Virginia capes, and those low shores never looked better to us. There was the usual harrowing stay at Solomon's and then best of all, leave—no more night watches, no more scrubbing of clothes, but home, friends, freedom.

Our first foreign cruise was not all fun. The food was downright poor, the allowance of liberty niggardly, and sleep in warm weather was well nigh impossible. But it was a very valuable experience in that it gave us a glimpse



of life from the enlisted man's point of view. For instance, we, having scrubbed a hammock, will always look with tolerant eye on the man who steals fresh water to scrub his. There were good times, however, and altogether the cruise was an experience we shall always remember with happy, although slightly mixed, emotions.



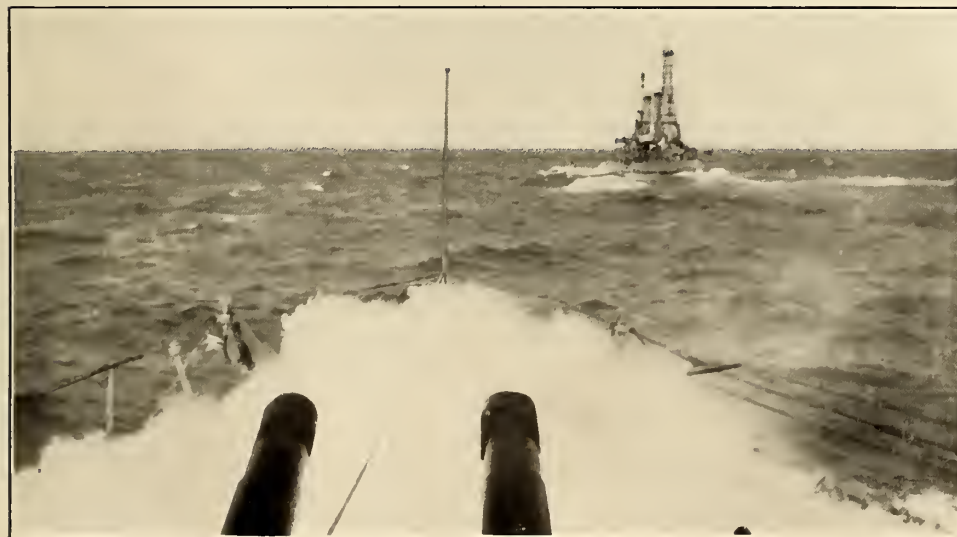




## FIRST CLASS CRUISE



**J**UNE 3.—The morning after the night before! Whew! Really, these authorities are civilized—letting us sleep in until 7:30 this morning, and giving us all day to fuss. I see where I get even for those dances I didn't get last night. Guess I have everything packed now—four laundry bags, one mattress, two bundles, three caps, and a strong box—won't



THREE DAYS OUT



# QUEENSTOWN

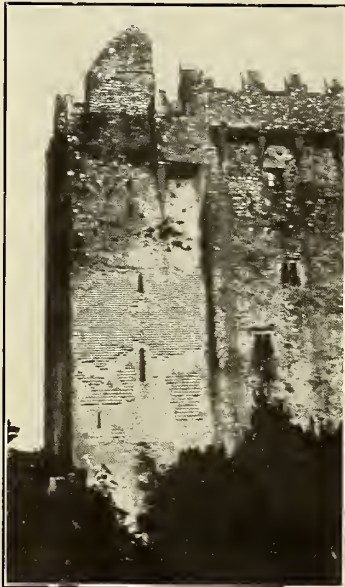
I be a happy man when I see that pile of junk safely stowed in my locker on the Iowa?

June 5.—Pulverized jingleberries! Of all the confounded luck! Thought I knew how to swing a hammock before, but mine didn't swing at all when I got it ten feet off the deck. Rained last night—woke up and found my mattress afloat.

June 8.

June 9.

June 12. Didn't feel

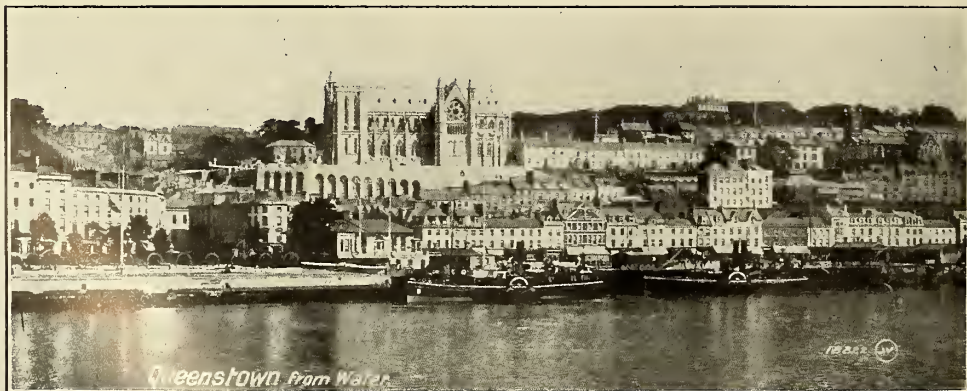


KISSING THE BLARNEY STONE

like writing the last few days; not sick at all, you know, but just kind of weak.

June 18.—Queenstown. Irish sod looks as green as any other and it goes very well with the verdant hue of some Irish raiments I have seen. Green caps, green coats, and abbreviated green trousers are the fashion—also ruddy cheeks, red neckties and No. 10 tan boots.

Raining again. It rains here while you



Queenstown from Water

# KILLARNEY -



wait, it rains when you walk, it rains when you ride, and it rains whenever you turn your back to see whether the sun is coming out.



KENMARE ROAD

June 22.—It rains especially hard when you go to Killarney—if the lakes went dry, they'd fill up again in two days. MacGillicuddy's Reeks did reek with moisture to-day; likewise my rainclothes and my service. But it was worth it all to listen to those Irish boatmen—Paddy with a pint of firewater inside of him, standing up in the boat and pouring forth the strains of "Kathleen Mavourneen" to the peat bogs and moss-covered rocks. Romantic—and distinctly Irish.

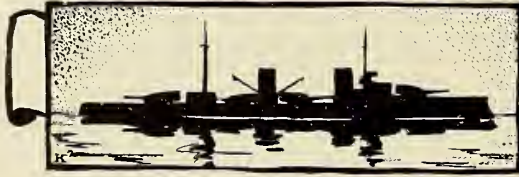
June 28.—G. M. T. 0-00-00. English Channel, and still as a pond in the moonlight. Why, Josh Venter feels pretty good to-day.

July 3.—Hoch Der Kaiser, who rules the Universe! 21 guns for the Emperor's houseboat and 12 more for his puppy-dog torpedo valet.

The Emperor desires that Kiel shall be orderly and neat,—there-



IRISH COTTAGES



# KIEL

fore Kiel is orderly and neat,—to a most extraordinary degree. The streets are clean—the grass is cut—the houses are painted. The very butcher shops have clean windows; you can look in and see the sausages piled up in fancy pyramids — wurst upon wurst.

July 9.—Have a head like a flour barrel, and my mouth tastes like ashes. I-I don't know, but I guess we are back from Berlin. Jiminy-whe-ee-ow! My senses will—will come back after a while, and then I'll try and write some more about the great city.



July 11.—Have just finished with a fire and collision drill for the benefit of the German Vice-Admiral, who seemed to take great interest in all the doings. Yes, he was told, the mid-shipment did it all—(with their little hatchets)!



GERMAN FLEET SALUTING ON JULY 4TH

# BERG~~IN~~



July 15.—Did anybody ever tell you that it was cold in Norway, even in the summer time? They didn't? Well, come up here and try it for a while, in the country where Hans Ertz's ancestors bring strawberries to town with sleighs and reindeer. Everybody's ambition here to climb a mountain two feet higher than someone else has climbed, and to eat strawberries on the Flöifjeldet, 984 feet up. Ask Dick Byrd.



S. M. S. HELGOLAND

July 16.—Pulled my 150 pounds all the way up Lovstaken this afternoon and was well repaid for the H. P. expended. The lakes back of Bergen, transplanted, would make Killarney look like a common everyday frog pond.

July 19.—Two dozen postcards, a doll, and a cowbell was all I could buy



THE EMPEROR ARRIVES—33 GUNS



# FINSE

in the souvenir line to-day.  
Only 70 ore left!

July 21.—Believe me!  
Norway is "some" country!

You may have been over the Canadian Selkirks or in the Yosemite Valley, over the Alps or through the Simplon tunnel, on the Trans-Siberian Railway or into the wilds of Alaska, but until you have traveled from Bergen to Finse, you don't know what mountain railroading is. One hundred and twenty tunnels in as many miles, rivers, waterfalls, rapids, steep grades, snow-covered mountains, long silent fiords whose sides shoot straight up above you five times as high as the Washington monument—until you have seen Voss and the Flaamsdalen Valley, you haven't seen Nature—powerful, awe-inspiring, and majestic.



BERGEN, NORWAY

# BERGEN



July 24.—But all pleasures must end—mine did when those 12 Norge cakes and that ice cream began to act. Fine cakes in this country!

July 30.—Bay of Biscay. Sloppy weather above, and I'm mate of the berth deck. My feelings wouldn't look well in print.

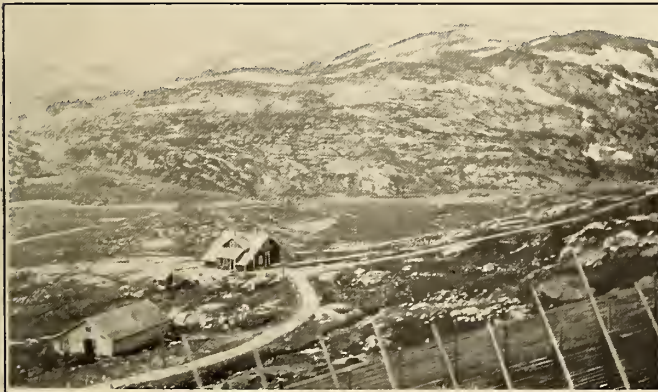
August 3.—Gibraltar—the home of Saccone, Speed & Co. Here live the choice beggars, swindlers, fruit peddlers, and dead-beat merchants of all creation. The place where 2,000 per cent. discounts are the rule—if you are wise enough to fix the price before you pay the money.

August 6.—Gibraltar be blown up and pulverized! The next land is *home!!*

August 21.—7:00 A. M. Chesapeake Capes and the States again! Band is playing—

"Mid pleasures and palaces . . . there's no place like Home!"

Yes, the United States again, where there are civilized people, good things to eat, and—*ice cream!* Small wonder, then, that the whole ship's company is out on the fo'c'sle to see how



much the sandy capes have changed in the past eleven weeks.

There have been good times abroad; there have been strange people to see and strange



IN THE SNOW AT FINSE, JULY 20TH



# GIBRALTAR

voices to listen to; there have been new and wonderful experiences for all, yet you won't find a man on this ship who isn't glad to come back once again to what he calls God's country.

2:00 p. m. One hour more will see us at Solomon's Island—the rendezvous of Crab Fleets from time immemorial. Here, 30 miles from the nearest habitation and 1,000 miles from civilization, we are to exist for the next seven days—so near to leave and yet so far.



SPANISH BULL FIGHT

Aug. 24.—Ye gods and little fishes! Can we never escape yon collier



GIBRALTAR—THE TOWN



# SOLOMON'S



Customs

"Vulcan"? She comes alongside with 500 tons of Norge coal—all dust and a yard thick!

Aug. 26.—Crabs to the right of us,

crabs to the left of us; crabs in front of us, crabs behind us.

Aug. 28.—'Tis the night before leave, and all through the ship

Every creature is busy, getting ready to skip—

*"Shove off, coxswain!"*



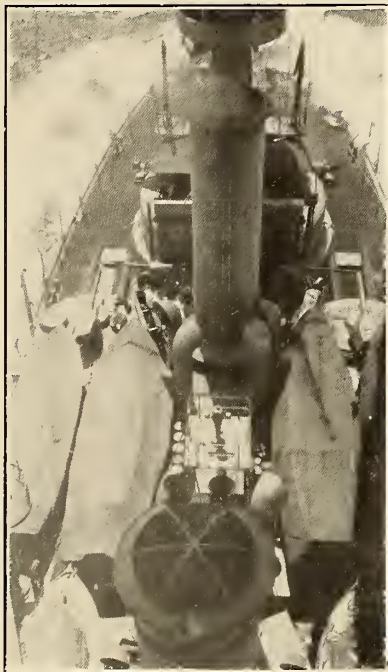
BACK HOME AGAIN



# UNDERWAY



So onward ever on we go  
Across the trackless deep,  
While sea and sky en-  
closes all  
Who on the mid-watch  
sleep.



And as we steer for  
home, sweet home,  
And dream of dear  
September,  
Our toils and cares we  
quite forget  
And naught but joys  
remember.



"SCRUB, YOU SUCKER, SCRUB!"





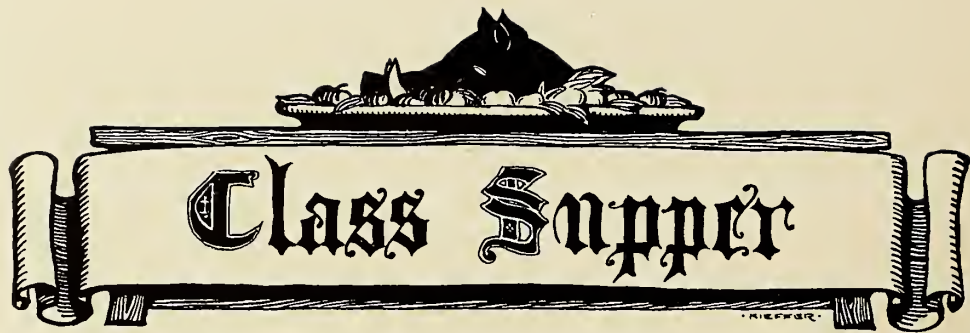
DUKE DEWITT TEARS OFF A SONG ON THE PULLMAN



NEMO DISEMBARKS AT WILMINGTON SIDEBOYS, A RUFFLES, GA AN YELL. SOME CLASS!

(GIRL COPIED FROM PICTURE ON NEMO'S LOCKER)





# Class Supper



MONTH had passed since the final joyous cry of "zip more days." We had tasted of the diversified joys of leave till once more we could say "zip more days," but with the joyous cry left out. It was a happy throng, however, that walked, or in some cases rolled, into the New Willard. The proximity of our palatial prison was forgotten in the presence of the class supper to which we had looked forward, and of which we

had dreamed for two long years.

The lobby, reception room, and corridors were thronged a good hour before the scheduled beginning of the festivities. Nothing could be heard above the slapping of backs, peals of raucous laughter, boisterous greetings, and other symptoms of a real party. Each new arrival was uproariously greeted and made to feel, in that storm of good-fellowship, that there was now no distinction between the plebian throng and the socially élite, the star and the anchor, or the touge guy and the pride of the Y. M. C. A. Tommie's suite was a madhouse filled with a mob of delirious lunatics all looking for their seat numbers, and telling the tale of their leave—all in one breath.



MIKE REILLY  
MAKES A  
SPEECH.



"NOW WHEN I'M THROUGH  
I'LL SAY 'PERIOD,' AND  
WHEN I SAY 'PERIOD,' THAT'S  
THE CUE—EVERY BODY  
LAUGH."

At last the doors were opened and we trooped in while the band played the new class march. The committee had done its best and that best far surpassed our wildest expectations. The food was fit for any king, the rest of the menu could not be equalled outside of Berlin (especially appreciated by those who dined alongside total abstainers), the music revivifying, the menus nifty, and the hilarity contagious. The first few toasts were heard by many and proved good. Those later on were drowned in spuds, applause and laughter—but did we or the speakers care? Nothing stirring, Mehitabel!

A near riot started with the last course, however, for it proved to be ice cream disguised as spuds a la Murphy and many of the boys, taking it for the vegetable, were grossly insulted at such a culmination of our feast. Towards the end, an impromptu hop was started, which added to our happiness, that of the waiters, and numerous citizens of Washington, who took it in through the doors. At last came the Star Spangled Banner, followed by hand shakes all round (including les gareons). The supper was over—the biggest night for us as a united class.





S. F. BRYANT.....	1913	AΔΦ	.....
L. R. DeROODE...	1915	ATΩ	.....
G. W. DUGGER.....	1914	ATΩ	.....
S. G. ROCKWELL..	1915	AKΕ	.....
W. WINSLOW.....	1915	AKΕ	.....
A. C. DAVIS.....	1915	ΔΥ	.....
A. E. GLANN.....	1915	ΓΣ	.....
W. H. P. BLANDY	1913	KA	.....(Southern)
R. E. BYRD, JR...	1912	KA	.....(Southern)
D. DeTREVILLE..	1912	KA	.....
R. O. GLOVER....	1915	KA	.....(Southern)
C. T. HULL.....	1913	KA	.....(Southern)
R. W. FERRELL..	1914	KA	.....(Southern)
C. F. MARTIN....	1914	KA	.....
J. L. HALL.....	1913	KΣ	.....
W. K. HARRILL..	1914	KΣ	.....
F. U. LAKE.....	1912	KΣ	.....
W. J. NUNNALLY	1915	KΣ	.....
W. A. TEASLEY..	1914	KΣ	.....
O. E. O'NEILL...	1915	ΘΣ	.....
R. T. DARROW...	1915	ΘΣ	.....
J. G. VENTER....	1912	ΘXi	.....
L. B. ARD.....	1913	ΣAE	.....
M. W. CALLAHAN	1914	ΣAE	.....
E. LeR. GAYHART	1913	ΣAE	.....
R. M. FORTSON..	1915	ΣAE	.....
D. R. LEE.....	1913	ΣAE	.....
M. W. MEEK.....	1913	ΣAE	.....
M. S. TISDALE...	1912	ΣAE	.....
V. C. GRIFFIN, JR.	1912	ΣN	.....
C. W. McNAIR....	1912	ΣN	.....
E. L. VANDER-			
KLOOT.....	1913	ΣN	.....
W. T. COCHRAN..	1913	ΣX	.....
H. K. FENN.....	1913	ΣX	.....
P. M. RHEA.....	1915	ΣX	.....
P. P. RODES.....	1914	ΣX	.....
C. H. WANT.....	1913	ΣX	.....
O. W. BAGBY....	1912	ΦΓΔ	.....
H. T. DICKINSON	1914	ΦΓΔ	.....
H. C. VAN VALZAH	1913	ΦΓΔ	.....
L. WOOD.....	1915	ΦΓΔ	.....
R. W. CARY.....	1914	ΦΔΘ	.....
R. A. DYER.....	1914	ΦΔΘ	.....
T. J. DOYLE.....	1914	ΦΔΘ	.....
R. W. CLARK....	1915	ΦΔΣ	.....
M. B. ARNOLD... 1914		ΦKΣ	.....
R. ASSERSON....	1913	ΦKΨ	.....
B. B. RALSTON... 1914		ΦKΨ	.....
S. A. WILSON....	1912	ΦKΨ	.....
S. R. DEETS.....	1915	ΦΣK	.....
R. KIELY.....	1915	ΦΣK	.....
L. G. NEFF.....	1915	ΞΨ	.....





## 1912 CLASS SONG U. S. N. A.

Words & Music by  
MIDSHIPMAN H. DODD 1912

Arr. by C. A. ZIMMERMANN  
Leader U. S. N. A. Band

Fill up your glass - es high, each spark - ling to the  
brim. And while we toast our dear old Class let ev 'ry eye grow  
dim. Though mid - dy days may pass and dark clouds hide the  
blue, to you dear class of nine - teen twelve we're al - ways true.

### 1912

President  
DeWITT CLINTON  
RAMSEY

Secretary  
HENRY MYLIN  
KIEFFER

### CLASS YELL

Hurrah! Hurroo!  
One nine! One two!  
Hoo-oo-oo-Rah!  
Nineteen Twelve!

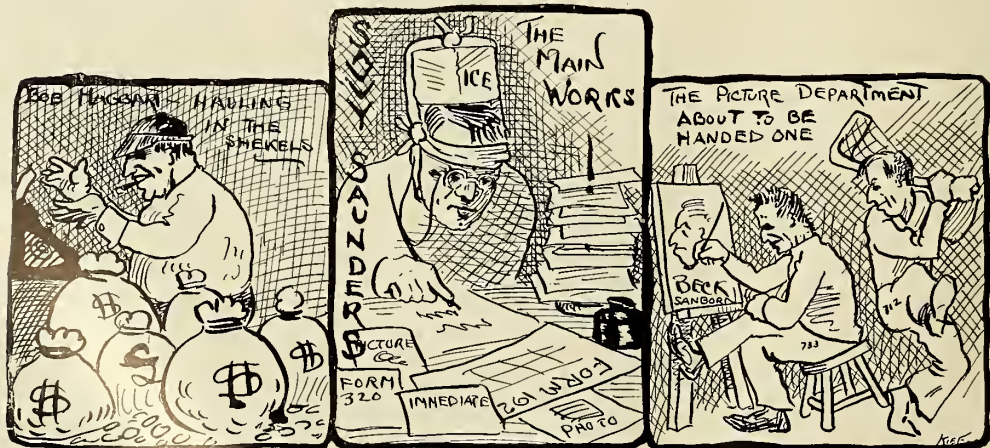
# LUCKY BAG STAFF



This Lucky Bag isn't like others; it wasn't intended that it should be. It has grown, rather than been made, out of the amusing and interesting records of our class, and it has come to mean something more to us than a mere book.

There are those who may say that it is too personal, but what is our life here after all, but a succession of conflicting regulations and personal peculiarities? It has been our intention to leave here the impression of each man as the rest of us saw him, and as we will remember him for many years to come.

What this book would be without Kieffer's work—well, we'd just as soon not think of that. Whatever praise and credit may be due this book, goes to him, for his realistic midshipmen are the life of it all. Could the Lucky Bag be dedicated to a midshipman, we should see on the front page the picture of the man who has worked hardest for the cause—Henry Mylin Kieffer.





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Class 1915—H. O. TOVEY



# AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE

ON

THE THEORY OF THE GYRATIONS OF THE COMPASS

AND THE

DETERMINATION OF SUCCESSIVE NOON POSITIONS BY THE SYSTEM OF  
INSTINCTIVE DEAD-RECKONING

OR

## NAVIGATION WITHOUT A SEXTANT

A complete revision of

LOST AT SEA

by

STIMSON J. GISH and PAUL FINITNY.

With Notes from

Prime Vertical Sights During Breakfast.....W. PERKINS  
Gun Deck Sights and C—W's.....ANONYMOUS  
The School of the Steam Launch.....G. HULINGS  
Abandon Ship, Yawl Aground .....H. G. GATES  
Forces Tending to Capsize Sailing Launch.....G. B. WHITEHEAD

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PREPARED AS A TEXT BOOK FOR THE USE OF  
MIDSHIPMEN OF THE U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY

BY

PHILIP R. KIEFFER

H. E. SAUNDERS

WOOLSEY W. WILLIS

Complete With

NOTES: On Shifting Winds and the Trimming of Ventilators.....WEEMS  
PLATES: How to Get Out of Dangerous Semicircles.....SCHUIRMANN  
APPENDIX: Why Is a Naval Warfare?.....D. C. RAMSEY

THE U. S. NAVAL INSTITUTE  
Annapolis, Maryland.  
1912

Lord Baltimore Press

Price, \$27 50

## Preface

*"Il faut que j'y encore."*—LAGRANGE.

**T**HIS book has been prepared for the use of the midshipmen of the U. S. Naval Academy and is designed to cover a short course in the Department of Literature and General Hot Air, preliminary to the work in the more advanced departments of this institution.

The chapter on "Anyness and Its Universality" is made very brief because of its extensive treatment in this department; it being fully discussed in the book "Mathematics as an Aid to Public Speaking," the references to the famous case of "Sweaters and Jerseys" being unusually complete.

The chapter on the **UNIQUENESS OF PURE SPACE** is given because of the use made of this subject in the Department of Social Science and Etiquette in their course of "Small Talk and Light Conversation."

By special request of the Department of Mathematics and Metageometry we include a chapter on the "Apparent Arbitrariness of the **A PRIORI**," as it is necessary for a foundation for the branch **DISCREET UNITS** and the **CONTINUUM** which is to be instituted this year for those who intend entering the Coast Artillery.

A chapter on Euclid's **PARALLEL POSTULATE** as discussed by Wolfgang Bolyai is included. When it is remembered that this writer is the author of "Tentamen juventutem studiosam in elementa matheas" this discussion will be regarded with authority.

These ideas will be treated in greater detail in the Department of Aeronautical Engineering and Submarine Construction.

As a reason for the inclusion of three chapters on the **GRUNDGEBULD** of Felix Klein, we quote from Halstead's Edition of Labatchevsky's "Theory of Parallels," page 48:

"But it is not absurd to think of space as interfering with anything. If you think so, take a knife and a new potato and try to cut it into a seven-edged solid."

This book is to be supplemented by work in the model room. In addition to the magic lantern for showing circulating decimals in act of circulating, this department has been provided with a piece of open ground for keeping **ROOTS** and practising their extraction. It has been found advisable to keep **SQUARE ROOTS** by themselves as their corners are apt to damage others.

The chapter on the "Decline and Fall of the Red Mikes" is from Whiteside's autobiographical sketch "How I Happened to Drag a Seminary." In the chapters on Hygiene Ward's **PREVENTION** and **CURE** of **SEASICKNESS** has been freely consulted. Whitehead's "Internal Effects of Hair Tonic" has also been used. References to such standard works as **THE THISNESS** of **IS** and **THE WHICHNESS** of **WHY** are plentiful.

The parallax of stars has been measured with Venter's Artificial Horizon.  
"Why is it that it was, that it was not that it was, and if not, why not?"

# VNDER THE NEW RÉGIME

*"You're on the pap, savvy? Belie-e-e-re me, I ain't takiu' no chances under the present regime!"*

—CY ROBERTS, TO YOUNGSTER, 1912.

*"The striking feature of the innovation so appeals to the people that they are not liable to see the real defects of the innovation. Rather than spend the money for the innovation, it is better to look around and see if something can't be bought that is more essential to success in naval warfare for the same price."*

—DREISONSTOK, ON INNOVATIONS.



FALL IN! ALL THE PICNIC PARTY!

## WE HOPE TO SEE CHANGES LIKE THESE

Foreign Cruises—no Severn cruise—no sail drill.  
Christmas leave.  
Smoking Room—First Class Club.  
Eight Companies—disrating—stripes and buzzards for all.  
No fourth deck, clean water to drink and wash in, and hot water at all times.  
6:30 reveille.  
No canteen but candy tickets instead. Saves money.  
Hip pocket in trousers.  
No Dago 2nd Class year.  
2.2 in all subjects.

## BUT NEVER ANY MORE OF THESE

Foreign tours—personally conducted, á la Buck.  
Semi-anns. and Anns.  
No Bulletin.  
New books by officers connected with the Academy, \$7.50 per.  
Swedish dance and weak squid.  
Anti-typhoid punctuation.  
No napkin rings.  
Hell-cats,—fife and drum corps.  
No officer's hops on Saturday nights.  
No cross countries.  
No Academy team at Camp Perry.

# WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

*Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great*

## *Sleepy Paul*

We can do no better than to quote the distinguished Paul Seymour on the subject of himself, although we realize that of all the subjects he attempts to discuss, this is the one he knows least about.

## *Myself*

"In the first place, it is bad form and a waste of time to criticize myself, as all my friends are willing and eager to do it for me; but I will nevertheless attempt it in order to give everyone a simple and unbiased statement.

My faults are numerous, and nearly all are equally undesirable. However, entwined among all of them, weaving them into a common whole, is that vice procrastination. Vice I call it, for a vice is a bad habit, and you all know that procrastination is a very bad habit. "Never do to-day what you can

put off till to-morrow, for to-morrow never comes—it is always to-day." "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." But as to-morrow never comes, we will not die. Perhaps this philosophy, if it may be called that, accounts for my procrastination.



*I Always Laugh at the Wrong Time*

books and sundry other articles, can't get adrift.

The forgetfulness of all forgetters, the champion long-distance chalk tumbler of the class, sketch artist, and handwriting expert, Paul has made his name among us. But June 7th will come, and Paul will still be jogging along, just half a phase behind. Whatever you do, Sleepy, don't forget to get your diploma!

consists of a rather obstreperous tendency to mirth. I always laugh at the wrong time. I still remember how, in my extreme youth, I laughed at my father as he pounded his finger with the hammer. I became a sadder and a wiser boy, but my proclivities in that line were not checked in the slightest. I laugh when I'm hurt; I laugh when I'm mad; and I laugh at the wrong place in a funny story. Queer, isn't it? These two faults have caused me more trouble than all my virtues combined."

## *Always a Little Behind*

It is but natural that he should have forgotten—he always does that. He'd leave his head behind if it weren't fastened securely to his body; that, unlike gloves, shoestrings, collar buttons,



PAUL THEISS TAKES AN APPROXIMATE DRESS AT BREAKFAST FORMATION,

But let me place before you a brighter side of my character, which





“Attention, gentlemen! Come to attention. Right dress—tall men on the left—front! To the front, two paces, lines take distance; march! 1-2-1-2—squads halt. Dress up on the lines—hold your heads up, chest out, trunk to the rear. Half right, face!

“Feet, close! Feet full, open! Toes, raise! Heels, sink!

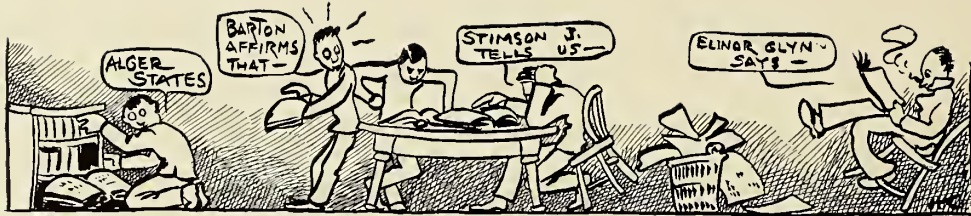
“Heads up—arms sideward and upward stretching, trunk backward curving,—knee bending and heel raising: by the count—1-2-3-4-1-2-3-4-1-2—3—attention. Now try that over again. Toes straight, chins in.

“Arms stretch—upward bend—outward fling—1-2.

“Section A to the rear gymnasium, fall out, get dumbbells and fall in again on designated lines—*fall out!!* No, come back,—fall in again!

“Section B, to the side gymnasium, get Indian clubs, on the double time—**FALL OUT!!**”





## FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

"The call for section formation will be sounded at 7:45 P. M. When the call is sounded, the first class will fall in by sections as for Modern— now posted. After the recitation, the sections will reform and march back—"

*N. A. Order No. Umpty-ump.*



1, 2, 3 !!!

"A rise of temperature of the copper foil even so small as one millionth of a degree will generate a current in the loop and give a deflection over one division of the scale. With an instrument of this kind the radiant heat of a candle can be detected at a distance of two miles."



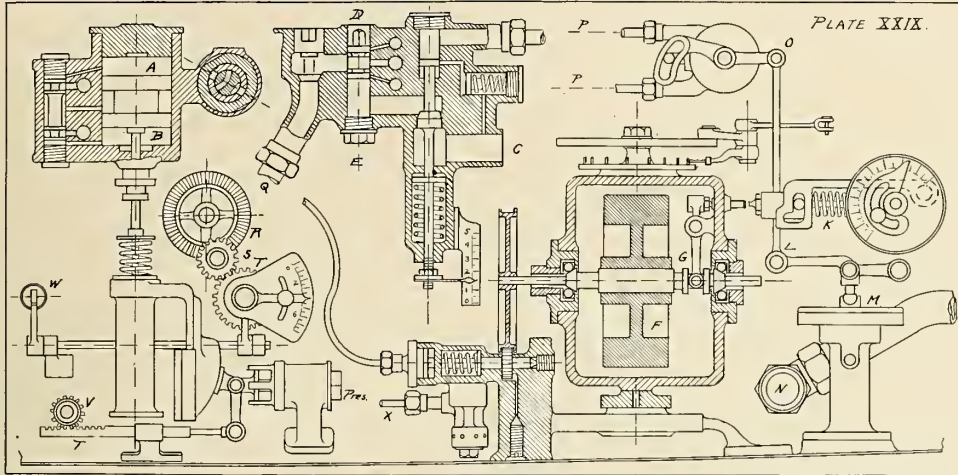
"Louis XV. of France caused an electric shock from a battery of Leyden jars to be administered to 700 Carthusian monks joined hand in hand, with prodigious effect."

"The kite experiment was repeated by Romas, who drew from a metallic string sparks nine feet long."

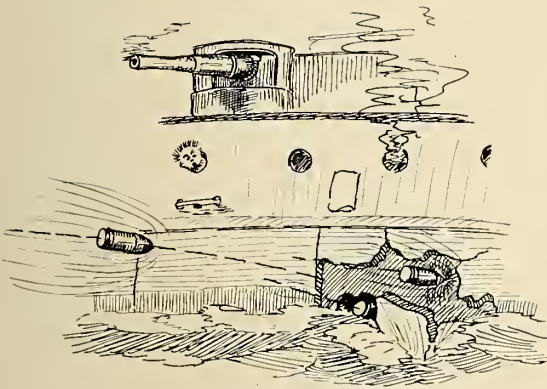
ASTATIC GALVANOMETER



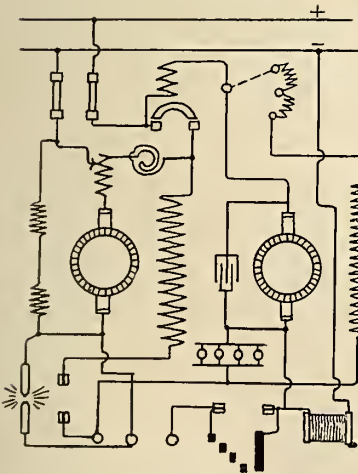
"Such an instrument, made with two miles of wire about .0001 inch in thickness, is capable of showing by a deflection of one division of its scale a current of one fifty-four thousand millionth part of an ampere."—*Sylvanus P Thomson, Electricity and Magnetism.*



"The operation of this gear will be plainly evident after careful study of plate XXIX."  
 —U. S. Navy Gyro Gears, Mark I, Mod. I.



"A 12-inch shell struck an armor plate on her water-line amidships, loosening the bolts. A second shell, striking the same plate, caused it to fall off. A third shell, striking where the plate had been opened up a tremendous hole in her side, and her doom was sealed."  
 —Battle of Tsushima, School of the Ship.



ELEMENTARY  
 CONNECTIONS OF MOTOR

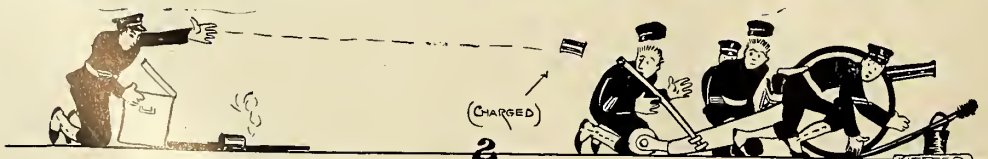
"Hence the average value of C alternating must equal the average value of C direct. The value of the square root of C direct is C, but the average value of the square root of C alternating is not the same as the average value of C alternating."  
 —Naval Electrician's Text Book.

"Oh, yes you will—you know that! Come now! and he pressed tighter the little hand that he held in his own. She did not attempt to draw it away—in fact, one might have said that she rather liked it."  
 —Cosmopolitan Magazine.

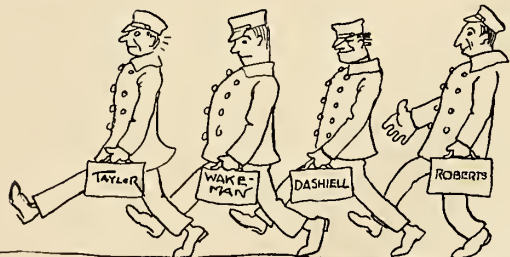
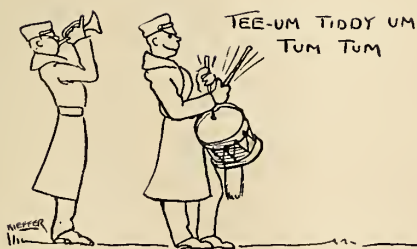


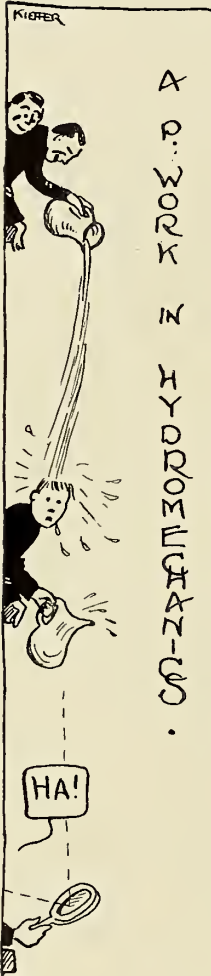


Some Distinguished Members  
and how they became famous

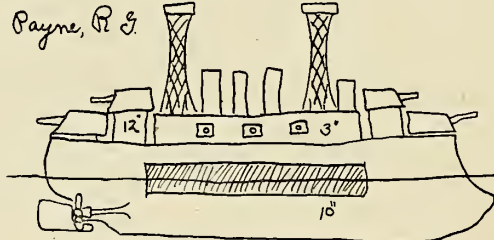


"SHELL!" A DRAMA OF SECOND CLASS YEAR  
(WHY THEY CALL KING THE ANARCHIST)





Bright Remarks by Brilliant Men

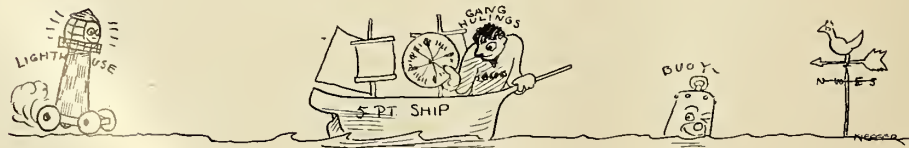


South Carolina Class

LIL WENTWORTH (in Ordnance)—“From empty magazines, Load!”  
 B—HEAD—“Sir, I report the Commandant wound.”  
 ELMER—“Hydrocarbons, although mild and gentle by nature, will produce corrosion if left uncared for.”  
 BAGBY (in Mech. Pro.)—“In countersinking you bore a large hole and then bore a small hole inside of it.”



LT. MILLER—“What are the regulations regarding paying visits of courtesy between vessels afloat?”  
 DOBB—“Do you mean in port or at sea, sir?”  
 ZACHARIAS—“A six-point ship is a six-masted schooner. No, sir! it's a ship that carries six degrees of helm.”  
 ELDER (in Nav.)—“Azimuth is a disease of the throat.”





## Midn. Joe Gish Takes the Semi-Ann

Academic Board, U. S. Naval Academy,

SUBJECT: EXPERIMENTAL BILGING 1ST CLASS. TIME ALLOWED: 5 HRS. 45 MINS.

I.  
Draw a complete sketch of the inboard profile of a battleship, showing all pipes, valves, rivets, bolts and hammock hooks. Indicate action of all pumps, show where monkey wrenches are stowed, and show why the ice machine breaks down. Sketch a Parsons turbine with all of the 60,532 blades,—also a Curtis turbine and a Standard 12-cylinder gas engine, giving approximate formula for smell produced. Why does it take 14 H. P. to crank a 3 H. P. gas engine in the shop? Make a cross-sectional sketch of the Decker Marine boiler, and show why it has not blown up so far. Show a Bailey air-pump in the act of regurgitating.

II.  
Explain fully, with diagram, the action of a bunch of keys on a standard compass, and find the values of A, B, C and D. Why is the deviation  $186^\circ$  on North? Find, by the Pace method of second differences, the declination and aug. semi-diameter of the moon at its upper eclipse in 1493. What has Halley's Comet to do with the faster spring tide at the Galapagos Islands? On Dec. 31, 1912, you are in an aeroplane over the North magnetic pole. If you make  $7\frac{3}{4}$  turns before falling, what would be the G. M. T. and date? Why would you be unable to observe the altitude of the Southern Cross from this point?

III.  
What Navy regulations govern your conduct when in foreign ports on liberty? And if so, why? You are in command of the U. S. S. Ivory Soap, drawing 22 ft. forward, and lying at the time off Villefranche. A Swiss cheesemaker's mate, 2d class, comes alongside in a benzine bumboat and attempts to sell champagne for 18 cents a gallon. What do?

IV.  
Sketch a 6" gun and mount, with sight, training gear, and name plates. Why is it necessary to have powder in a gun, and what effect will this have on a recoil cylinder filled with castor oil and bay rum? Does a shell hit behind the target or at the foot of it, and why? Sketch a Mark V. torpedo, showing the delay valve releasing the horizontal propeller. Can a left-handed monkey wrench be used in place of tool No. 67, and why not? 12" gun. Sight bar range 37,000 yds. Wind 56 m/h. Target 2' x 3'. Trainer asleep and pointer half-soused,—minimum error—750 yds. What is the chance that the shell will hit the back of the target?

V.  
If an A. C. produces inductance, why does the oscillating impedance react on the reluctance and cause the capacity to lag instead of lead? Explain fully. Give seven reasons (not given in the book) why the wireless set never works at a P-work. Show why the counter E. M. F. of a battery causes the 16 c. p. lamps in Bancroft Hall to vary from 11 c. p. to 3 c. p.

VI.  
How many billion bugs were injected into your elbow,—and why your elbow and not your eye? And explain why it is that you will die in 5 years. Show how the cuticle of the esophagus supports the brain tissue, and then tell how it is that the midn. of the first class always fail on their strength tests. Write 6 pages on the advantages of having a ringworm squad. Do midshipmen get exercise enough?

No midn. is to leave the room until the period is up. No questions will be answered, nor will omnimetres be allowed. Write neatly, but at length.



Very respectfully  
The Mid. Dept. of Nav. *Joe Gish*

SEEING THROUGH A THE WORLD PORT HOLE A FEW CRAB FLEET EPISODES



HOW true indeed are those lines from Dryden:  
 "What do our noble youth abroad  
 But to refine the homely vices of their native  
 land."



"The Americans who formerly flocked to Paris as the gayest city have known for some years that the voluptuous turmoil of the Friedrichstrasse outshines all the capitals of Europe to-day."—Hugo Münsterburg.

Right—O, Hugo, old boy. There is no limit but the roof, and if that's too low, kick it off! Pretty girls, free champagne,—lead us hence!





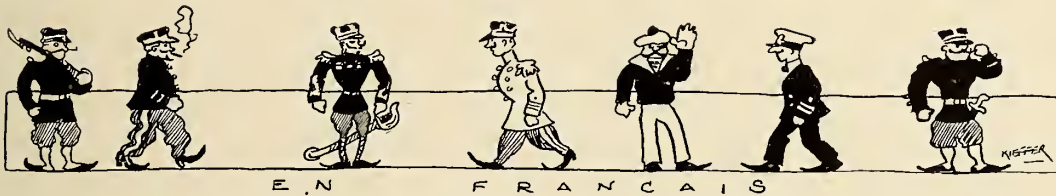


Englishman to middies abroad:

"Ow! do say something; I do so love to hear your American talk!"

"Ow! I say! How many wars have you been in?"

"It's a bloody town! You should go to Berlin or Paris."



"A votre santé!" "Pardon!" "Je ne suis pas patron."

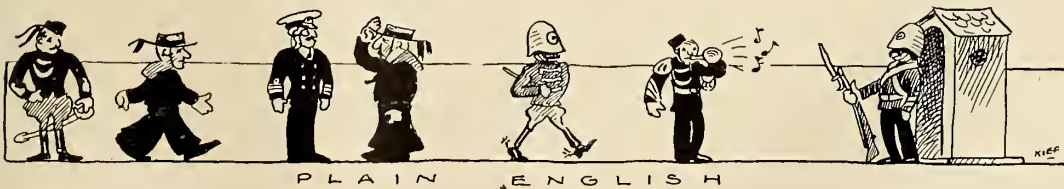
Midshipman in Marseilles restaurant, to his companion: "*Bien, voulez-vous votre diner la carte ou Carte Blanche?*"

Eddie McDonnell—"Me and Jack Dalton can lick any man in Berlin."

"Prosit! Zwei bier!"



Berlin, July 6.—The Annapolis visitors were allowed to roam about Berlin day and night without any particular programme. They are quartered in parties of four, six or a dozen in various hotels and boarding houses, and have done the town in their own fashion. They found coffee houses and outdoor restaurants especially attractive and were good customers for taxicabs. (Expurgated edition.)





"THOSE IN PERIL ON THE SEA"

'Twas a dark and stormy night. Junior O. D. Charles Lockwood, of the U. S. S. Indiana, paced the deck with bated breath, his delicate Roman ears alert to catch the slightest sound. All was quiet save the occasional click of Lt. Hugh Brown's teeth, as he carelessly munched a ham sandwich. Presently a slender, sinuous figure detached itself from the shadow of the fore-stay and stole across the deck to Charlie. It was Quartermaster Gang Hulings. "Charles," said he, "got the latest dope?"



"No," tersely replied Charlie, peering through the darkness to see why the Massie had suddenly headed due North.

"The Junior O. D. has to coxswain the lifeboat."

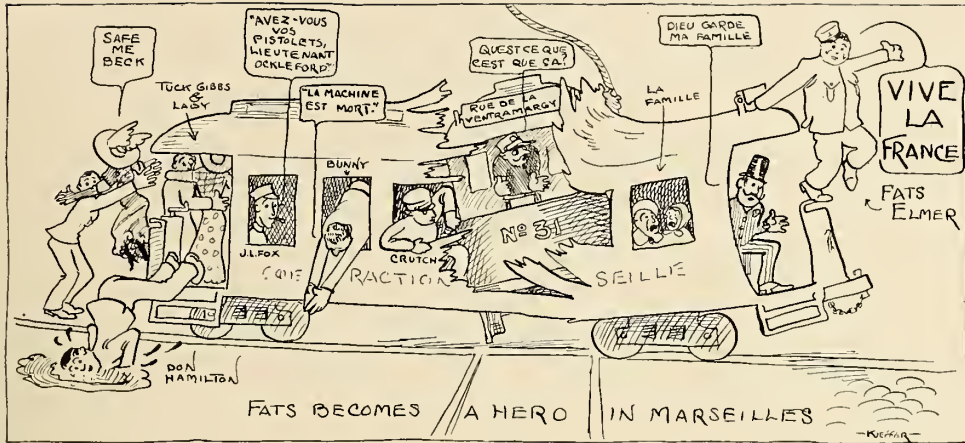
"What?"

"Straight. I got it direct from Chief Navigator A. C. Roberts, as he was coming from a chat with the skipper."

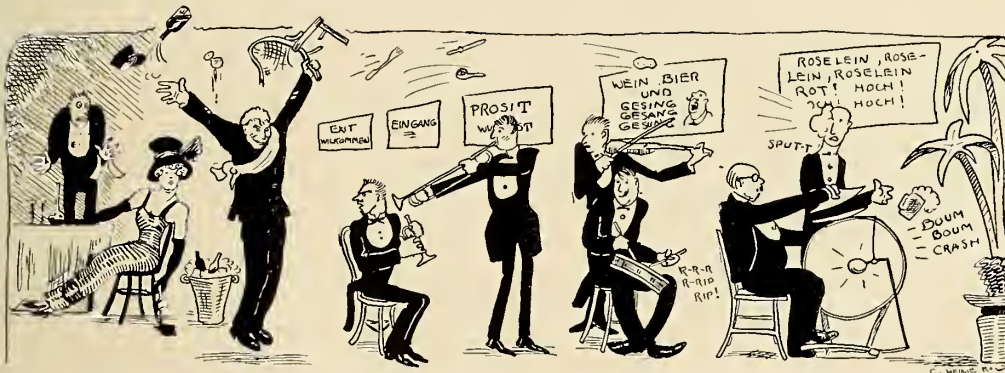
"What do I have to do?" anxiously asked Charlie.

"Above all," said Gang, "be careful, in lowering away, to sheer the stern clear with one sweep of the oar—" and on he went, enlarging upon the dangers and responsibilities of the position of coxswain, giving thrilling instances of the loss of boat and crew. As he continued,



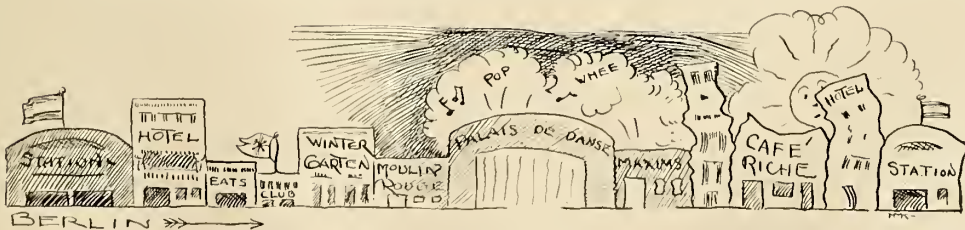


Charlie became more and more agitated. Suddenly an enormous wave broke over the fore-castle and forward turret, drenching the bridge with spray. As the ship rose, Gang leaped to the rail. "Before that wave struck us I saw a man standing there," he cried. In a second Charlie was beside him, straining his eyes to see the deck. It was bare! Charlie hesitated but an instant. Turning to Gang, in a hoarse voice he whispered: "For Gawd's sake, Gang, don't say a word about it!"



WHEE! COIL LEADS THE BAND AT THE CAFE RICHE WHEE!

Monfort, on compasses:  
 "The standard compass is one of the most important of the navigator's instruments. When not in use, it should be kept in a plush-lined case, with glass cover, and at all times should be handled very carefully, so as not to break or bend the points of the compass. When used for drawing circles it should be grasped by the knurled knob at the top, and rotated slowly, care being taken to keep the points upright."





HERVEY WARD & POP DROWN (JR) ON THE HUMAN ROULETTE.

Ward Room  
Wine Boy  
would like to  
see midshipman  
Elmer  
2 class

LETTER FROM WARREN WILLIS

The following letter to his mother, written by Warren Willis, will be read with interest by the public. Mr. Willis is about to start on a cruise across the water, to Plymouth, England, and to points in France on the Mediterranean to consume nearly the entire Summer:

Norfolk, Va., June 8, 1910.

Dear Mother: I have intended to write several times but have not had time. We have been pretty busy getting settled and yesterday we took on 750 tons of coal.

I intended to write a long letter today if we didn't get liberty, but we were given liberty, so I came ashore, went over to the navy yard, and then got a good dinner here. I knew it would be the last square meal before we reached Plymouth. There will be lots of work, but things start off better than I expected. Although we all expected to have the worst ship of the squadron, things don't look like it now. We were done coaling at 3:30. The Massachusetts was still at it when we turned in at 9:00 p. m. There hasn't been a report on the conduct report as yet. I started out as engineer. This week water tender. I have exclusive charge of a boiler with an enlisted fireman and coal passer under me. It is easy work but responsible. Next week I will be machinists' mate

in the engine room, then electrician two weeks. All the jobs are less manual labor than last year, but more head work and more responsibility. I sent a duck bag to Uncle John, care of the S. S. Lusitania. I hope he got it all right.

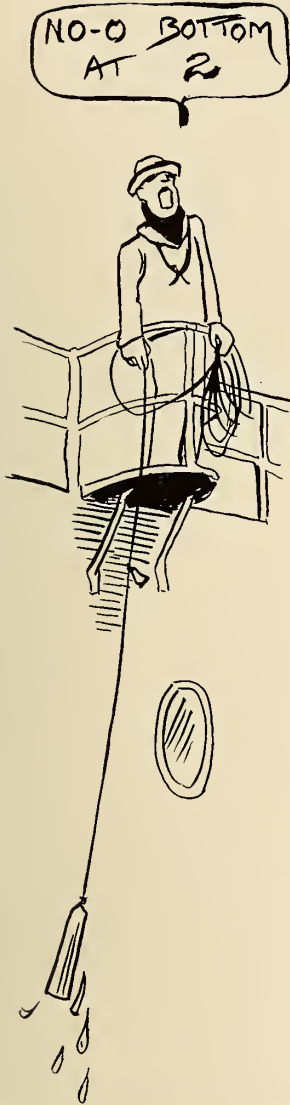
Will you have the Argus sent to my new address? We have to be back at 5:30 to-night as we sail before sunrise to-morrow for fourteen days, fourteen days of beans and corned beef, fourteen days of warm water and no milk, but it is worth it so we don't mind. I will have a letter ready to go ashore on the first boat at Plymouth, so this is all for now. I send some things to be saved for my log. With love to all.

WARREN.



CY ROBERTS FALLS IN LOVE IN THE TIERGARTEN, BERLIN





Prof.—What are man-of-war lights?

Anderson (worried) — I didn't understand you, sir.

Prof. (bored)—What are man-of-war lights?

Andy (incredulously) — Man-of-war?

P. (sneeringly) — Yes, man-of-war!

A. (still incredulous)—Lights?

P. (indignantly)—Yes!

A. (aggrievedly)—Errrr—you said man-of-war lights, sir?

P. (furiously)—Yes!!!

A. (after long pause and intense thought)—Errr—the truck light, side ligh—

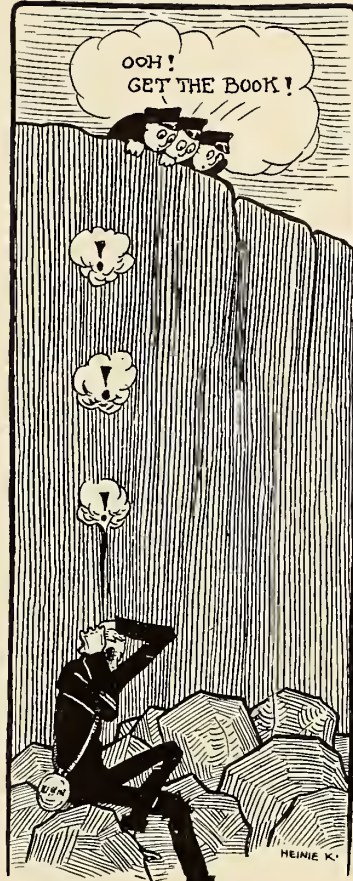
P. (disgustedly) — That will do, Mr. Anderson, *Sit down!*

*Scene:* The bridge of the Iowa during a mid-watch. Crummy has the deck.

C. rushes up to O. D.—seizes his arm and points wildly astern:

“Look! Look! A shower of meteors!”

Great excitement until it is discovered that the meteors are only sparks from the stack.



CALYPSO GOES MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN NORWAY



We've smoked our skag on the quarter-deck,

We've stood our watch in four, We've trained the guns of an ancient mark,

We've done our day's work by the score.

We've cursed the skipper, Hit the pap and fed;

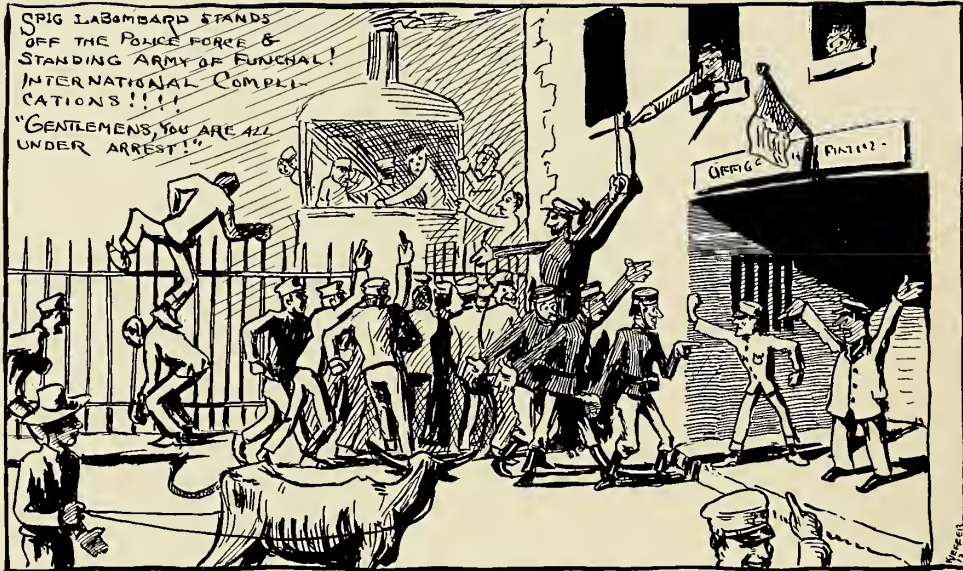
So our daily toil is o'er,

And we'll hike us down

Where the cockroach crawls,

And sleep till our watch at four.





Now, gentlemen, there are rainy days in store,  
But the sunny ones will outnumber them, I'm sure.

Now, gentlemen, this cruise is full of opportunities,  
And if you do your best while under way,  
And leave the rest to me.

CHORUS

It's a D—d lie,  
It's a D—d lie,

What's the use of handing us that line of talk?

DOWN WITH  
D'GANG.  
STIRRING TIMES  
ON THE MASSIE.



As a bum prognosticator  
He has it on an umpire baiter,  
As a gas tank, he wins in a walk.

It's a hard life,  
It's a hard life,

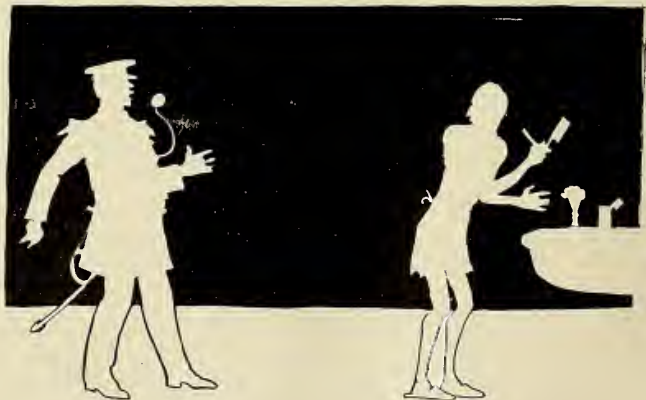
When the skipper will not let us get ashore;  
For one tiny little pap  
He has got us in a trap  
On an ex-post-facto law.

CHORUS

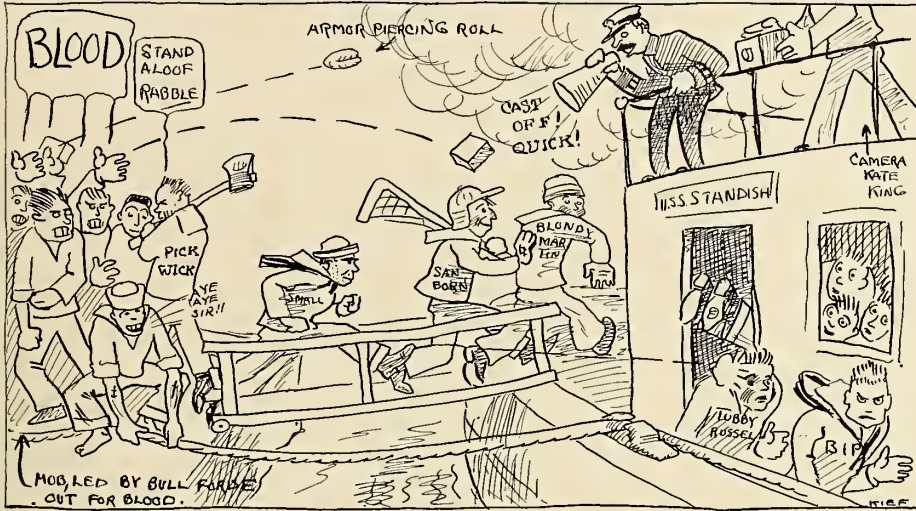
A few more days until this cruise is o'er,  
And then we'll tell how we were shoved ashore;

We'll tell them of those all-night libs  
In Marseilles and Funchal;  
And how we dined with royalty in the  
Clubs along Pall Mall.

CHORUS



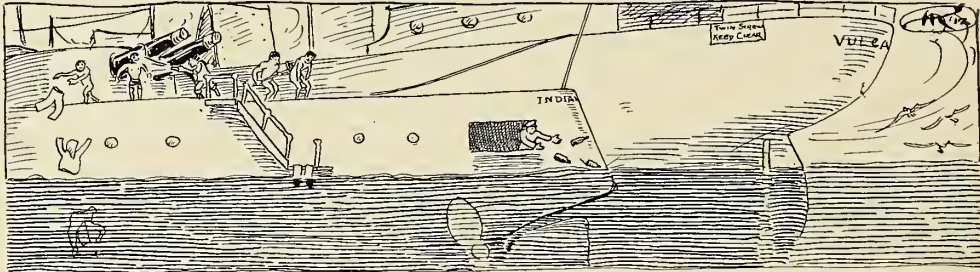
THE LUCKY BAG STAFF ESCAPES A VENGEFUL MOB & EMIGRATES TO JENT ID. ON THE STANDISH



It was a morning in the merrie month of May—one set apart for the happening of a great event in the history of the world. For on this day had the Lucky Bag appeared.

There was no studying this morning, nor was there languid strolling about the yard. One noticed great excitement among the First Class—a rapid muttering of voices, and a hum that grew soon to a monstrous noise, broken now and then by yells and thuds and screams. A band of fleeing fugitives appears—and a howling mob in hot pursuit. One moment they pause on the sea-wall: "Boys, we die martyrs to the cause!" Splash! Splash! and they are gone!





## Acknowledgements

The Board of Editors desires to express its indebtedness to the following:

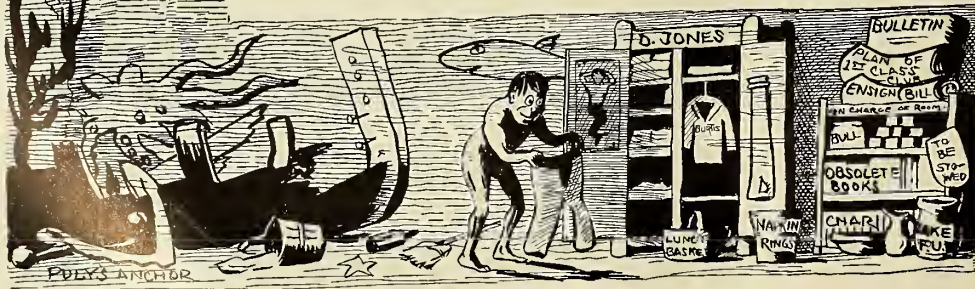
MRS. C. R. MILLER, for a number of excellent photographs.

MRS. ROSE H. SAUNDERS, for designing and executing the tablet in memory of our classmates.

PROF. PAUL DASHIELL, for the use of a personal photograph.

A number of the underclassmen who have aided in the work by supplying negatives and making drawings. Among them we may mention L. R. GRAY, G. C. HILL, H. P. PARMELEE, and F. W. PENNOYER.

CHARLES L. WILLARD, the publisher, for the care that he has taken with the book throughout, and the valuable suggestions that he has offered from time to time.





LOOK! LISTEN! BUT  
DON'T STOP. THERE  
ARE A FEW MORE OF  
THE SAME KIND STOWED  
AWAY AMONG THE  
**ADVERTISEMENTS**  
THAT HAVE MADE THE  
PUBLICATION OF THIS  
BOOK POSSIBLE!

**YOU TOO**  
CAN HAVE LONG  
EYELASHES  
**WHY, THEN**  
BE UGLY?  
WRITE TO  
**HAROLD DODD**  
HE WILL TELL YOU  
HOW. NO DRUGS.

**WHY**  
BUY  
TOBACCO  
TRY THE  
**HIBBS**  
SCHOOL OF  
PERSUASION  
NEVER FAILS

DONT  
FAIL  
TO SEE  
HANNON  
GET  
THAT  
FLAG





## Who Wrote It

The Editor has often heard the wish expressed that the unknown geniuses and literary wonders whose work goes to fill up this Lucky Bag would sign their names to their productions, or in some other manner reveal their identity to the host of interested readers who admire their works.

For this reason, and for the fact that we wish to give credit to whom credit is due, we have here a list of those midshipmen and helping friends whose work has gone to make this book a real Lucky Bag.

The name of Henry M. Kieffer you may not find here, but you will find it on almost every drawing in this book—and we shall let his artistic work speak for itself.

And on the back of every photo, if you look, you will find the signature of James Leslie King—the man who has taken pictures, bought pictures, collected pictures, and selected pictures until there were enough to fill up three Lucky Bags.

The literary wonders, known and unknown:

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Written, drawn, and compiled by the members of the Staff, under the protectorate of Dalton, Weems, and Sowell.

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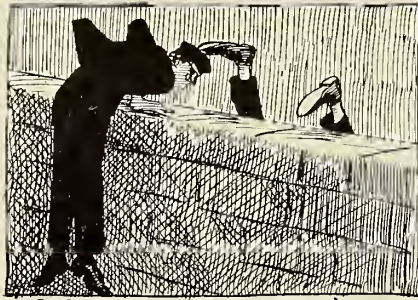
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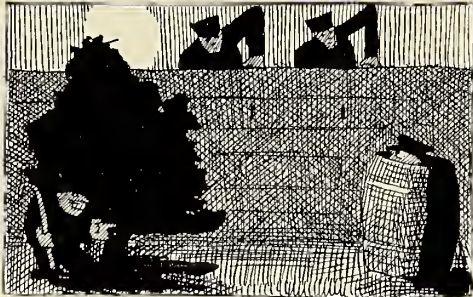
GANG & CASEY GO OVER THE WALL -



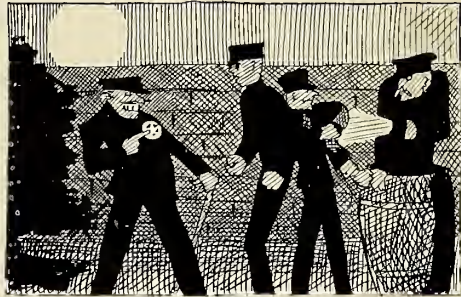
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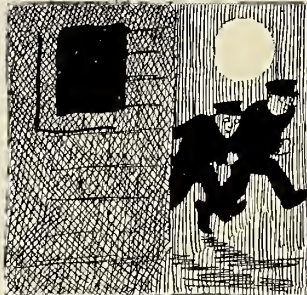


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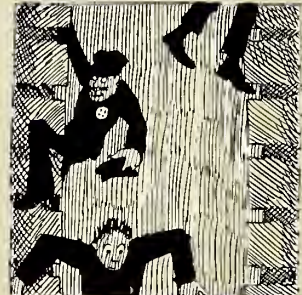
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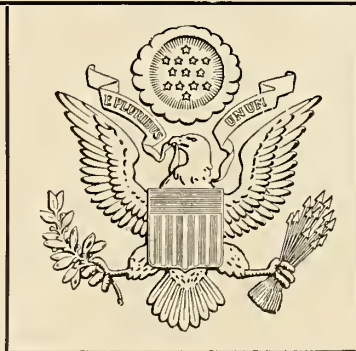
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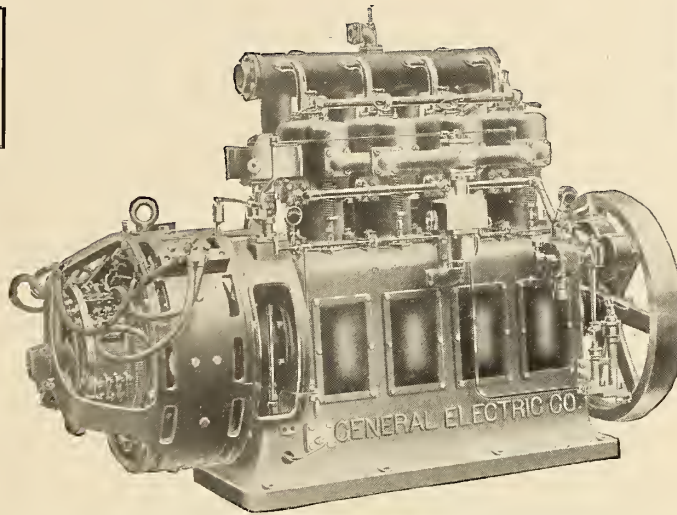
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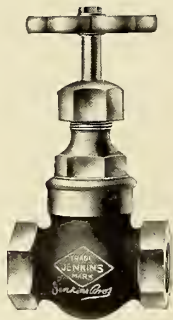
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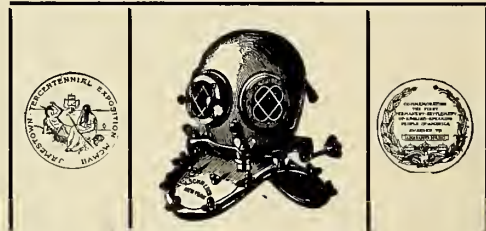
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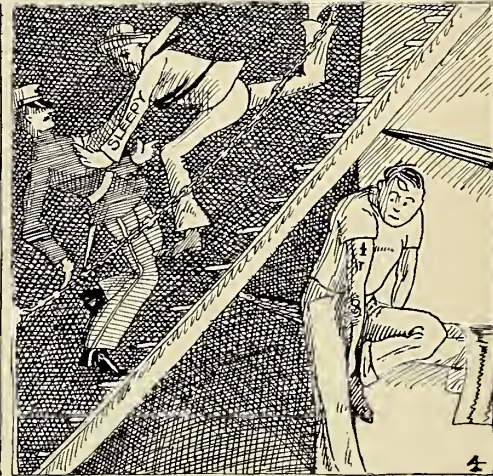
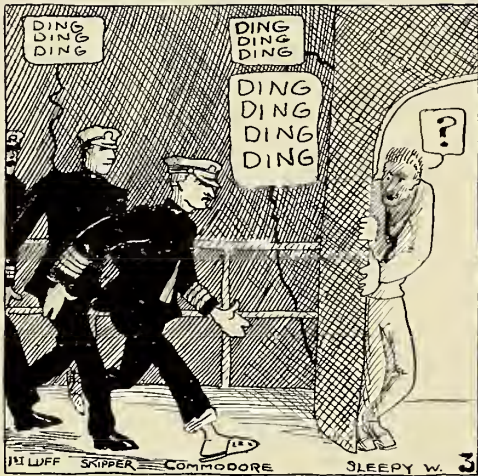
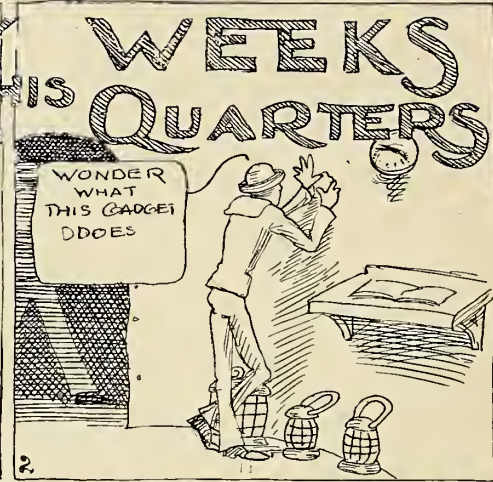
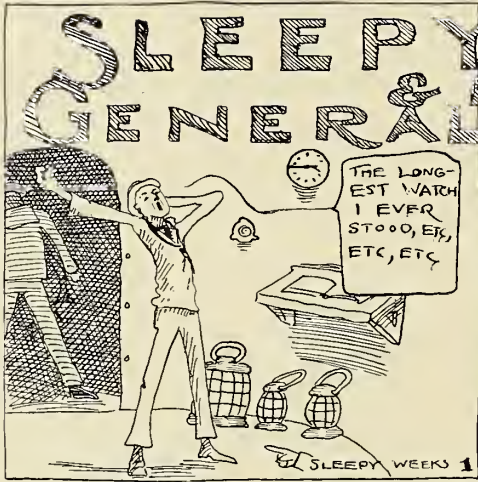


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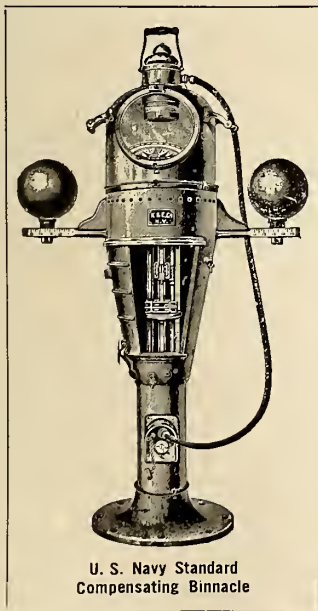
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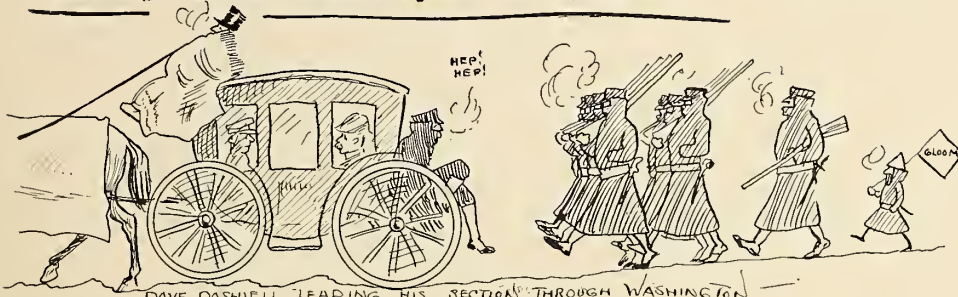
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AT ARLINGTON,  
HALF THE BRIGADE  
STRAGGLES,  
OR IS OVERCOME  
BY THE COLD



ORDERS  
IS  
ORDERS  
I MUST  
TAKE IT.

THIS IS  
MY  
CAR



PLENTY OF  
WORK IN  
THE FROST  
BITE LINE  
FOR THE  
HOSPITAL  
CORPS.

GISSIE & THE CYRENE HAVE A SCRAP  
ABOUT THE CARS.

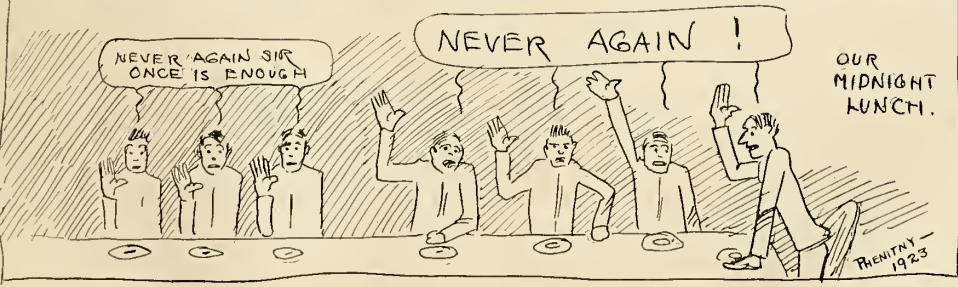
ON THE WAY BACK —  
THE THIRD CAR FROM THE FRONT  
BREAKS DOWN.



I WISH  
WE HAD A  
SCREW-  
JACK

WELL  
WELL

A 2 MILE HIKE FOR MOST OF US TO THE  
NEAREST CAR.



NEVER AGAIN SIR  
ONCE IS ENOUGH

NEVER AGAIN !

OUR  
MIDNIGHT  
LUNCH.

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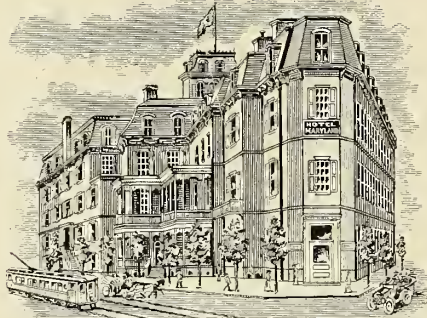
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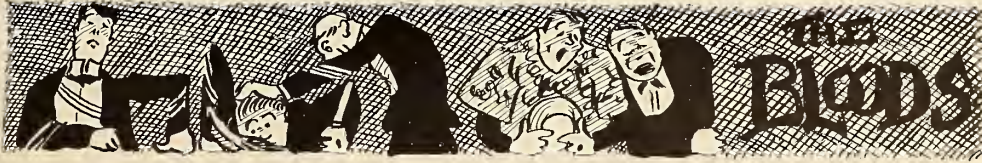
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#### BLOOD RAMSEY'S BIRTHDAY THE OCCASION

The fourth weekly birthday banquet of the Bloods was held last night in the breakfast (dinner and supper) room of the Hotel Bancroft, the whole affair being marked by the combination of éclat and good taste which characterizes all functions given by this well-known set. Last night's entertainment celebrated the ——n th birthday of Blood Duke Ramsey, a member whose standing in the club is the envy of all and the ambition of not a few.

All wore dinner coats a la service, waistcoats a la neckerchief, patent leather shoes, and socks au naturel. Ruddy cheeks, slanting eyebrows, carefully trimmed moustaches, with here and there a Van Dyke or an Imperial, were the order of the evening.

Many toasts were responded to under the able supervision of Blood Noisy Patterson, who wielded the gavel with dash and brilliance, interspersing his calls for speeches with bits of scintillating wit and pointed pleasantry. The oratorical efforts were necessarily limited and most of them had for their motive the donation of some pleasing and suitable gift to the honoree. Among the presents received may be mentioned a box of talc powder, several varieties of lotions and ointments, and a razor, the appropriateness of these articles being undoubtedly self-evident.

Among those present were: Blood Duke Ramsey, Blood Noisy Patterson, Blood Onion Lake, Blood Don Hamilton, Pink Blood DeTreville, Blue (Gloom) Blood Mills, Blood Bill Greenman, Blood Eddie McDonnell, and Blood Tip Tisdale.

The following was the menu prepared by order of Blood Hamilton, the caterer for the evening:

Caviare au Stepney  
Lynnhaven Bays  
Consommé au Fletcher  
Olives Pickles Salted Almonds Mints  
Prime Roast Ribs of Beef au Carroll  
Mashed Potatoes      Fried Parsnips  
String Beans  
Asparagus and Lettuce Salad  
French Dressing  
Chocolate and Vanilla Ice Cream  
Assorted Cakes      Charlotte Russe  
Roquefort and Neufchatel Cheese  
Educators      Cafe Noir  
Cigars      Pipes      Cigarettes

The wine list included Ginger Ale, Sarsaparilla, Grape Juice, and Aqua Pura. At the conclusion of the banquet the Bloods repaired to Smoke Hall, where they talked over the evening, and elected a caterer and an honoree for the next birthday party, which comes off Tuesday of the coming week.

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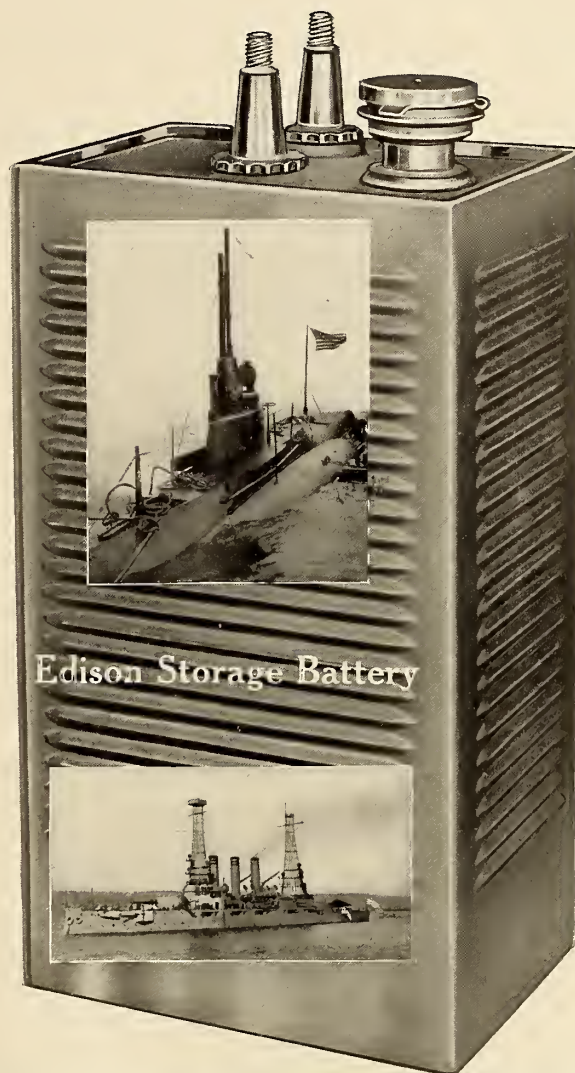
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Sales Department of the Pocahontas Consolidated Collieries Co., Incorporated

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We ship from 22 Mines in the Pocahontas Field.

Shipment, 3,000,000 tons per annum by all rail, tidewater and the Great Lakes

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This coal is marketed under the brand of "Original Pocahontas." The first shipments of coal from the Pocahontas Field were made from the mines of the Pocahontas Consolidated Collieries Co., Inc., at Pocahontas, Virginia in 1882, which mines have since continuously and are now mining the No. 3 vein and are shipping the highest grade of Pocahontas coal.



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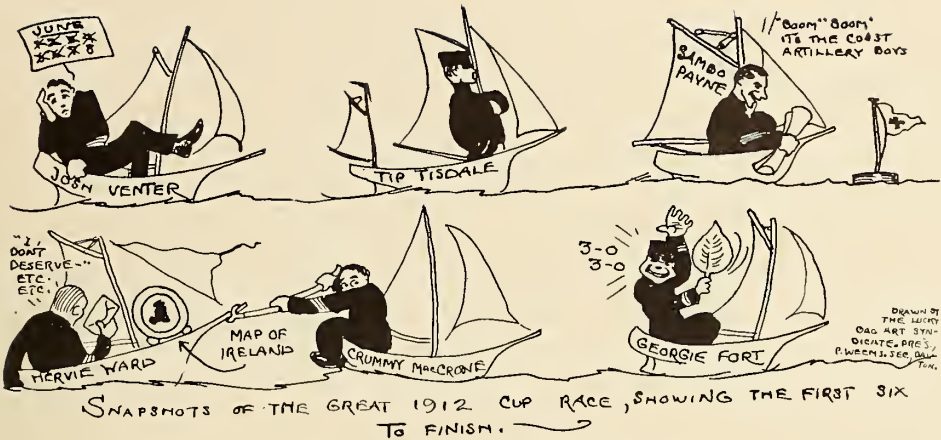
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44-a	ERTZ, HANS.....	Manitowoc, Wis.....	Miniature
56-a	GREENE, C. F.....	Annapolis, Md.....	Miniature
90	MACCRONE, W. C.....	Annapolis, Md.....	No. 2
121-a	RAMSEY, D. C.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Small size
140	TISDALE, M. S.....	St. Joseph, Mo.....	Big ring
145-a	WADDELL, W. C.....	Washington, D. C.....	Miniature
147	WARD, H. A.....	Bethel, Conn.....	Green
165-a	DECKER, S. M.....	Annapolis, Md.....	Miniature
167	LITTLE, H. H.....	Washington, D. C.....	Ice cream

**APPENDIX A**

Hastily compiled and at present awaiting verification. Lists will not be correct and complete until June 8, 1912.

48	FORDE, L. K.....	Marine Barracks.....	Round trip
52	LABOMBARD, H. V.....	Most everywhere.....	Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6
98-a	MARTIN, R. L.....	Oh you steam!.....	Miniature(?)
112	PAYNE, R. G.....	Washington, D. C.....	Miniature
166	WHITESIDE, G. W.....	Carrollton, Ill.....	Diamond

\*Verified

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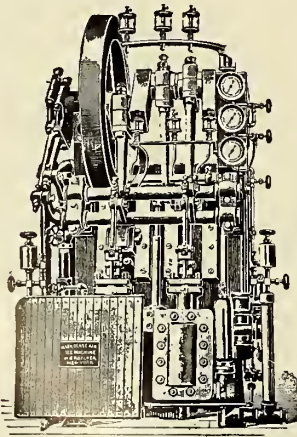
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RIFLE SMOKELESS DIVISION

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS POWDER CO.  
WILMINGTON, DEL.

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H. B. ROELKER

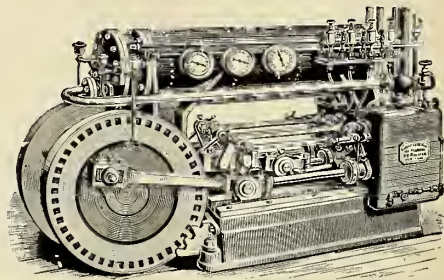
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DESIGNER AND MANUFACTURER  
OF SCREW PROPELLERS



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DENSE-AIR  
ICE MACHINE

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air at easy pressure in pipes  
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in the tropics on United States  
and foreign men-of-war, steam  
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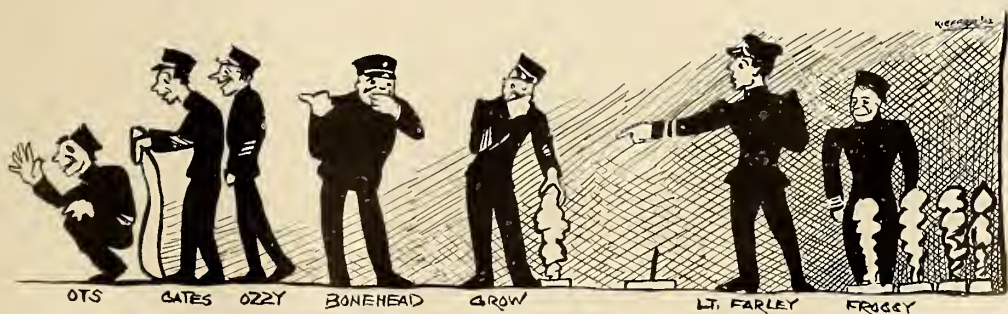
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**W**E are still growing. Our business has steadily increased since 1862. We hold our old trade and are constantly making new. Our wholesale department has had a great increase because we import direct the best products of the old countries. We place orders with only the most reliable old established houses of Europe.

We use every possible care in testing and selecting our merchandise to keep it up to our high standard. Our fifty years' experience enables us to examine critically all purchases, and avoid impure foods and beverages.

Among our direct importations, we may mention the finest old Sherry from Spain; finest Olive Oil from Italy; genuine Mocha Coffee from Aden; Crosse & Blackwell's Jams, Preserves and Pickles; finest French Sardines, Peas, Mushrooms and other vegetables.

Pure goods—full measure—quick sales, is our motto.

JORDAN STABLER, President  
RICHARD L. BENTLEY, Vice-President  
EDWARD A. WALKER, Sec'y and Treasurer  
SAMUEL G. SCRIVENER  
JOHN L. HOOFF  
J. YATES SCRIVENER

It is advantageous to mention The Lucky Bag when writing to advertisers.

385



**LUCKY BAG 1912**

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**O F F I C I A L  
P H O T O G R A P H E R**

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*White*  
**STUDIO**

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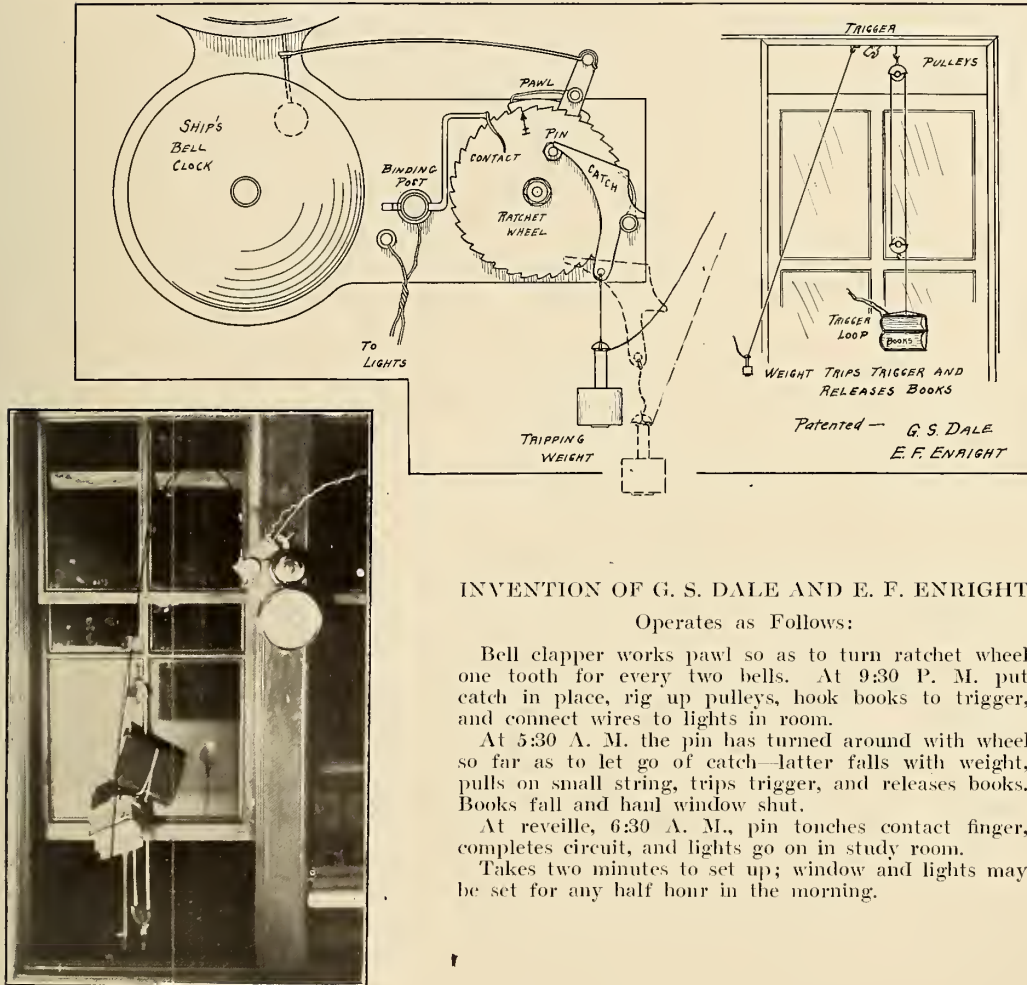
**1546 BROADWAY  
NEW YORK**



## WINDOW CLOSING DEVICE—FIRST PRIZE

### RULES

"A prize of one Lucky Bag will be awarded to the midshipman who submits the most ingenious and practical arrangement for closing his windows and turning on his lights at certain times in the morning. This apparatus must be entirely practical."



### INVENTION OF G. S. DALE AND E. F. ENRIGHT

Operates as Follows:

Bell clapper works pawl so as to turn ratchet wheel one tooth for every two bells. At 9:30 P. M. put catch in place, rig up pulleys, hook books to trigger, and connect wires to lights in room.

At 5:30 A. M. the pin has turned around with wheel so far as to let go of catch—latter falls with weight, pulls on small string, trips trigger, and releases books. Books fall and haul window shut.

At reveille, 6:30 A. M., pin touches contact finger, completes circuit, and lights go on in study room.

Takes two minutes to set up; window and lights may be set for any half hour in the morning.

When the frost is on the window  
 And the steam it cometh not,  
 And we gaze toward the power plant  
 At the heat we haven't got;  
 When we pile on extra blankets  
 In the watches of the night,  
 And shave in icy water  
 In the morning's graying light.

O, then's the time a fellow  
 Learns to love the old Third Deck,  
 When steam and weather men conspire  
 To soak him in the neck.  
 O, then life is a pleasure  
 And a joy—well, I don't think!  
 When the frost is on the window  
 And the heat is on the blink.

# F. J. SCHMIDT CO.

## Naval Tailors

ALL EQUIPMENTS FURNISHED



LATEST STYLES OF  
CIVILIAN DRESS

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ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

# The Chas. L. Willard Co.

*College Engravers and Printers*

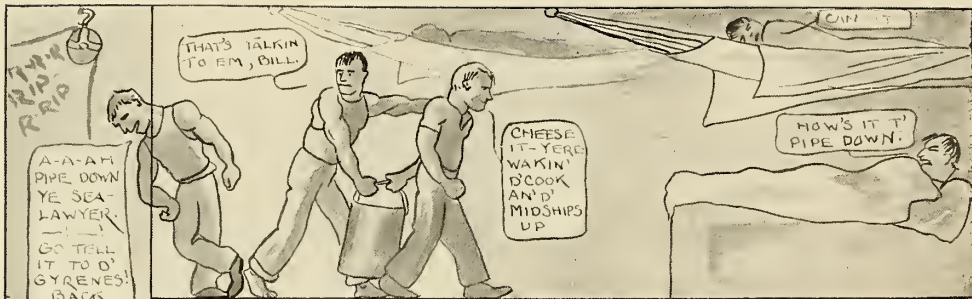
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CLASS DAY PROGRAMS - MENUS - EMBOSSED STATIONERY - DANCE PROGRAMS, ETC.

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Printers of the  
*Lucky Bag*

156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



A-A-AH  
PIPE DOWN  
YE SEA-  
LAWYER.  
GO TELL  
IT TO D'  
GYRENS!  
BACK  
T' PODUNK  
FER YOURS  
- ETC.



WOTTELL  
YE TRYIN'  
TO DO,  
YE ---!  
---  
!!!-G!!  
---!  
BEACH-  
COMBIN'  
SWAS OF  
A LIME-  
JUICER  
RUN THE  
---!!  
BUCKET  
TROUGH  
D'SKIN  
O' D' SHIP?  
WOT D' YE  
FRINK THIS  
IS, A FARM?  
YE -(ETC)



KEFFER

## Inside of Ash Hoist

THE TALE OF THE TENNESSEE TAR,

*Or How the Backwoodsman Trimmed the Windsails.*

U. S. Submarine Battleboat Massachusetts. Lat. 45 N. Lon. 66 W. Fresh breeze from the N.W. Weems has the deck.

Massy swings off on new course toward Iceland, and fire-room proceeds to ring up for more air through ventilators.

"Sure!" says the efficient O. D., as he leans over the bridge rail to call the watch below.

"Bosun's mate! Trim the ventilators!"

Latter puts pipe to his mouth,—then thinks a minute and decides it wouldn't be a bad thing to know the direction of wind.

"Where's the wind from, sir?" he yells to the bridge.

Officer of the deck looks surprised, opens mouth as if to answer, and then decides he doesn't know. "Quartermaster! Quartermaster! Where's the wind from?"

"Nor'west, sir!"

"Bosun's mate!" yells Mammy with his stern voice of command, while all on deck below prepare to fall into a faint or into fits of meriment—"Wind from the north-west!"



## LUNKENHEIMER Superior Engineering Specialties

INVARIABLY, when a Lunkenheimier Specialty is given a trial, it remains a permanent fixture until renewal is necessary, when *it is again specified.*

The reason is obvious when consideration is given the superior quality of the material used, the workmanship, design and dependency of the article.

Not only are we the *largest manufacturers of highgrade engineering specialties in the world*, but we manufacture a *greater variety of these specialties*, comprising Brass, Iron, "Puddled" Semi-steel and Cast Steel, Globe, Angle, Cross, Gate, Pop Safety, Relief, Blow-off and Non-return Boiler Stop Valves; Whistles, Water Columns and Guages; Injectors, Unions and Fittings; Ground Key Work, Lubricators, Oiling Devices, Oil and Grease Cups; Automobile and Motor Boat Specialties, etc.

*Write for Catalogue*

### THE LUNKENHEIMER COMPANY

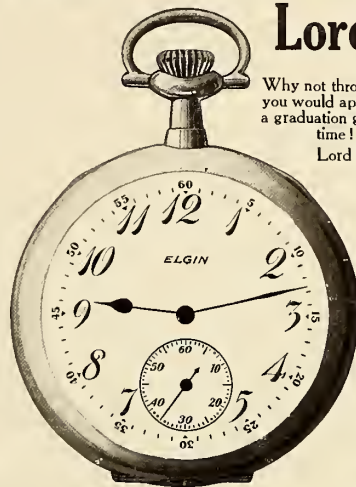
Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Engineering Specialties in the World

General Offices and Works: CINCINNATI, O., U.S.A.  
New York, 64-68 Fulton St.; Chicago, 186 N. Dearborn St.; Boston, 138 High St.; London, S. E., 35 Great Dover St.

32

**Y**OU cannot afford to handicap your advancement by carrying an undependable timepiece. To you, a watch of chronometer-like exactness is absolutely essential. Lord Elgin is just such a watch. Atmospheric change cannot vary it. Big gun fire cannot derange it. Through heat and cold it keeps time with the sun. A proven time-treasurer—chosen by officers in all branches of the Service.

## Lord Elgin



Why not throw a hint to "dad" that you would appreciate Lord Elgin for a graduation gift? It will last a lifetime!

Lord Elgin is made in three grades—15, 17 and 17 jewels adjusted. 14 K. and 16 K. solid gold cases, and 25-year filled cases. Cased at the Elgin factory, and timed in the case.

Ask your jeweler to show you Lord Elgin, and explain its points of merit.

**Elgin  
National  
Watch Co.**

Elgin, Illinois

## The J. S. MacDonald Co., Jewelers

214 North Charles Street, Baltimore



Artistic Designs  
Furnished for Class Rings  
and Pins

Estimates Furnished

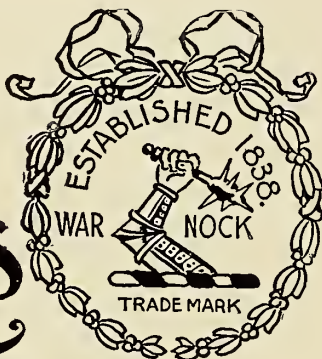
Diamonds,  
Jewelry, Watches and  
Silverware

Makers of 1913 U.S.N.  
Academy Class Rings

Cable Address  
"MacDonald" Baltimore

We are prepared to make designs and furnish any article in gold, silver and bronze for wedding presents and birthday anniversaries, also artistic designs suitable for any style trophies.

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Highest Award Paris Exposition, 1900

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**WARNOCK UNIFORM CO.**

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NEW YORK

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Drugs, Chemicals, Toilet Articles and Perfumery

CIGARS, TOBACCO, Etc.

170 CHURCH STREET

ANNAPOLIS, MD.

Mail Orders Promptly Attended to



## BRUSHING IS NOT CLEANING

It may take off the dust, but it does not take out any stain that may be in the fabric. But our process thoroughly cleans the garment. We clean and press ladies' and gentlemen's clothes and give complete satisfaction to our patrons

Out-of-town trade a speciality  
Express charges paid one way

### SCHWARZ & FORGER

Dry Cleaners and Dyers

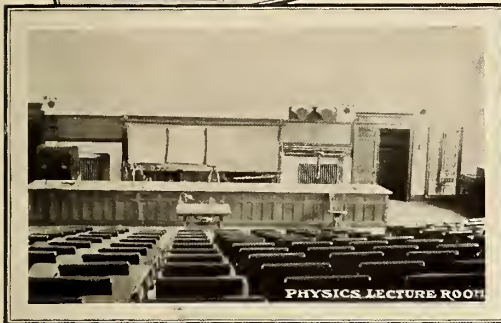
125th St. and Morningside Avenue New York City

12 BRANCHES

MESS HALL



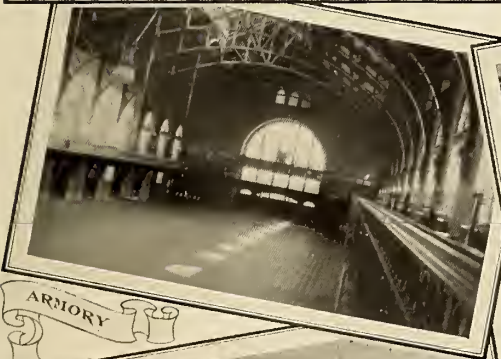
MEMORIAL HALL



PHYSICS LECTURE ROOM



MIDSHIPMEN'S STORE



ARMORY



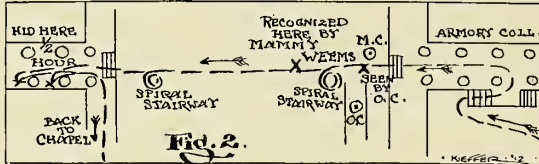
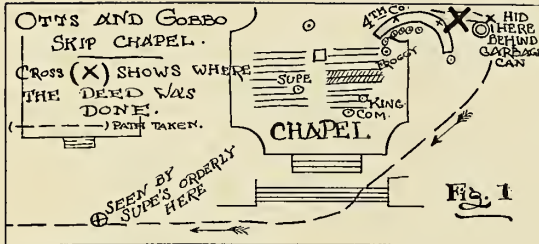
DRAWING ROOM



MODEL ROOM

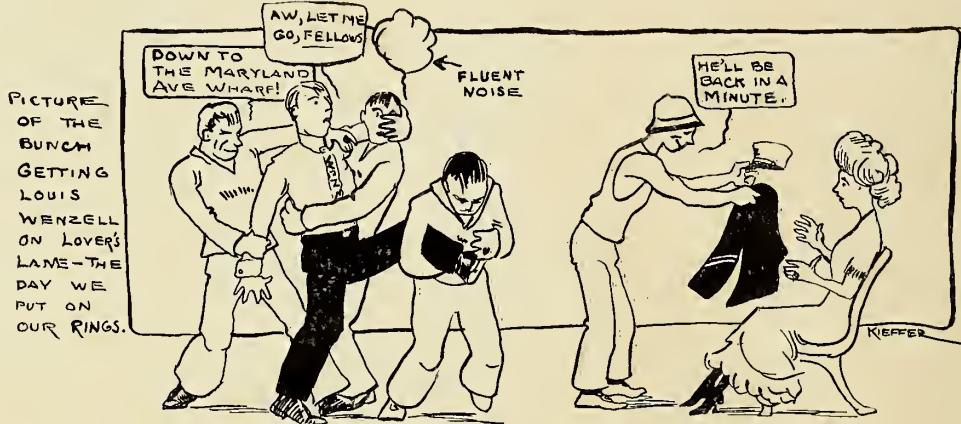


POWER HOUSE



1st Battalion U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY. (FOST)  
 REPORT for the week ending NOV 11 1911, of Midshipman  
 ... have not been satisfactory.  
 Department of DISCIPLINE, Branch EFFICIENCY.  
 First Class.

	AVERAGE	AVERAGE	ATTENTION TO STUDY.
Forster, O.M.	2.0		
Fort, G.H.	2.0		
Crow, H.H.	2.0		
Dees, W.S.	2.0		
Kieffer, H.H.	2.0		
Osgood, W.H.	2.8		
Sanborn, A.B.	2.0		



Form No. 502.  
**THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY, OF BALTIMORE CITY.**  
**CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD.**

Receiver's No. # 27564-0 Time Filled 12:25 P. Check Ex. 62-- Chi.

SEND the following message subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to. FEBRUARY 3 1912

To MR. JEREMIAH PING  
R. F. D. # 2, CEDAR CORNERS IOWA.

MATHEMATICS POSTED TWO AND TWENTY-  
 / FIVE HUNDRETHS SEND SUITCASE SEND  
 TICKET OVER Y&W RESIGNED TO-DAY  
 SORRY  
 JOHN

READ THE NOTICE AND AGREEMENT ON BACK.

Then destined bilger seeks the lighted hall  
 And, vainly struggling, strives  
 To grasp the phantasms which we call 2.5's.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear  
 Of the midnight raid of Enochs, dear,  
 'Twas just before daylight, 'twixt four and five;

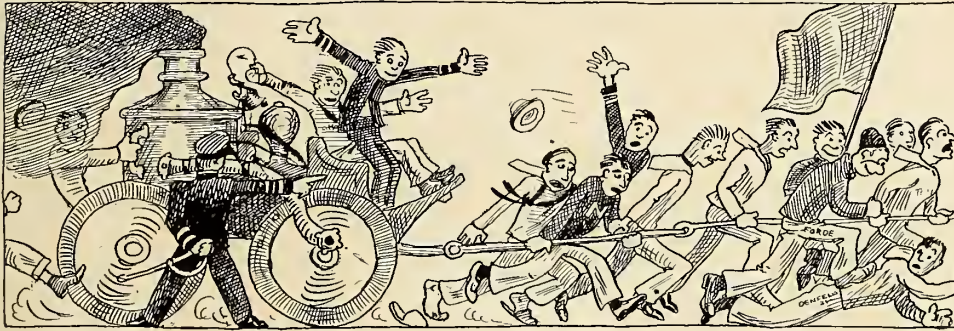
Hardly a middy was then alive,  
 To remember his scrawning face and sneer.  
 He said to his friends, the "jimmy-legs" all,  
 If a midshipman tries to go out over the wall,

Hang a lantern aloft on No. 3 gate.  
 One if you hear, and two if you see,  
 And I in Bancroft Hall will be  
 Ready to go in every room  
 And send some "frencher" to his doom!





## FOUR BLASTS on the SIREN!!



### HEARD IN THE SECTION ROOM

"Gentlemen, life is too short to take cognizance of all your petty idiosyncrasies. If there are any theorems which you do not understand, I will proceed to elucidate them. Did you hear what I enunciated?"

"The unparalleled self-sufficiency and insolence of the first class is only exceeded by the preponderous ignorance of the second class."

Yes, they all fall:

"The cadets particularly impressed one with their dignity and courtesy. Taking them all in all, they are a fine bunch of fellows, of whom any nation might well be proud."





# Armour's Veribest - Meats Soups and Specialties

Ready to Serve

U. S. Government Inspected and Passed

**T**HE best ammunition for the battle of life is good food, rightly cooked. Armour's *Veribest* products are highest quality stock, scientifically cooked by culinary experts.

The natural flavors are preserved; the rich juices are retained; the tenderness is there—the wholesomeness—the nutrition.

*Veribest* Foods are most convenient and economical. No cooking, no waste, no shrinkage. Every atom food, every atom good.

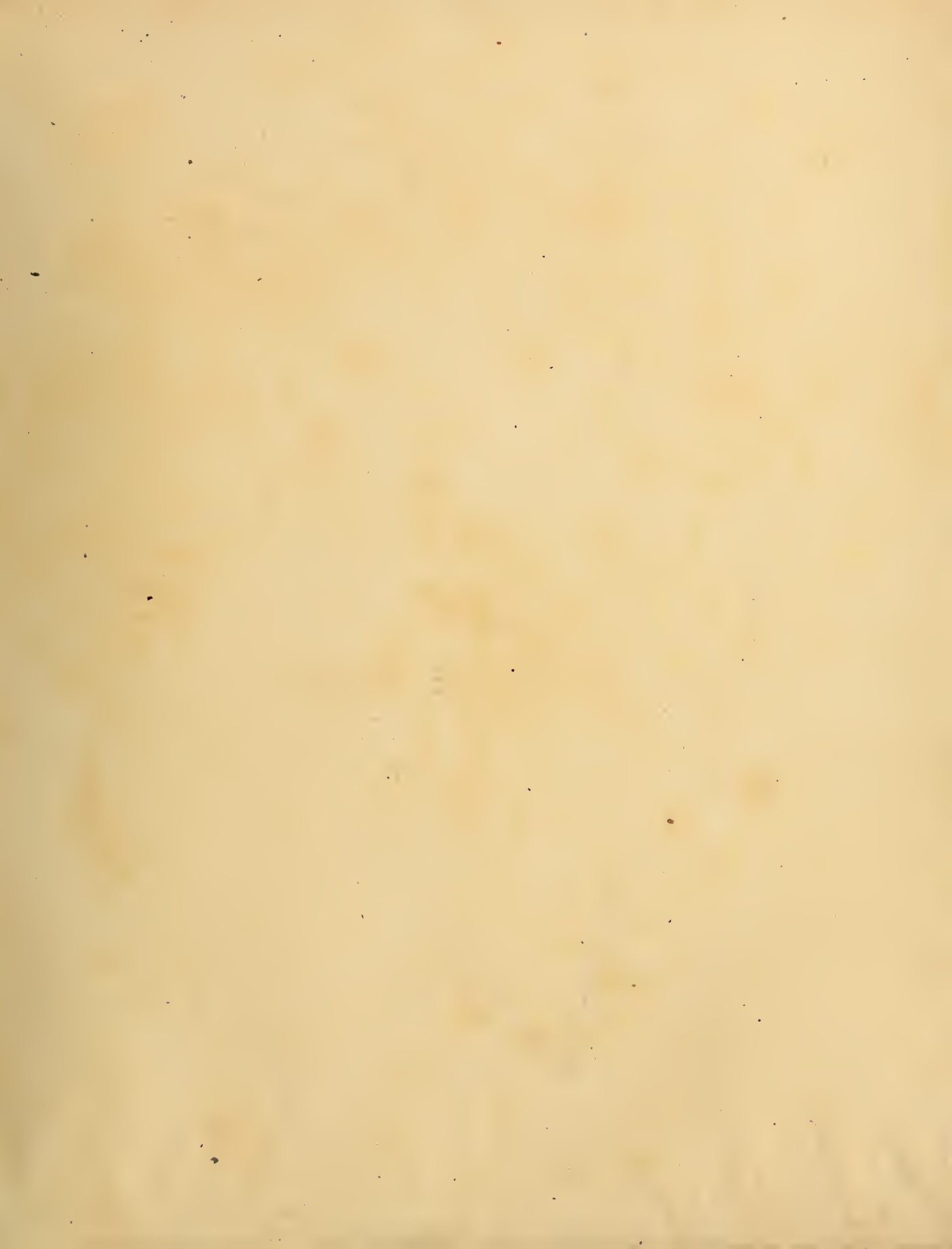


Over 100 Varieties; Various Sizes

**ARMOUR AND COMPANY**

CHICAGO







**LUCKY BAG**

**1912**

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